

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1853.

NO. 12.

POETRY!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE JOURNAL TO ITS PATRONS.

Good morning to ye patrons?
Though the weather be severe,
I've just dropped in to wish you
A new and happy year.

Good morning neighbor Plenty,
Ye're blest with worldly gear—
Do you know how widow Want gets on
Upon this infant year?

Is she shivering o'er few embers
On her cheek the frozen tear?
Tis your duty, neighbor Plenty,
To gladden her New Year.

I would all, would do their duty,
Take pattern friends by me,
You point my errors out, and I—
Correct whence you see.

I have many little trials,
Although you think it queer,
But the printer knows my trials
Are sometimes quite severe.

And if you're fond of me friends,
You'd love the printers too;
So I'll bring you the printer's work,
And take the printer's due.

I wish you all dear patrons,
A world of blessings here,
And don't forget the printer's lamp
Needs trimming once a year.

PRAIRIE BIRD.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A Tale for the New Year.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

Chapter I.

To the Reader.

I wish you "a happy new year," my gentle reader. The old year has closed upon us, and the dawn of new year finds us still lingering on the shores of time, while many, even within the circle of our acquaintance, have gone hence to be no more! We are still permitted to live! and for what? To go on in the same old path? To pursue the same course that we did last year? to grow no better? Alas! I fear that it will be the case with too many of us thoughtless mortals. I fear we do not, as we should, cast a retrospective at the last years doings, and see how we have passed the time; whether we have proceeded in a manner that becomes mortals bound for eternity—or whether we have permitted our hearts to be filled with impurity, envy, jealousy, slander, profanity, &c. If the former, we will still continue in the good path that will ultimately result in peace and happiness—still strive to grow better. If the latter it becomes us, of whom it will so soon be said that he, or she, is "no more," to ponder well the proceedings of the past year, and make a firm resolve on this first day of the new year that we will, with God's assistance, for the future, lead a better, a holier life! If a friend or kindred has been taken from us by death, during the past year, let us not permit the solemn scene to pass lightly from our minds, but may it serve to remind us that we, too, are fast hastening to that unknown land; that the dawn of another year may find our friends tenderly regarding us, as we now are regarding those who may meet with us around the family circle—from whose lips may be heard those soul-stirring words, "I wish you a happy new year!" no more forever! The gay, the most thoughtless among us must die. "Tis solemn to contemplate death, yet we should often think of death. The old year is gone, and soon will be said of us, my reader, "they, too, are gone!"

Chapter II.

A Scene in the Rich Man's Dwelling.
A happy new year—a happy new year! I told you I would be the first to wish you all a happy new year," exclaimed little Nellie Lovjoy, as, on early morning, she came bounding into the handsomely furnished and well-warmed drawing-room of her father's lovely mansion, where were assembled her parents and brothers, and sisters, who, in return, wished their little pet many happy new year's in the future. Then each, in turn, kissed the lovely Nellie, and gave her some little new year's gift which they had bought expressly for the occasion, and which is at all times so pleasing to children. Nellie fairly cried for joy upon receiving these unexpected tokens, and declared that no one had such good and kind papa and mamma, and darling brothers and sisters as she had.

Chapter III.

The Beggar Girl.
"A happy new year—a happy new year! my darling mamma," exclaimed a sickly-looking girl, as she entered a poorly furnished room, in the corner of which, on a low couch, reclined an invalid female, whose hollow cheek, sunken eye, and fallen jaw, reminded the gazer of one who is in the last stages of a decline.

"Thank you, my dear little Eva," whispered the female; then a sigh escaped her lips, a tear stood in her eye, while she added, "Mamma hopes her little daughter will live to see many happy new years." Again the speaker sighed; then taking from under her pillow a lit-

tle locket, she placed it in the hand of her daughter, saying, "Take that, my child; it contains the miniatures of your poor dead father, and myself. Do not part with it, unless you are likely to starve, and then offer it for sale at the mansion on — street. Possibly they may show mercy to a deceased relative's lone orphan."

"Thank you—thank you, dear mother; but mayn't I go there now, and offer it for sale, so that you can have something to eat, and get well again? Oh! say that I may, my mother, for you look so sick?" returned Eva.

"No, my child; mother can never be any better. She must soon—"

"Don't say *died*, mamma. You must not die! Eva will die if her dear, good mamma dies," cried the wretched little girl.

"You may go out on the street and beg, Eva, but you must not go to the mansion—not while I live. Go, my Eva, and may God bless you, and let you return to my arms once more, only once more!" and the speaker pressed the slight and thinly clad form of the weeping Eva to her bosom. She soon ceased embracing her daughter, and again bidding her go, but not to be gone for a very long time. Eva departed from the presence of her parent, and after descending three flights of old rickety stairs, she threw open the old street door, and hastened up street. She asked alms of every person she met, but received nothing of the unfeeling, selfish throng that went hurrying past her. She began to despair of receiving anything, and was half inclined to return to her sick parent, and again beg of her to let her call to the mansion before spoken of, when, of a sudden, an idea struck her, which was, that she would go to the mansion, and ask alms. She accordingly hastened to the lordly-looking dwelling, and mounting the steps, placed her skeleton-looking hand on the silver handle of the door-bell, as she had seen ladies do, upon ascending the steps that lead to the doors of the rich. She gave a slight jerk, which brought one of the servants of the mansion to the door, to whom the little beggar girl applier for aid. The servant cast a scornful look upon the beggar girl, and then, in a tone of anger, bade her begone. Eva began to cry, and, amidst sobs and tears, began to tell the hard-hearted servant of her mother's illness, and of her own hunger; but the incensed maid would hear nothing of the child's recital, and told her, in a high tone of voice, that she would push her down the flight of stairs, she rushed through the door, and running up to where the angry one stood, caught hold of her arm, and told her that she would tell her mamma of her; then, going up to the trembling and weeping Eva, she thus spoke:

"Little girl, what do you want? Tell me—tell me," she added, as Eva burst out in a fresh gush of grief, "tell me, and I will give you some of my pretty playthings," and she caught hold of the little emaciated hand of the beggar girl, and looked anxiously on the face of the weeping one, as if in hopes thus to elicit a reply, should the grief-stricken one still continue to withhold an answer. A few moments had elapsed, in which the servant had flew off to her apartment, and the mistress of the mansion had sought the entry for her little daughter. Seeing the same with a mean, worthless street beggar," as she termed all meanly-clad children, she bade her child come to her, and told the other to leave the house. At this her daughter burst into tears, and begged her parent to let her remain a moment or so, until the sorrowing one had told her what she was crying for. The haughty parent, though reluctantly consented. Eva then told her little friend that her mother was very sick, and she was very hungry.

"And haven't you had any good, warm breakfast?" inquired Eva's hearer.
"No!" replied Eva, "and I haven't had anything to eat for two whole days!"
"Oh! mother—mother," exclaimed the little kind-hearted daughter, running up to the haughty-looking female, who still stood at the other end of the entry, as at her first entrance; "don't you think that that poor little pale-faced girl hasn't had anything to eat for two whole days? Get something; let me run and tell Bridget to get something for her to eat! Mayn't I, mamma?"

Free colored persons, some of them, at least, are not entirely without honor in South Carolina. The Charleston *Courier* mentions the fact that many of them accompanied the Palmetto regiment to the Mexican war, and rendered valuable services. One of these men has just been exempted by the Legislature from paying capitation tax, in consideration of such services.

The Liquor Law in New Hampshire.
Concord, Dec. 15.—A motion to indefinitely postpone the consideration of the Liquor Law was negative to-day by 22 majority. An amendment authorizing the manufacture and sale of cider, for all purposes, agreed to by a majority of 31.

"She mustn't take the basket, Nellie; she may have the bread and meat, if she can contrive any way to carry it home."

Eva then took up her little old calico dress, and drawing up one end of it so as to make a sort of bag that would hold the much-wished-for food, prepared to receive the same. As she did this, she caught hold of an end of her pocket, and out tumbled the contents, which consisted of the locket, an old calico kerchief, and an old thimble. Nellie caught them up, and as children always do, examined each article, not omitting to open the locket. As her eyes rested on the miniatures she started back, and exclaimed, "whose faces are those, little girl?"

"She's always very prompt Agnes, I sent her word last evening, to have two of my lace caps done at ten o'clock to-day, and she has sent them two hours sooner than I expected. Set your chair back Agnes, and go into the kitchen and speak with Florence this morning; tell Dolly to give them a warm biscuit, and a cup of hot coffee."

"Yes mother, I will; I do love to talk to Florence, it is too bad she's so poor, she aint like the rest of the poor children in the city, is she mother?"

"No Agnes, she's very unlike our city's poor, but you will not see her this morning, unless you go at once."

Away ran Agnes to the kitchen, where Dolly the old colored cook was filling a small basket with some nice bits of meat and bread, for the children to take to their mother.

"See Florence," said Dolly, "here's a nice bowl of lamb broth, that was left of yesterday's dinner. Will Edgar take it in a little pain to your mamma?"

"Yes mam," said Florence, "Edgar carried the milk you gave mother, all the way home, last Saturday, and never spilled any of it neither; mother said you were very kind to her too, she told Edgar to thank you."

"Yes child, yes," said old Dolly, "Edgar is a nice little man to do mamma's errands."

Here we will leave Agnes and Florence, having a social chat, and give our young friends a brief history of Mrs. Dale.

Mrs. D. was the widow of a merchant of Cherry Vale, who after the death of her husband removed to the city of L—, where she could better provide for her hapless children.

Mr. Dale having a long and severe illness, expended a great portion of his property ere his death, which left his family in rather poor circumstances. It was reported, however, that had Mrs. D. had a disinterested friend, she would have had much more than she received for herself and children. The former took up her residence in the city after marriage; the latter was still a resident in the country. As time sped, and her husband's funds increased, Mrs. Lovjoy became more fond of quiet and amusement. In fact she was one of the most aristocratic ladies in the city. She had long since ceased corresponding with her humbler sister. She never visited her; in short she was ashamed to own her as an acquaintance. Her sister knew this to be the case, and therefore never intruded herself into her sister's presence. They at length, (or Mrs. Lovjoy did), lost sight of each other. Mrs. Smith, (Eva's mother) had become a widow, and being very poor, had removed to the city, where her sister resided, in hope to have a better opportunity to provide for herself and Eva, the only surviving child of six offspring. Here her health failed her, and she was reduced to abject penury. The reader already knows the incident of New Years morning.

Chapter V.
The Meeting of the Sisters.
The carriage had stopped at the door, and Eva had led the way to her mother's room, and the sisters, the long separated sisters, were folded in each others embrace. But Mrs. Smith was too far gone for recovery; and after being assured that her sister would take good care of her orphan child, she sank back upon her pillow, and expired. Her corpse was removed from the old building to the mansion of the Lovjoys. Eva mourned for her deceased parent. She, however, was soon comforted, for Nellie and her mother were all very kind to the little grieving one.

We have seen that the little beggar girl has been cared for, and now, with a few words in conclusion, my readers, I will close. Has pride, or aught else, separated us from a brother, a sister, a friend, let us hasten at the commencement of the year 1853, and acknowledge our faults and sue for forgiveness! We have, but a short time at longest to stay on earth, let us live in unity while we do stay. Let us begin to do right now, on the first day of this new year.

Woburn, December, 1852.

The Liquor Law in New Hampshire.
Concord, Dec. 15.—A motion to indefinitely postpone the consideration of the Liquor Law was negative to-day by 22 majority. An amendment authorizing the manufacture and sale of cider, for all purposes, agreed to by a majority of 31.

WANTED.—A Laundress, one who is com-

Written for the Journal.

FLORENCE DALE: Or, The Christmas Tree.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY PRAIRIE BIRD.

"Look mother, look!" shouted little Agnes Carey as she arose from the breakfast table, "there's little Florence and Edgar coming in at the back gate with your caps, I don't see how their mother could do them so soon, do you mother?"

"She's always very prompt Agnes, I sent her word last evening, to have two of my lace caps done at ten o'clock to-day, and she has sent them two hours sooner than I expected. Set your chair back Agnes, and go into the kitchen and speak with Florence this morning; tell Dolly to give them a warm biscuit, and a cup of hot coffee."

"Yes mother, I will; I do love to talk to Florence, it is too bad she's so poor, she aint like the rest of the poor children in the city, is she mother?"

"No Agnes, she's very unlike our city's poor, but you will not see her this morning, unless you go at once."

Away ran Agnes to the kitchen, where Dolly the old colored cook was filling a small basket with some nice bits of meat and bread, for the children to take to their mother.

"See Florence," said Dolly, "here's a nice bowl of lamb broth, that was left of yesterday's dinner. Will Edgar take it in a little pain to your mamma?"

"Yes mam," said Florence, "Edgar carried the milk you gave mother, all the way home, last Saturday, and never spilled any of it neither; mother said you were very kind to her too, she told Edgar to thank you."

"Yes child, yes," said old Dolly, "Edgar is a nice little man to do mamma's errands."

Here we will leave Agnes and Florence, having a social chat, and give our young friends a brief history of Mrs. Dale.

Mrs. Dale is a girl of thirteen summers, with bright blue eyes, and golden hair, floating in ringlets about her shoulders. Her face was one when once looked upon, would not easily be forgotten. Her form, like that of Agnes, was perfectly natural. An angel in disposition, and one that seemed to possess more of the Heavenly than is generally given to mortals.

Edgar, a nice dark blue eyed boy, brown hair and dimpled cheek, thoughtful looking little creature one could not help thinking (as they gazed upon his pretty face,) "Tall looks from little acorns grow."

But we will leave the little folks awhile now, and peep in at the dining-room and hear the conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Carey.

I cannot imagine who that little boy resembles," said Mr. C., "it is some of our acquaintances. I really cannot see his face, but I'm thrown into a deep study, I have thought much of that woman and her children of late."

"And I, Mr. Carey, have reasons to think that Mrs. Dale has seen better days. These children have come to the house for three years, and I love them more and more. Mrs. Dale instructs them at home, rather than send them to the public school, where so many unruly children assemble. They are capital scholars of their age. Mrs. Dale is an educated lady, that I am sure of," said Mrs. C.

"Well after Christmas I will get our clergymen to call there, and we will ascertain about her, and where she came from, and all about her former life," said Mr. C.

"By the way," said Mrs. Carey, "our church minister is the same name."

"There!" said Mr. C., "don't you see little Edgar looks like our minister."

"I never thought of it until now," said Mrs. C., "but bless me, our minister's name is Edgar Dale, is it not strange we never thought of this before?"

"It really is," said Mr. C., "and as I live after Christmas I'll broach the subject to him, and we'll find out more concerning these children. Well, next week is Christmas, and we are to have all of our Sabbath School children here, and as our minister Mr. Dale will meet with them, it may be we shall have a chance to mention this family to him, during the evening."

We will here state to our readers, that this conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Carey, took place about one week before Christmas.

At Mr. Carey's on Christmas eve the children of Rev. Mr. Dale's church was to have a little Jubilee. A Christmas tree, was to stand in the centre of the hall, and all the children were to hang some little present upon it for their minister, who was to send all the same out to Africa, where he was formerly stationed as a missionary. Accordingly preparations were being made, by every girl and boy of the school to see how many pretty things they could collect together for the poor little heathen in Africa.

Dolly went to the kitchen, and soon turned with the two children.

"Well, you sit down, I will go up stairs and see about this note."

Dolly went up in the parlor, and handed the note to her mistress. After Mrs. C. had read it, she told Dolly to bring the bearer before her.

Dolly went to the kitchen, and soon turned with the two children.

The night before Christmas eve, little Florence Dale had occasion to go to Mr. C.'s to carry home some work. Mrs. Carey being in kitchen with old Dolly, began to talk to Florence.

"Well Florence, how is mother getting on, this cold weather?"

"Oh very well marm, she says you were very good to send her wood last week, she thinks she shall never be able to pay you."

"I do not wish pay for that I give your mother. But what ails you child?" said Mrs. C., as she saw the big tears fill Florence's eyes.

"I will venture to send the mother two lace caps for myself, and a half dozen collars."

The little bundle was given to Florence, who with a smile playing upon her little sensible face, descended the stairs to the kitchen again.

"Here," said Dolly, "take a bit of cake in your hand, to eat on the way, and when you come again, come right into that gate there, push it open, and run right in to the kitchen because I don't always look suitable to go to the street

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIRE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"LA PLUME."—We like your poem; there are some fine passages in it. The only objection is its length; we cannot at present find room for it, but shall retain it for publication when we may have room. Your translations are good, and will be on file. That story we shall expect.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO."—There is one matter in this Lyceum controversy which may be of use to us here; we shall know the management of other Lyceums, and be better prepared to govern our own, when we get it. Your answer to "E Pluribus Unum" is a fair one; we like this plain way of coming at facts.

"CONCORD."—A very good question for the boys, and we hope they will make it a New Year's task.

"HERMIT."—What has become of our old friend? we have not heard from him for some time.

"H. A. K."—Valuable "Thoughts" indeed; the poetry is beautiful. Your improvement is very evident; perseverance will accomplish wonders.

"PRAIRIE BIRD."—Thanks for your "New Year's Address," and hope our patrons will keep our "Lamp" well trimmed, and burning. We shall publish the other as soon as we have room.

"OTTO OGLE."—Your "Thoughts on the New Year," are very good, and we will give them a place next week.

"PERUICO."—We don't think you have hit your mark, but we shall see.

EDITORIAL.

"THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER HAS FOUND IT NECESSARY, OWING TO THE PRESS OF OTHER MATTERS, TO PROCURE ASSISTANCE IN THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, AND NOW THAT THE JOURNAL IS FAIRLY ESTABLISHED ON A GOOD FOUNDATION, HE PROPOSES TO RETIRE FROM HIS POSITION, WITH THE EXCEPTION THAT HE WILL HAVE THE GENERAL SUPERVISION OF ITS COLUMNS. HAVING BEEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO SECURE THE ASSISTANCE OF A PERSON WELL FITTED FOR SUPERINTENDING THE JOURNAL, THE PUBLISHERS WOULD AGAIN SAY THAT THEY WILL SPARE NO PAINS TO MAKE IT WORTHY THE HEARTY SUPPORT OF ALL THE RESIDENTS OF WOBURN AND VICINITY."

THE NEW YEAR.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, what an amount of genuine good feeling is comprised in these three words, when uttered in sincerity and truth, it conveys to each heart, with that true Christian feeling which can only exist in the bosom of him, who owns and believes the existence of a supreme power, who gives life and happiness to the vast multitudes of human beings, who, on this first day of the new year, greet each other either in friendship, or in evil passions, which sometimes corrode the bosoms of those made in the image of their divine creator.

BUT HOW OFTEN IS IT A HOLLOW UNMEETING SOUND, UTTERED ONLY FOR FORM'S SAKE, JUST AS THE CASUAL "GOOD MORNING" OR THE SLIGHT RECOGNITION NOD, WHICH MEETS US DAILY IN OUR WALKS. WE ARE SO MUCH ENGAGED IN THE VARIOUS SCENES OF LIFE, WHICH ARE SO FAR AWAY FROM THE REFLECTIONS WHICH SHOULD ACCOMPANY THE DAWN OF A NEW YEAR, AND OUR COLD SALUTATIONS TO FRIENDS ON THAT DAY, ARE THE RESULTS OF THESE DAILY ALLUREMENTS; THEY CLOUD THE RATIONAL MIND, AND SHUT OUT THE CLEAR SUNSHINE OF HAPPINESS AND JOY, WHICH SHOULD BEAM FROM EVERY COUNTENANCE, AS WE TAKE EACH OTHER'S HAND AND WISH A "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

THIS IS THE HAPPY DAY TO RENEW OUR FRIENDSHIPS, TO FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, AND RESOLVED TO CORRECT ALL PAST ERRORS, AND IF WE HAVE ANY ILL WILL AGAINST OUR NEIGHBORS, GO STRAIGHTWAY AND HEAL THE WOUND; NO MORE APPROPRIATE DAY CAN BE CHOSEN FOR US, TO FORGIVE AND RECEIVE FORGIVENESS, AND GENTLE READER, IF YOU HAVE WITHIN YOUR BOSOM, ONE ANGRY FEELING AGAINST A RELATIVE, OR A FELLOW MAN, MAKE UP YOUR MIND THIS DAY, "THAT TO ER IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE, DIVINE"; HASTEN BEFORE THE SETTING SUN CLOSES THE DAY, AND WITH A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT, OPEN THE WESTERN RESERVE, AS IS A BODY OF LAND AS CAN BE FOUND IN AMERICA, AND SETTLED BY YANKEES, MOSTLY FROM CONNECTICUT. ABOUT 26 YEARS AGO THERE WAS A FAMINE OF CORN IN CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY, N. Y., AND A SURPLUS AT CHAGRIN. WE FREIGHTED A CARGO FROM THAT SMALL PORT TO PORTLAND HARBOUR, WHICH BECAME LITERALLY AN EGYPT. WE SHALL NEVER FORGET HOW HARD WE LABORED, FROM EARLY MORNING TILL LATE AT EVENING, SUPPLYING THE JOSEPHS AND BENJAMINS, WHO CAME FROM MILES AROUND FOR A BAG OF CORN; AND THIS, MR. COURANT, IS CHAGRIN BROUGHT TO MEMORY BY YOUR SHORT ENQUIRY. WE HAVE OTHER REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY EMIGRANT DAYS OF OHIO; THEY WOULD HARDLY FIND BELIEVERS NOW.

"THE WOBURN JOURNAL," BUT "SELF PRAISE GOES BUT A LITTLE WAY," YET WE MUST REMARK, THAT OUR COURSE HAS BEEN ONWARD, AND IN LOOKING BACK ON THE "RISE AND PROGRESS" OF OUR PAPER, WE ARE PERFECTLY SATISFIED; TRUE, WE HAVE MORE ROOM ON OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST, WHICH WE SHOULD BE PLEASED TO FILL, WE SHALL NOT COMPLAIN, BECAUSE WE THINK OUR FRIENDS HAVE WELL SUSTAINED US, AND IF WE DESERVE IT, THEY WILL INCREASE, IF WE DO NOT DESERVE IT, WE SHALL NOT EXPECT IT.

WE SHALL CONTINUE OUR EFFORTS TO PLEASE AND INSTRUCT OUR READERS, FREE FROM ALL PARTY SPIRIT OR PERSONAL ABUSES, OUR COURSE IS BEFORE OUR FRIENDS AND WE SHALL NOT VARY.

THE CORRESPONDENTS OF THE JOURNAL ARE NEARLY ALL RESIDENTS OF THIS VICINITY; SOME OF THEIR COMMUNICATIONS MAY NOT BE OF SO EXCITING A NATURE, OR SO STRICTLY WITHIN THE RULES OF ERUDITE COMPOSITION, BUT THE "PAINT A MORAL," AND WE PREFER THE EFFORTS OF NATIVE SIMPLICITY TO GLORIOUS FICTION. WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY THEY WILL CONTINUE WITH US.

THESE MUCH FOR OURSELVES, AND NOW GOOD READER, LET US IN SINCERITY, WISH YOU AND YOUR HOUSEHOLD A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

LYCEUM LECTURE.

The Lecturer announced for last Tuesday evening did not make his appearance, owing to his having misunderstood the evening Mr. Fowle, Editor of the *Journal*, gave a Lecture in place of Mr. Bodwell; the Lecture's subject was upon the adaption of knowledge to every day life. He was listened to by an attentive audience, who are, of course, the proper judges of the merits of the Lecture, of which it would be hardly proper for us to speak.

Next week it was hoped that Mr. Giles might be able to give us a Lecture, but up to the time of our going to press, no definite answer has been received from him. If he cannot come, some other lecturer will be provided in time for next Tuesday evening.

"LA PLUME."—We like your poem; there are some fine passages in it. The only objection is its length; we cannot at present find room for it, but shall retain it for publication when we may have room. Your translations are good, and will be on file. That story we shall expect.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO."—There is one matter in this Lyceum controversy which may be of use to us here; we shall know the management of other Lyceums, and be better prepared to govern our own, when we get it. Your answer to "E Pluribus Unum" is a fair one; we like this plain way of coming at facts.

"CONCORD."—A very good question for the boys, and we hope they will make it a New Year's task.

"HERMIT."—What has become of our old friend? we have not heard from him for some time.

"H. A. K."—Valuable "Thoughts" indeed; the poetry is beautiful. Your improvement is very evident; perseverance will accomplish wonders.

"PRAIRIE BIRD."—Thanks for your "New Year's Address," and hope our patrons will keep our "Lamp" well trimmed, and burning. We shall publish the other as soon as we have room.

"OTTO OGLE."—Your "Thoughts on the New Year," are very good, and we will give them a place next week.

"PERUICO."—We don't think you have hit your mark, but we shall see.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

This is the beginning of a new year, what thoughts and suggestions it brings with it, we resolve to begin a new page in life's history; we remember the events of the past year, and resolve to improve on them for the future.—The authorities of Boston have invited Gen. Pierce to partake of its hospitalities, when on his way to Washington, which he has accepted in a very modest manner.—Commander Dale of the Navy, died last week.

The fat ox at the Kentucky fair, which took the first prize weighed three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds.—The seal of Napoleon III, is to be a crowned "Imperial eagle, reposing on thunder"—183 cars came over the Pittsburg railroad, and 160 over the Lowell railroad last week for the Cambridge market.—Over 200,000 sheep have been killed in Vermont within a short time, simply for their pelts.—In the Cambridge Cattle Market, Dec. 22, there were 1976 cattle; 176 steers, 1735 swine, all to a good market.—Entry thieves are plenty in Boston.—St. Paul's Church at Brookline, was consecrated by Bishop Eastburn, last week.—It is reported that the United States have purchased Stewart's Marble Store in Broadway, N. Y., we presume for a Post Office.—Hon. Wm. R. King, is recovering from his late sickness at Washington.—The New England Society of New York, have appointed a committee to raise a subscription for a bronze statue of Daniel Webster, to be given to the city of New York, to stand in a public position.—Daniel Webster, to be given to the city of New York, to stand in a public position.—A young lady in Albany has started a "Ragged School," and has picked up about fifty children in the street.—6 famous mock auctioneers have been arrested in N. Y., for swindling a Californian out of \$2000; it has created a fluttering amongst this tribe.—The New Hampshire *Gazette*, at Portsmouth, has commenced its ninety-ninth volume.—Two barns, including 20 sheep and a large lot of hay, were destroyed by fire last Saturday, in Hillsboro, N. H.—An Irish woman in Boston, living in the third story of a house which took fire, being greatly excited, threw her child four years old, out of her chamber window into the street, for preservation.—Accidents from burning fluid are of daily occurrence; why don't people get the safety lamps.—There are 2800 newspapers and periodicals in the United States; 424 papers are issued in the New England States.—An express from Boston to Springfield, carrying the British Steam Mails South, ran 100 miles in one hour and fifty-five minutes; pretty smart travelling.—The evening express train, which left New York 24th inst., had 12 long cars, with 650 passengers.—On the 24th inst., there were entered at Boston 10,910 bushels of potatoes, 3868 lbs. of butter and 2400 barrels of salt.—74 hands were discharged from the Charlestown Navy Yard last week.—The yellow fever is fearfully raging in the West Indies, at Port au Prince fifty Americans had died.—During the Christmas evening festivities at the Adams House in Boston, the room of a lady was entered, her trunk broken open and \$100 worth of jewelry stolen.—Miss Wright had her pocket picked last Saturday evening, at Boylston Hall, of \$35.—At Sandwich, England, the curlew has been tolled every evening for 700 years.—A Boston paper says there is a heap of aspirants for the office of Sheriff of Middlesex County; can't all have it.—The city debt of Charlestown is \$181,000.—Nearly three hundred thousand tons of railroad iron were imported into this country during the last year; this is a sad detriment to the iron business of Pennsylvania.—A boy in Portland got the shell of a nut in his throat, and is not expected to live.—A german woman in Cincinnati has been fined \$6, for whipping her husband.—A large lot of lumber was burnt on Willard's wharf, Old Cambridge, last Saturday night.—Deaths in Boston last week, 35.—A boy 8 years old fell through the ice, in Malden, last Saturday, and was drowned.—There are 12,779 miles of Telegraph in the United States.—There are 90 counties in Texas.—Arrivals this week from California, states business good, prices of produce high, gold plenty and the prospects of the miners good; the burnt districts are nearly rebuilt, with good buildings.—Australia continues to excite emigration to its rich gold mines; emigrants and gold seekers are arriving in large numbers.—From Europe, nothing of importance.—The Emperor of France is progressing in his measures for a permanent empire. The French people believe all he says, and are satisfied.—Congress is moving slowly; members are enjoying the holidays, after which we hope they will remember the peoples interests.—Our Legislature will meet on next Wednesday.—Nothing new in our own vicinity the past week.

CHAGRIN FALLS.—There is a village in Ohio, called Chagrin Falls. Ever there, reader?—*Clinton Courier*. Yes, sir, we have been there, but we never saw any Falls there. Chagrin is a flourishing town on the "Connecticut Western Reserve," in Ohio, bordering on Lake Erie. This Western Reserve is as fine a body of land as can be found in America, and settled by Yankees, mostly from Connecticut. About 26 years ago there was a famine of corn in Chautauque County, N. Y., and a surplus at Chagrin. We freighted a cargo from that small port to Portland harbor, which became literally an Egypt. We shall never forget how hard we labored, from early morning till late at evening, supplying the Josephs and Benjamins, who came from miles around for a bag of corn; and this, Mr. Courant, is Chagrin brought to memory by your short enquiry. We have other reminiscences of the early emigrant days of Ohio; they would hardly find believers now.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

STEALING FROM SCHOOL HOUSES.—There was three School Houses in Rockville, and vicinity, broken open last Saturday and Sunday nights, by making an entrance through the windows. Doors were broken open, and articles of value stolen; teachers and scholars should not leave valuable articles over night in the school-room.

THE WINTER.—The weather is remarkable, and we are likely to have a short winter. Sleighs and bells are on the decline; Buffalo robes and fur gloves are not much enquired for. We observe a fine lot of boys sleds, with various high sounding names, exposed for sale, but they don't seem to slide. The ice contracts are rather watery, and likely to run out.

CAMBRIDGE.—The weather is a queer sort of a place, especially at night; our neighbor of the *Chronicle*, has many complaints to make about hideous darkness, muddy streets, and we see by a communication in the last week's *Chronicle* that a night pedestrian got into a large tin boiler without bottom. We are pleased to learn that gas will be ready to light in Cambridge about the 1st of January.

THE WINTER.—The weather is remarkable, and we are likely to have a short winter. Sleighs and bells are on the decline; Buffalo robes and fur gloves are not much enquired for. We observe a fine lot of boys sleds, with various high sounding names, exposed for sale, but they don't seem to slide. The ice contracts are rather watery, and likely to run out.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

PEOPLES' PRESS.—We have received the *Press*, published at Skowhegan, Maine; it is a very excellent paper, and is creditable to the Editor. The name of Skowhegan is almost out of the mother tongue, and we should never have searched in Maine for that name. It is very romantic, certainly.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1853.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANY.—This brilliantly-illuminated weekly journal has just commenced a new volume, and is certainly a most superb and elegant affair, in the way of literature and art. Among a large number of most beautiful and artistic engravings, is a fine allegorical picture, by Billings, of the incoming of New Year. An elaborate design illustrating the subject of Autographs and Writing, from the earliest period of the world,—a most original and remarkable feature of the Pictorial, to be followed by a series of numbers on this subject.—An allegorical picture of the Golden Fleece. A Winter Scene in Russia, with the peculiar mode of travelling illustrated. A fine equestrian picture of Count D'Orsay. A representation of Thom's picture of sculpture, known as Old Mortality, in Laurel Hill Cemetery. A magnificent, large and original picture of the Crystal Palace, New York,—the finest engravings ever issued on wood in this country. Also a most curious puzzle, the key of which is a miracle of ingenuity. By turning and examining this curious affair five hundred different objects are found, each subject, though complete in itself, still by cunning arrangement, forming parts of another.—The Western Military Institute, at Drennon Springs, Ky., is also represented. Among the contributors to this number, we observe the names of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, T. Bulfinch, T. Buchanan Read, T. S. Arthur, Matilda M. Ballou, Alice B. Neal, Mrs. M. W. Curtis, Benj. Perley Poore, A. J. H. Daguerre, Francis A. Durivage, Alice Carey, Caroline A. Hayden, Phoebe Carey, Dr. J. H. Robinson, J. Hunt, Jr., Neale Bernard, Ellen Louie's Chandler, etc., etc., forming an amount of talent never before embarked in a weekly journal. With all this array of attractive illustrations, of brilliant literary matter and vast improvements generally, the price of the Pictorial is greatly reduced. The terms per annum are \$3. Single copies, six cents each. For sale at all the periodical depots in the United States.

Written for the Journal.

A SUM FOR THE BOYS.

Mr. J. W. Porter of New York, professed to do all arithmetical questions by one rule.

Two hundred gallons, less three pints of rum, are in a cask, while from the bung

A gallon flows a minute;

What length of time must pass away,

(It matters not if night or day.)

When naught will be within it,

Then should we at the present time,

The cask one seventh fill with wine,

And then one sixth with water;

Pray then dear sir, by your one rule,

How much must I to make it full,

Fill up with New York Porter.

COLBURN.

Cambridge Cattle Market.

100 Cars came over the Fitchburg Rail road; 102 Cars came over the Lowell Rail road, bringing 1732 Beesves, working oxen, cows, and calves.

Beeves—\$8 to \$9 per cwt.

Barrelled Cattle—\$4 to \$4 1/2 per cwt.

Working Oxen—\$7 to \$8 per cwt.

Cows and Calves—\$25 to \$41.

500 Sheep at market—\$3 to \$8.

217 fat Hogs—\$6 1/2 cts. per lb.

The market was rather hard; it was overstocked last week, and the weather too warm to kill, except for immediate use.

MARRIAGES.

There are moments in this fleeting life,
When every pulse beats low, and the soft air
Is full of fragrance from a pure clime."

Nov. 30th, William Spencer Parker, to Elmira Whitaker, both of Reading.

DEATHS.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army
Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay!"

In Woburn, Dec. 15th, Mr. Thomas Murry, aged 31 years.

In Woburn, N. H., Dec. 20th, Mary, wife of Joseph Gray, aged 64 years.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post-Office at Woburn, Mass., December 31st, 1852.

Burns, Wells
Bates, Henry G.
Brooks, Asa
Bartholomew, F. C.
Exchange Hotel, Fisher, John M.
Russell, Charles
Richardson, Martha
Shell, Charles D.
Smith, M. H.
Sullivan, H. Mrs.
Townsend, Wm.
Wright, Hiram
Willie, Caroline
Ward, F. W.

Patten George, 2
Porkins, Charles J.
Powers, Mary Mrs.
Palmer, Abram P.
Rich, Jacob
Russey, Charles
Richardson, Martha
Shell, Charles D.
Smith, M. H.
Sullivan, H. Mrs.
Townsend, Wm.
Wright, Hiram
Willie, Caroline
Ward, F. W.

Persons calling for letters on this list, will please say they are advertised.

A. TAYLOR, P. M.

Correction.

WHEN I stated in the Union Store that a man in our neighborhood got drunk and abused his wife, I had no reference to Alfred H. Binden, as I never saw or heard anything against his moral character.

J. A. CARTER.

Vermont Apple Sauce.

A prime article, prepared in boiled Cider, just received at J. S. ELLIS & CO'S.

Timothy Seed.

10 BARRELS clean TIMOTHY SEED;
3 do PEARL BARLEY;
800 do OAT MEAL;
500 do BLACK OATS;
Price Edward's Island. Price of OATS, produced from Fosters' Wharf, Boston
Jan. 1.

For Sale.

A two story House, and four House Lots, on Oakley Court, and one Pew in the Congregational Church. Also, a Tenement to let on Franklin Street.
Inquire of STEPHEN CUTTER.
Dec. 18. If

Christmas and New Year's PRESENTS.

THE subscriber has just received a fresh assortment of Goods for the coming Holidays, consisting of

Annals, Bibles, Histories, JUVENILE BOOKS, OF ALL KINDS, SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

Also, a great variety of Toys, Games & Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Woburn, Dec. 18, 1852. G. W. FOWLE.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of SAMUEL COOK, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Blackstone, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs, for both values and debts in the office of the Probate Court, for the payment of the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to

JOSHUA P. CONVERSE, Adm'r. Woburn, December 21st, 1852. 3w

Notice.

ALL persons having demands against the Town of Woburn, are requested to bring them in to the Selectmen before the 1st day of February, 1853.

The Selectmen will be in session the 3d, 17th, and 31st of January.

STEPHEN NICHOLS, Jr., Selectmen of HORACE COLLAMORE, of Woburn, Dec. 25th, 1852. 3w

School Books.

At the various kinds of School Books used in the vicinity, for sale at the Woburn Book Store.

To Let.

A new HOUSE, situated nearly opposite to the House of the Subscriber. Said House contains 6 Rooms, and possession given on the 1st January, dec. 18. JOSEPH WINN.

To Let.

A Carrier Shop, with Steam Power attached. Enquire of E. L. W. COOPER, at the Woburn Machine Shop, dec. 18. 2w.

Para Rubbers.

Just received, a lot of old fashioned PARA RUBBERS. Also, another case of the GOSMERS, at the store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY, Dec. 7, 1852.

COAL.

W. D. WARREN has just received another cargo of the "Trunk" Company's celebrated Peach Mountain COAL, selected expressly for family use. Selling at \$8 per 2500 per barrel.

N. B.—As for quality, there is none better top of the earth.

TO LET.

A excellent chance for a Shoe Manufactury. The subscriber is desirous of getting the services of Pump Manufacturer, to be let on the best reasonable terms. Who will improve the opportunity, and rival the go-ahead men of Woburn and Somerville. Woburn, Dec. 18, 1852. ff. S. ADAMS.

Horse Medicine.

R. G. H. DADDY'S celebrated medicine, for the horse and other animals, for sale by Woburn, Dec. 6th. ff. W. D. WARREN.

Lake Champlain Potatoes.

250 Bushels just received. Families wishing a good article can supply themselves.

J. S. ELLIS, & CO.

Notice.

A LL persons indebted to the Subscribers for the Puritan and Recorder for 1852, in Woburn, are requested to make immediate payment to G. W. FOWLE, Agent, WOODBRIDGE, MORE & CO.

Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

P. TEARE, Agent for S. H. KNIGHT & CO, the best Philadelphia Cigars, wholesale; cheaper than anywhere else.

dec. 4.

STARCK POLISH.

Tillotson's celebrated starch polish at ELLIS & CO'S, oct. 30.

Notice.

A LL persons indebted to the Subscribers for the Puritan and Recorder for 1852, in Woburn, are requested to make immediate payment to G. W. FOWLE, Agent, WOODBRIDGE, MORE & CO.

Cigar Academy.

The Winter Term will commence on Wednesday, December 3d, at 3 o'clock, A. M., and continue fourteen weeks, under the charge of

OSGOOD JOHNSON, B. A., Principal. E. CUTTER, B. A., Teacher in English.

Persons of the course and terms may be had of the subscriber.

BENJAMIN CUTTER, Sec'y. Woburn, Nov. 27, 1852. 4w

Dancing School.

M. R. E. GASZINSKI, begs to announce, to the citizens of Woburn, Somerville, and Winchester, and vicinity, that he will open a School for Instruction in Dancing the second week in December, and respectively bespeak their patronage. Due notice will be given of the day, and at what place.

Woburn, Dec. 4, 1852. 3w

Warren Academy.

The Winter Term will commence on Wednesday,

December 3d, at 3 o'clock, A. M., and continue fourteen

weeks, under the charge of

REV. E. CUTTER, B. A., Principal.

E. CUTTER, B. A., Teacher in English.

Persons of the course and terms may be had of the subscriber.

BENJAMIN CUTTER, Sec'y. Woburn, Nov. 27, 1852. 4w

Death.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army

Of the proud summer meadow, which to day

Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay!"

In Woburn, Dec. 15th, Mr. Thomas Murry, aged 31 years.

In Woburn, N. H., Dec. 20th, Mary, wife of Joseph Gray, aged 64 years.

John, 30th, William Spencer Parker, to Elmira Whitaker, both of Reading.

Death.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army

Of the proud summer meadow, which to day

Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay!"

Nov. 30th, William Spencer Parker, to Elmira Whitaker, both of Reading.

Death.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army

Of the proud summer meadow, which to day

Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay!"

Nov. 30th, William Spencer Parker, to Elmira Whitaker, both of Reading.

Death.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army

Of the proud summer meadow, which to day

Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay!"

Nov. 30th, William Spencer Parker, to Elmira Whitaker, both of Reading.

Death.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army

Of the proud summer meadow, which to day

Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay!"

Nov. 30th, William Spencer Parker, to Elmira Whitaker, both of Reading.

Death.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army

Of the proud summer meadow, which to day

Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay!"

Nov. 30th, William Spencer Parker, to Elmira Whitaker, both of Reading.

Death.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army

Of the proud summer meadow, which to day

Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay!"

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1853.

POETRY!

WHAT IS A YEAR.

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Accum it but a dream.
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless now and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old iron wheel,
Or but a page upon the book
Which death must shortly seal.
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel over,
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blows,
As rushing onward o'er the earth,
We hear his weary moan.
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn,
As transient as the mists of morn
Beneath the summer sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft changing scene;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on
With hills and valleys green.
Next, Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,
Then Autumn with a tear,
Then comes old Winter—death, and all
Must leave their level here.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Written for the Journal.

DANVERS' WINTER SWEETS.

We have ever noticed that this apple has been highly recommended; therefore we were induced to purchase some of the scions which have been in a bearing condition a number of years. We think they may be termed constant bearers, their fruit being of various sizes and shapes, and concerning their keeping propensities we do not hesitate to say that it is bad, they turn rusty and become sleepy or mealy early in winter. We think they are utterly unworthy of the appellation of a winter apple.

We are confident that our Danvers Winter Sweets are the true kind, having obtained the scions of a friend whose experience in pomological culture is quite extended. We hope that farmers will not be duped by the misrepresentations of this apple, for it is not profitable for winter keeping, neither would we recommend its culture for all use, as there is quite a variety of fall Sweetens that are superlative in their size, shape, and fairness.

Winchester, Dec. 16th, 1852.

LAYING OUT SURFACES.

A few simple rules are oftentimes convenient to those who are not conversant with surveying operations, and a writer in the *Western Horticultural Review* has communicated to them some very good ones, some of which we copy, and to which we add the few others.

To lay out an acre in a circle. First fix a centre, and with a rope as a radius, seven rods, three links and three-eighths long, one end attached to the centre, and kept uniformly stretched, the sweep of it at the other end will lay out the acre.

For one quarter of an acre, a rope three rods and fourteen links will be the right length.

For one-eighth of an acre, a rope two rods and thirteen links will be enough.

Triangles.—If you wish a triangle to contain just an acre, make each side nineteen rods, five and a half links long.

A triangle where sides are six rods and twenty links long each, will contain one-eighth of an acre.

And wishing all a merry Christmas, the Prairie Bird will now soar away.

North Woburn, December, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

FLORENCE DALE: Or, The Christmas Tree.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY PRAISE RIDE.

[CONCLUDED.]

At noon she called Florence, and told her to listen attentively to her. That she was about to make a great sacrifice, but hoping good might result from it, she would trust the Lord again.

"Here is your uncle's miniature in this little gold locket. I cherished it far above riches, yet I will send it out to Africa, in hopes some member, if any are living, will know I am alive. I shall write on a scrap of paper the name of your uncle, and you can tell Mrs. C. that it was your mother's wish this should go to Africa, and tell her it is the likeness of your uncle, a twin brother to your father; tell her, also, his name is on a bit of paper on the back of the locket, which she'll find by opening the same. Mind, Florence, and come directly here after hanging your gift upon the tree.

Florence did all her mother bade her, excepting one thing. She forgot to tell Mrs. C. that her uncle's name was in the back of the locket.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey had now made up their minds concerning Mrs. Dale, and that their minister, who had not heard from his brother since he left America, would be as much surprised to find his sister-in-law a servant to Mrs. Carey, as to find his own likeness hanging upon the Christmas tree.

Evening came, and the hall was thronged with children. Mr. Dale at length came, and after spending a short time in prayer, addressed the group of little ones concerning their donation to the little untutored natives of Africa, after which he went around to look at the pretty articles as they glistened in the light upon the tree. Presently he took the locket, and as his eye fell upon it, he fell back, and as Mr. Carey stood near, he put his arm about him, and upheld him.

"As I live," said Mr. Dale, "this is my brother's likeness. Mr. C.; pray, sir, if you know aught of this matter, relieve me at once, I beg of you. Mr. and Mrs. Carey soon related to their dear pastor all their knowledge of the affair, and Mr. Dale, remembering he had last parted with his brother and young wife at New Orleans many years ago, concluded it was for certain his sister lived. He then examined the locket, opened the back part and read the following:

"This likeness of Rev. Edgar Dale, Missionary, is sent out by his afflicted sister-in-law, with the hope of learning his fate.

CECILIA LEE DALE."

"That's my brother's wife's name, and this is my own, instead of my brother's likeness. Heaven bless her, the morrow shall be the return of a happy, a merry Christmas, to her and these dear children. The evening party now began to disperse, all eager to get home to tell the story to their parents.

The following morning found Mr. Dale in the humble abode of her whom he loved and cherished with true brotherly affection. Mrs. Dale and her children are no longer at their poorly furnished rooms in Greenwood Court, but reside in one of the most beautiful structures in the city, with him whom she mourned as dead. Florence and Edgar are pets to all the household. Mr. Dale having no children of his own, his wife is greatly taken up with these little fairies, as she terms them. Agnes Carey is often seen at the ministers house, and Florence and Edgar often are seen chatting with old Dolly.

And wishing all a merry Christmas, the Prairie Bird will now soar away.

North Woburn, December, 1852.

Newell's Patent Safety Lamp AND LAMP FEEDER.

A NEW ARTICLE, WARRANTED TO REVEAL ACCIDENTS FROM THE USE OF BURNING FLUID, CHAMPHENE, AND OTHER Explosive Compounds used for the production of light.

This invention is applied to STEEL, BRASS, BRITANNIA, GLASS, and all other styles of LAMPS and LAMP FEEDERS.

Mr. NEWELL'S AROMATIC BURNING FLUID, an article which burns with a clear and beautiful light, leaving no incrustations upon the wick, being free from smoke, smoke, any disagreeable odor, and is entirely free from smoke.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by NEWELL, CALD WELL & COFFIN, No. 8 Winter street, Boston.

The following certificate is a sufficient guarantee of the entire safety and efficiency of the Safety Lamp and Feeder.

CERTIFICATE.

We have had an opportunity to observe this patent Safety Lamp and Lamp Feeder of Mr. John Newell, of this city, in regard to the measure of protection which their construction affords. In a trial made before us we were convinced, with entire effect, to produce a specimen of the vapor of the fluid mixed with air, and to burst them by the pressure of the vapor alone.

Mr. NEWELL's lamp is that of the well known Day Lamp. It has combined the parts that we are satisfied, that all risk of explosion is removed.

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M.D.,
AUG. A. HAYES, M.D.,
Assayers to State of Mass

Boston, Aug. 30, 1852.

N. B. Mr. T. B. CALDWELL is admitted a partner in our firm this day, and henceforth the business will be conducted in the name of NEWELL, CALDWELL & CO.

Oct. 1st, 1852. NEWELL & COFFIN, 300

Broadcloth, Camisoles, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS)

No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

HATES & GOLDFTHWAIT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF CARPETINGS,

Broadclothes, Camisoles, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS)

No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

PICTURES OF Webster,

PICTURES OF Webster, from 20c to \$2. Also pictures of Gen. Pierce, John P. Hale and Robert B. Gould Jr. For sale wholesale and retail, at the Woburn Book Store.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

PICTURES AND PERIODICALS,

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE,

DAILY — New York Herald

Journal, Commonwealth,

Times, Herald, Boston, Commonwealth,

Traveler, Journal, Waverly, Museum,

Woburn Journal, Herald & Gazette,

Olive Branch, Sartain's,

Flag of our Union, London Art Journal,

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age,

And all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

PICTURES AND PERIODICALS,

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE,

DAILY — New York Herald

Journal, Commonwealth,

Times, Herald, Boston, Commonwealth,

Traveler, Journal, Waverly, Museum,

Woburn Journal, Herald & Gazette,

Olive Branch, Sartain's,

Flag of our Union, London Art Journal,

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age,

And all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

PICTURES AND PERIODICALS,

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE,

DAILY — New York Herald

Journal, Commonwealth,

Times, Herald, Boston, Commonwealth,

Traveler, Journal, Waverly, Museum,

Woburn Journal, Herald & Gazette,

Olive Branch, Sartain's,

Flag of our Union, London Art Journal,

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age,

And all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

PICTURES AND PERIODICALS,

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE,

DAILY — New York Herald

Journal, Commonwealth,

Times, Herald, Boston, Commonwealth,

Traveler, Journal, Waverly, Museum,

Woburn Journal, Herald & Gazette,

Olive Branch, Sartain's,

Flag of our Union, London Art Journal,

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age,

And all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

PICTURES AND PERIODICALS,

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE,

DAILY — New York Herald

Journal, Commonwealth,

Times, Herald, Boston, Commonwealth,

Traveler, Journal, Waverly, Museum,

Woburn Journal, Herald & Gazette,

Olive Branch, Sartain's,

Flag of our Union, London Art Journal,

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age,

And all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

PICTURES AND PERIODICALS,

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE,

DAILY — New York Herald

Journal, Commonwealth,

Times, Herald, Boston, Commonwealth,

Traveler, Journal, Waverly, Museum,

Woburn Journal, Herald & Gazette,

Olive Branch, Sartain's,

Flag of our Union, London Art Journal,

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age,

And all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.

Oct. 21. 1852. E. COOPER,

PICTURES AND PERIODICALS,

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

NO. 13.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THOUGHTS,

While working "The Mother's Blessing"—*a piece of Embroidery.*

All unconscious, standing by me,
Drinking from his eastern bowl;
My darling little knows the sadness,
Graven on his mother's soul.

Boy, the happiest days are fitting,
All unheeding, too, by thee;
While beside me oft 'tis sitting,
I thank me what thy future'll be.

And oft I raise my golden cross,
Above thy wealth of sunny hair;
With tear'd eyes, but faith unshaken,
I breathe for thee a silent prayer.

Father! as manhood creeps along,
And shades with grief and care his brow;
Thy Holy Spirit guard my boy,
And bless him then, as I do now.

Charleston, Mass.

H. A. K.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

JOB GRAY: OR,
The Man that had been Taking Something.

BY PRAIRIE FIRE.

In the city of H——, lived a young man by the name of Job Gray. Respectable and industrious, Job led a very happy life. Job was generous, and though rather quick tempered as it is termed, he was, taking all in all, what we call a noble hearted fellow.

Job was not easily provoked, neither was he alarmed at trifles, but when he felt himself imposed on by an inferior, instead of disputing and thus placing himself on an equal with his antagonist, Job would draw up his manly form, and one sentence would be sufficient to shew his opponent that he was the man that would take no solder from any pewter head.

Job Gray kept a small store consisting chiefly of groceries and medicines. Job knew something of Pharmacy, and many an old lady thought she owed her life to Job's cordials and pills. Job was also a religious young man, having joined the church when only eighteen years of age, and but few young men were considered more exemplary. Job was rather too liberal with his purse, and few words from the lips of a beggar, would draw tears from his eyes, and relief from his pocket. Sometimes Job was imposed on by pretended poverty, but Job thought as many do, it were better to have twenty wrong him, than to turn one honest soul from his door. Job was then, as you'll see, a pretty nice young man.

Well, the reader has learnt all his good qualities and as every one has their failings, of course Job must count one among the rest. Well then, Job as I before stated, handled over many nice cordials and often found himself tasting the strength of his pure juice of the grape, and taking a little for the cold, and the like, yet no one ever had the first thought of Job's drinking ardent spirits to excess, or even drinking at all, of them. But though Job did not drink to excess, yet he became a little more attached to his business on account of his having a cordial for every wound.

Alas, poor Job got to be the best customer to his nice wines, &c., and if report is correct, got in the habit of taking a drug which too many use freely in this day. Job's shop at last was closed, sad reports were in circulation. Some said it was a falsehood, Job Gray was the best young man in the city. Others said if Job Gray had took to drinking, or taking drugs, it was to drown trouble, for Job was too good to do anything of the kind merely to gratify his appetite. But oh, the weakness of mortals, poor Job was seen once or twice rather excited and used very harsh language and appeared as if "he had been taking something." Well, I suppose he had, and so Job was considered lost by some, while others could never be made to believe Job loved wine any more than that he loved poison. So among a certain class of people, for a while Job was the subject of the day. Time rolled on, and among the gossips the thing died away, and some other poor sinner was being hauled over the coals.

The respectable part of the community, (or what I call respectable, as I do a black-leg,) used Job as civil as they had been wont to do, and the church in which he was a member, respected, and loved him, as they had no reasons to do otherwise. The intelligent, the noble-minded Job, who was ever seeking to know wisdom, a young man whom all the good looked upon with delight, one who sought to know the right and do that right at any hazard, one that had always been seen among the respectable, and whether at church, or at home, in his shop, or walking the street appeared in the most becoming manner, never rude, always conversing on good and great things. A fig for the gossips, Job Gray was a man.

The reader may often have wondered if Job was married; well, Job was not married when this sad affair was going the rounds, but Job soon felt lonely, and as he had no relative in the city, although many dear friends, yet he often thought, it would be pleasant to have one to love him and cheer him up when he felt downcast. He knew one young woman and thought she was as near to his mind as Heaven could have made her. Job was not long in making up his mind about the matter either.

"I'll be married," soliloquized Job. "Such a woman as Miss Phoebe Ann Crosby would make any man happy, then I shall have some one to care for me, and mine, some one who will not heed the idle talk of the low gossips about my taking something stimulating every time I raise my voice."

"By the way," said Job to himself, "she associates with some I could never like to keep company with, but as she belongs to the same church with them probably she cannot avoid using them well, I would not have her do otherwise than use them well, but putting herself on an equal with them, I never could submit to it." But there, thought Job to himself, she's so pious, she really has become as humble as a little child; those old ladies that are so fond of talking to her, days in her sister's millinery shop. I suppose they talk to her merely for the want of having some one to bear their latest news. She of course does not pay any regard to their false tongues, she must of course know the mischief those wicked tongues have done already. No, no, thought Job, a girl that will make such a prayer as Miss Phoebe Ann Crosby did, at the prayer meeting one evening, could never be a low, vulgar, ignorant gossip. One thing thought Job, I shall gradually bring her over to my faith if possible, I could never consent to have a wife of mine, gadding about as some and most women do in church. She won't mind it, thought Job, our society is so far ahead of hers in refinement, and good sense, as it is termed, he was, taking all in all, what we call a noble hearted fellow.

For Job Gray was at last united to Miss Phoebe Ann Crosby, and before Job could bring her over to his doctrine, he almost made shipwreck of his faith, and came near being the man that had taken something." Alas for Job, he had yet to learn, that some persons can pray one hour, and pitch battle the next.

The first year of Job's life, after his union with Miss Crosby, was passed in rather a quiet manner. Job could not help thinking pretty fast, though he said but little.

Job lived on, year after year until the poor man could count four years of trouble and vexation of spirits. Job had not tasted ardent spirits of any kind, neither drugs. Cordials and all articles that contained a drop of spirits in them he could not be prevailed on to take but abandoned the use and the trade in them altogether. Notwithstanding this, every time Job attempted to reason with his wife, or correct one of the children, his good pious wife would begin to say, he had been over to Bill Lincoln's store, and he never would talk so to her in the world if he had not been taking something." Taking something," said Job, "oh, if I have not a mind to take something; it is not enough for me to bear with her hypocrisy, her impudence, her neglect of her domestic affairs, her ruination of my two children, without her throwing into my face, an old idle story that went the rounds years ago. Gracious heavens! can this be that pious Phoebe Ann Crosby? why she actually is the greatest hypocrite on earth, I am afraid to pray myself, I feel that I have done an unanswerable act, she, my wife! first on her knees, then out to a neighbors conjuring up all sorts of mischief, leaving me to wash, dress and feed the children, besides doing all the house work that is done, and my own out door business to attend to. My conscience!" said Job to himself, scratching his head, "I believe she's the woman that would make a man take something; I wonder if people believe her, there's a parcel of gossips, and I actually believe she tells them when I ask her to attend to her business at home, and care more for our children, that I fret about her calling on them, and that I am cross, and the cause of all this, is, I take something."

Yes, I know by the twisting of old aunt Tab Tattle's mouth that she thinks I take something stimulating. Lord knows, thought Job, I need something to strengthen and cheer me but none of these miscreants will make me sick in alcohol. And, continued Job, there's that meddlesome old Beebe Twist, or Bee Twist as they call her, she'll come direct from church and tell twenty lies in one hour. Not a woman or man can turn but she has her eye on them; she could not tell a straight story about saint or sinner, were it to save her from perdition; she's so used to lying she can't tell the truth. Both of these wretches, continued Job, have been members of Parson Lee's church this dozen years, and increase in sin daily. No fault of the good person's, for it would take him his life time to get hold of any truth in the matter were he to attempt to trace out any affair.

Here Job's soliloquy was interrupted by his wife's entrance, from aunt Tab Tattle's house. She had run in a few minutes to tell of something she heard at prayer meeting a few evenings since, about one Mr. Jacobs going to California, and if he had gone, they guessed his wife and children would come off slim the coming winter. And how Deacon Brown's daughter Amy, that good pious girl, was engaged to a sailor, was going to be married right away; a common sailor! poor, they knew he was; he went to the West Coast of Africa last voyage with Capt. Doane, shipped as common sailor, before the mast. "Oh my soul and body, I could not keep it out of my mind," said Bee Twist, "all the time brother Drake was praying."

After Phoebe had told Job her errand to Mrs. Tattle's, Job looked her full in the face, then pointing to the half dressed children,

the unwashed breakfast dishes, the disorderly condition of every thing within the house, he said, "Phoebe, I intend to turn over a new leaf with you, I am not going to live in this heart sickening manner any longer, you are bringing ruin upon me and mine. I could never have thought you to be so given to wicked acts. You, who pretend to be such a Christian, leaving home twice, and thrice weekly, to be as you say 'punctual in your religious duties,' yet having not one spark of genuine Christianity alive in your breast, associating yourself with persons of the lowest grade in the eyes of the virtuous and good. You, who upon your knees make your long prayers, and look upon me as a wanderer from God, and I admit I err greatly in regard to you. You will not utter another prayer in this house until you pray as becomes a Christian; your prayers have never gone up to him than hereto; they fall back upon your head. You shall repeat and ask my forgiveness, be resolved to sin no more, quit the company of your old gossips, be a steady, sober-minded Christian, or I will take the children, and we will live apart."

This brought Mrs. Gray to her senses. She knelt down by her husband's feet, begged for mercy, dared not so much as lift her eyes to heaven, her conscience smote her so severe. Job was soon satisfied that his wife was in earnest—Both knelt down by their couch that night happier, far, than ever they had been since their union. Parson Lee and family, are often seen around Job's tea-table, also the good Pastor Howe, Job's minister. Job is often at church with Phoebe in the morning of the Lord's day, and Phoebe with Job at Parson Howe's in the afternoon. Job is the happiest of men, Phoebe says she was once blind, but now she sees and enjoys the light. Parson Lee says of Mrs. Tattle and Mrs. Twist, they yet go from house to house spreading disease, but dare not trouble the house of the man that 'had been taking something,' nor are they seen but seldom in church since Job's green hide aroused their better nature's."

North Woburn, December, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

THE CONTRAST.

Less than three quarters of a century ago, two youths might have been seen, during the inclemencies of a northern winter, attending school in a rough and uncomfortable cabin, in a then thinly settled portion of the Granite State. Both were endowed by nature with abilities sufficient to place them, if rightly improved, in the highest offices of honor and trust, and enroll their names high on the scroll of fame, and as they passed on through the successive grades of school to a seat in one of the best Colleges in our land, their opportunities for improvement were equal, *but* the difference between them, and its effects on them through all future. One of them, bending the energies of his powerful mind to the noble determination to equal, if not exceed, the best of his class, left no opportunity for advancement unimproved, and he passed onward and upward in his career, with a rapidity that out-distanced all his competitors, in the noble race of Academic honors, and won for him the applause of all within the bounds of his acquaintance.

The other, regarding the acquisition of knowledge as of no importance, and choosing the downward road, doomed himself to a life of misery and suffering, with none to sympathize in his sad fate. Neglecting his studies, and devoting his time and talents to the most frivolous pursuits, the days of youth quickly fled, and he arrived at manhood wholly untrained for a successful engagement in the business of life. Compelled to provide for himself, he tried various occupations, but found in every case that neglect of the advantages at his command in former days, and his aversion to close attention to business, were an effective barrier to success; thus situated, he sought to drown his sorrows, and retrieve the errors of the past, by a resort to the intoxicating cup, whose tempting charms have drawn to the vortex of ruin some of the most gifted of our race, and whose blind votaries are still pursuing the gilded illusion, whose power shall lead them on till beyond the reach of hope. The speed of one who has chosen to tread the paths strewn with continual thorns, is often more rapid than that of those who seek the ways of wisdom, and endeavor rightly to profit by the history of the past. Thus it was with him whose sad history will soon close; deserted by the friends of former days, he sank lower and lower in the scale of depreciation, till, becoming an outcast from society, he was found in the lowest haunts of vice, an enemy to himself and a disgrace to the name of man—Driven from the place of his last resort during one of the severest storms of the past winter, his lifeless remains were found at early dawn in the street, where he had often lain for a time, to awake only to renew his visit to scenes of the deepest depravity, but now to appear in the presence of him who will reward every man according to his works.—Kind reader, thinkest thou that he whose bright progress we have faintly sketched, ran well for a time, and then, like his former associate, sank to ruin? Ah! no; but following the course marked out in early life, he confined to rise higher and higher in his attainments, to gain a still deeper hold on the respect and esteem of his fellow men; and, amid all the troubles and perplexities of an active life, to steer clear of the shoals by which the fairest prospects have often been wrecked; to stand as the acknowledged leader of a powerful party, and to retain ill life's close a higher esteem in the hearts of the millions of our land, than has fallen to the lot of any man since the decease of the venerated Washington.

A few short years passed away; and me thought I saw again the same form, but instead of a helpless infant a fair and lovely child, sporting the green fields and the verdant groves; at times I beheld him chasing the gaudy butterfly, until at last, wearied with his vain attempts to catch the beautiful insect, he lay himself down on beds of flowers, and inhales the sweet perfume of their balmy odors. While gathering the roses of childhood, he seemed not to pluck the thorns; and while treading its flowery walks, seemed not to realize that serpents were lurking in his pathway. As I beheld him thus, I felt to exclaim, "Happy, thoughtless child! may I could bring him down; make him humble and ashamed; subject him to my entire will!" Poor Phoebe began to stare; a thought ran through her mind; she dare not utter it, for Job looked desperate. "He's been taking something," she said in her mind. "I declare," thought she, "he tells a good deal of truth. I don't know as he ever did drink before our marriage, and I am sure I know he never has since. I thought if I kept this old story, I could throw it in his face occasionally; thus carry out my plan of leaving home. I always knew he was so ambitious, so high spirited; that it most killed him to mention what Tab Tattle and Bee Twist said about him. I thought," said Phoebe to herself, "that I could bring him down; make him humble and ashamed; subject him to my entire will."

Poor, weak-minded Phoebe, she did not know that, instead of making such a man as Job Gray a mere tool for her fancy; instead of crushing such a heart, or making such a man impotent, she only drove him to desperation.

Job, having made up his mind what to do, went to his own Pastor, and also to Parson Lee's, told his grievances, and got the sympathy of both, as both knew Job had a hard time of it.

At last the determined hour arrived. The day dawned in which Job Gray was to commence life anew, and give a death-blow to gossipping about his premises. All day Job app'red thoughtful; towards night Parson Lee was seen in close conversation with Job, Mrs. Gray's neighbors, members of Mr. Lee's church, saw them, and hastened to tell Mrs. Gray. They found Mrs. G. in tears, partially vexed, and partially feeling a sense of duty to tell Job's forgiveness for making him so miserable. "I fear," said Phoebe to her visitors, Mrs. Tattle and Mrs. Twist, "that Job will either leave me or do something dreadful. I never," continued she, half sobbing, "saw so kind a man as Job. I did not mean that he had been taking ardent spirits when I used to say 'he had been taking something'; you know Mrs. Tattle, that all the influential and respectable people love and respect him."

"I really believe our minister has advised him to run off and leave you," said Mrs. Bee Twist.

"I'll ask Deborah Johnson about it," said Mrs. Tattle; "she came along, and stopped and talked with them a long time."

"Well, I say Job Gray take something from under his coat," said Mrs. Twist, "that looked like a bottle; perhaps he has been taking something," said the worthy woman.

The door now opened, and Job Gray entered in a furious manner. "Yes, said Job, "I have been taking something, and which of you will feel the effects of it most is to be seen."

Here Job took off his hat and rolled up his sleeves, and pulled out from under his coat a new green hide, and commenced brandishing it in the room.

"Well, I say Job Gray take something from under his coat," said Mrs. Twist.

Before Job could count two, Tab Tattle and Bee Twist were turning the corner of Fleet

Street, occasionally looking back to see if Job was after them.

Written for the Journal.

WOBURN RECORDS.

DEATHS CONTINUED.

Cleveland Isabel, d. of Aaron and Dorcas, d. Dec. 8th.

Peirce Lieut. Joseph, d. Nov. 21st.

Peirce Abijah, s. of John and Mary, d. Aug. 14th.

Kendall Abigail, w. of Thomas, d. Dec. 31st.

Carter Joshua, s. of Eleazer and Eleanor, died Dec. 20th.

Wright Ruth, w. of Joseph, aged 60, formerly w. of John, d. Feb. 19th.

1717.

Richardson Timothy, d. June 1st.

Snow Daniel, d. July 7th, a. 44.

Converse Capt. Josiah, d. July 15th, a. 58.

Russell John, d. July 26th.

Simonds James, senr., d. Sept. 15th.

Richard Sarah, wid. of Samuel, d. Oct. 14th, a. 62.

Holden Sarah, w. of Ensign John, d. Nov. 17th.

Jones Wid. Mary, d. May 29th.

Lock Thomas, s. of John and Elizabeth, died Nov. 27th, a. 24.

Tottenham Elijah, d. Nov. 27th.

Snow Samuel, senr., d. Nov. 28th.

Green William, d. Dec. 1st.

Peirce Lidiah, w. of Samuel, d. Dec. 5th.

Wyman Nathaniel, d. Dec. 8th.

Smith Mary, w. of Jonathan, d. Dec. 27th.

Baldwin Elizabeth, d. of Timothy and Hannah, d. Dec. 9th.

Winn Joseph, d. Jan. 15th.

Richardson Rebekah, d. of Thomas and Rebekah, d. Feb. 13th, a. 1 y. 7 m.

1718.

Richardson Joseph, senr., d. March 5th.</

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCENTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MR. G. W. DIKE, will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUNIOR.—We must acknowledge an interest in your articles, but beg you to remember your request: if they do not meet our views we shall burn them.

J. E.—These letters from the South come from a young traveller, whose feelings were very strong against Southern slavery and actions; they give us some interesting items, and promise more.

HENRY.—Our old friend has not forgotten us. Too late for this week.

BONNIE LASSIE.—The two pieces you mention are on hand, but too long for our present space: we have not the other you mention. Your answer to "Colburn," next week.

FRANK MELVILLE.—Your article is too harsh; better wait until we see what the *Illustrated News* will be. Your opinion of *Gleson's Pictorial* coincides with ours; we do not think it can be excelled by Barnum here, or by any publication in Europe.

CEDAR.—We have another letter from our young friend, from Quebec; it is an interesting one.

We shall commence next week a story by Mrs. Wellman, entitled "Eddy Howe, or the Flower of Glen Orr," which we commend to our readers. The most of our paper to day is original, and we claim the right to say to our brother Editors—*beat it if you can*.

Several communications in type are crowded out of this day's paper.

EDITORIAL.

SPITTING IN THE CARS.

We cannot give a more delicate caption to the subject of our remarks, than the conspicuous one we have adopted; because, when we are desirous of removing a nuisance, it is necessary to give it a correct and unmistakeable name, in order that those most directly concerned may find no difficulty in putting on the coat, without going round "Robin Hood's barn" for an explanation; the point in this case is a plain one, and of every day occurrence.

We mean the ungentlemanly practice of spitting in the Railroad cars; and we do not know of anything so public a nature, which is so nauseous, as the floor of a car to be spotted with the juice of tobacco. It is bad enough for people to bear it at home; carpets and furniture there, together with other matters, annoy perhaps but few, and they may be so accustomed to it that it becomes familiar; but in a public Railroad car, where there are so many who are enemies to this unnecessary practice, it becomes a nuisance, and should be abated. There is as much necessity for the Railroad Company putting up a notice against this practice as against smoking; provided they apply a remedy, in furnishing spittoons.

Our attention has been more particularly called to this subject, by the complaints of a number of ladies, who enter their protest against this vile practice. They say that they, as well as others, have had the bottoms of their dresses completely spoiled, by the floors of the cars being made the receptacle for tobacco spitting; and they request us, as journalists of these progressive and improving times, to ask the Conductors of the Lowell and Woburn Branch Railroads, if they will so far benefit our better half of creation, and their dresses, as to cause the abatement of this public nuisance, and place spittoons in each car, for gentlemen to deposit their surplus tobacco juice in.

And they further complain that it has become a general practice for passengers to make the cars a reading room, and individuals are so interested in the evening news that they fill an entire seat, forgetting that there are others who pay for seats, but don't get them. They have no objections to the reading of newspapers, provided the paper doesn't occupy the seat.

We are decidedly in favor of the ladies, and we must say that the practice complained of is too disgusting to be tolerated. There are plenty of windows and doors in the cars, and if people will be slaves to chewing tobacco they must expect to be put to inconveniences in finding doors, when in public places. We remember once of seeing a man in a car spit at a window, which he was thoughtless enough to suppose was open; the consequence was the bespattering of a silk dress, to its ruin. The mean apology for the accident, and the utter contempt of the passengers, for the uncouth manner in which this tobacco business terminated, was a lesson for the author. Is this a sufficient hint? it will do for to-day.

LYCEUM LECTURE.

The lecture last Tuesday evening was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Whyte, who for some months last year supplied the Pulpit at the Unitarian church; the Lecture was on "Martin Luther," and was quite interesting. Luther's character, talents, and devotion, were all well illustrated by the Lecturer.

Next Tuesday evening the Lecture will be given by the Rev. Warren Burton, of Cambridge, who will probably give us one of his lectures, on the important subject of training children.

New Year's day was quite a gala day in Washington. President Fillmore kept open house, as did most of the heads of department, with Gen. Scott, and many members of Congress; the veteran Col. Benton was in his happiest mood. The venerable widow of Alexander Hamilton, received the visits of her friends; she is a remarkable woman, and retains her cheerfulness, and a retentive memory of public affairs. She must be very far advanced in years; she is one of the last of our noble American women.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Geo. W. Chapman, who offers his services as a Painter. We understand he excels in the art of *Fresco Painting*, which is now getting much into use for Halls and Dwellings, and hope any person who may have jobs in his line will give him a call, not forgetting that he promises to do work at low prices.

It appears there will be quite a banking business come before the present Legislature. We learn that a large bank is to be established in Boston, with a capital of three millions, and several of the other banks will apply for an increase of double their present amount.—

Banks are public benefits, when conducted right; but sometimes directors are the best or worst customers.

LOWELL RAILROAD.—The Boston Post, of the 5th inst., has a communication on the present condition of the Lowell Depot in Boston; and condemns, in strong terms, its condition, and says the present state of things is a disgrace to the company. We are of the same opinion; and at the same time we give this Railroad Company the credit of being one of the best and safest roads in the country; we very seldom hear of an accident. The trains are very punctual, and the conductors not second to any. The receipts of this road have fallen off the last year, and the cause of this is the location and condition of the Boston Depot; and if this Company do not wake up and look to their interests, they will discover, when too late, that the extension of the Medford Branch of the Main Railroad to Stoneham, through Winchester, when built and running to the Main Depot in Boston, will take the preference of passengers to and from Boston; and if they do not build more central station in Boston, their dividends will become beautifully less yearly. We command that communication in the Post to the especial notice of the Directors. 541,531 passengers passed over the road the past year, and 246,330 tons of merchandise.

John Stewart, the young man who fell into a vat of hot black liquor at Mr. Cumming's tannery on the 8th December last, after suffering almost beyond description, died last Wednesday, and was followed to his grave on Thursday afternoon. Seventy of his fellow workmen from the tannery, formed a procession, and joined in paying their last respect to their unfortunate companion.

THE FISHERIES.—We learn from Washington, that the negotiations for a treaty with England, relative to the fisheries, reciprocity in trade, &c., are nearly concluded, between Minister Crampton, and Secretary Everett, and that the former is now waiting instructions from London; we hope it may prove true.

ACCIDENTS.—A valuable horse belonging to Mr. J. S. Ellis, attached to a sleigh, took flight last Saturday evening, and ran from Main street to the Lowell Railroad, smashing the sleigh and shafts hanging on to him, and pursuing his way on the track, met the express train from Lowell, killing the horse; three cars were thrown from the track but fortunately no person was injured. Damages about five hundred dollars.

A smash up last Sunday morning of a sleigh; the horse in turning the corner of Warren and Main streets upset the sleigh, and ran against the posts opposite Dr. Drew's, leaving sundry fragments on the sidewalk.

PETTERSON'S LADIES' MAGAZINE.—The January number of this valuable magazine is before us, the plates are excellent, it is filled with good reading, and is a very desirable centre-table companion for the ladies. Fowle has it.

CARPET BAG.—Life amongst the million, we see it everywhere, which is proof that every body reads it.

We heard a traveller enquiring a few evenings since, for the "Woburn Hotel;" he said he could not find a public house where he could get a supper or lodging, he was very much surprised to hear that the "Woburn Hotel" was not built, and that we had no public house. "What!" said he, "a town which stands so far abroad as Woburn, can't furnish a traveller with supper and lodging! Then I must go to Lexington, where they have a splendid one, and it is always crowded. Woburn must be behind the times." That "Hotel" must be built.

DARING BURGLARY AT JAMAICA PLAINS.—One of the most daring burglaries which has occurred in this vicinity for a long time, took place between one and two Thursday mornings, at the residence of Col. J. M. Fessenden, Jamaica Plain. The burglars, four young men, effected an entrance into the house by forcing a window with a large morticing chisel, or "jimmy," and proceeded to ransack the lower rooms, stripping the side-board of several pieces of silver plate and other articles of value, which they placed in a shirt, tied up, and deposited on the floor of the piazza, ready for removal. They next proceeded up stairs to the chamber occupied by a young man 17 years of age, son of Col. Fessenden, and commenced rifling the drawers of a bureau, of jewelry and whatever articles of value they could lay their hands upon.

They left the house, taking with them silver plate and other articles to the value of \$130. After they had left, and before the return of Col. Fessenden, his wife had found her son with his hands tied, and cut the handkerchief, thus freeing him from his disagreeable position.—*Boston Journal.*

Dobbs thinks that speed will go on increasing, till men will be shot from one town to another by means of artillery made on purpose for the occasion.

Fowle's Bookstore.

LIVING AGE.—No publication more punctual, and none more valuable.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The weather is becoming cold, and we may now expect winter for certain.—The death of the Hon. Amos Lawrence, of Boston, is severely felt, especially by the poor and needy.

The past year has been a very remarkable one for the death of a large number of our most valuable and eminent men.—A French Frigate at Bermuda, Dec. 29th, threw overboard ten men who had died of fever, the surgeon of the vessel also died.—The American Glass Company's works at South Boston were burned last week, loss \$100,000; they are being rebuilt.—Hon. Wm. R. King, the Vice President elect, is about departing for Havana, to spend the winter for the benefit of his health.—The block of marble intended for the Washington Monument from California, was destroyed at the late fire at Sacramento.

Our government have directed Mr. Rives, our Minister at Paris, to acknowledge the French Empire.—Accounts of great floods at the West, on the Mississippi, and tributary rivers, heavy damages in property; much corn has been swept away; hogs and cattle drowned.—The Buffalo Express, recommends the removal of the seat of Government from Washington to St. Louis.—James Clough on trial last week at Taunton, for the murder of Mr. Manchester, in Fall River, was found guilty and sentenced to be hung.—Loafers in the streets of Pittsburgh, are fined two dollars; what is the fine in Boston?—Benj. McIntire, Esq., one of the editors of the Lawrence Sentinel, died last week at the age of 36.—The stalls in the new market, just erected in Portland street, Boston, were let at auction last week, at a yearly rent of \$18,000.—Geo. P. Bangs, merchant of Boston, died very suddenly in the cars last week; he took the cars for Worcester to visit his son, when near Newton, he fell from his seat and instantly expired.

The Hudson river is free from ice; steamers running from New York to Albany.—A fine engine worked by steam power, has been made for the city government of Cincinnati.—There are 215 cod fishing vessels in Barnstable district, entitled to bounty, which amount to \$58,227, and has been paid.

Total number of deaths in New York city for the year 1852, was 21,557.—The Maine Liquor Law has been defeated in New Hampshire.—The number of foreign arrivals at the port of Boston for the last year, were 2791.—The number of foreign arrivals in New York the last year, is 3822; the total number of emigrants arrived at New York in 1852 is 310,335.—There are 657 omnibuses running in New York.—Railroad accidents, as usual, plenty.—80 turkeys were given to the workmen of the Tremont Iron Company, at Wachem, Christmas day, by the agent.—34,371 tons of hard coal have been received at Boston during the past year; a large heap surely.—A shad caught in the Ogeechee river Georgia, last week, weighed 4 lbs, was sold in Savannah market for \$30; they must be very fond of fresh fish in Georgia.—The council and aldermen of New York city, have passed the law granting a Railroad in Broadway, against the Mayor's veto, and the injunction from the Supreme Court; New York people don't stop for trifles.—It is said there are sixteen millions of feet-tallers throughout the world.—A man 99 years of age was taken to the watch house in Cincinnati, for drunkenness.—There were 22 deaths in Charleston, S. C., last week, of cholera.—4500 loaded canal boats were weighed this year on the Albany weigh locks, and 516 empty ones; the weight of the cargoes amounted to 417,124,191 lbs.—A girl 19 years old, was knocked down by the cars of West Broadway Railroad in New York city last Monday, and killed.—The war continues in China, the insurgents lately put to the sword 30 officers, and 1400 people; 1000 houses had been destroyed by an earthquake; pirates infest the Chinese seas, robbing vessels and committing murders.—180,000 copies of Barnum's Pictorial, were sold of the first number.—There are over 40,000 offices in the gift of the next President; how many applicants.—The Atlantic is 4 miles deep off Cape Hatteras.—The Canadian papers are taking ground against the influx of fugitive slaves.—James Smith of Philadelphia, has given \$100,000 to Leicester Academy, in Worcester county.—Late news from Europe are barren of interest.—The Emperor of France is at present the most prominent personage on the stage, and acts well his part.—The British Ministry have been defeated, and resigned, a new one appointed.—California and Australia are full of gold, and plenty of people going after it.—The new government of our neighboring cities were duly installed last Monday.—The Legislatures of several States met the last week, and we may expect the winter campaign has begun.—The oldest inhabitant has not been found who can give an opinion about the weather.—We have nothing of interest in our vicinity, excepting the expected snow storm.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—We are pleased to notice the prosperity and usefulness of the New England Farmer, it is a welcome visitor for us; we are indebted for many of our agricultural items from its columns. In an article to advertisers it says:—

"We have distributed, during the year 1852, more than six hundred thousand copies of the *New England Farmer*. This fact will show that as an advertising medium for farms, stock, implements, or any of the wants of the farmer or gardener, or for those seeking agricultural employment, it offers advantages unsurpassed by any other medium in the country."

We fully agree to all this, and strongly recommend it to farmers; it can be had at Fowle's Bookstore.

LIVING AGE.—No publication more punctual, and none more valuable.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—I never entered a picture gallery but what I could discover, in some sketches of the human form, lineaments which closely resembled some of my own; and although the painter had no reference to an unknown being like myself, yet I could not resist the idea that something was intended to resemble me. We are very often forced by circumstances to show our quick perception of these resemblances, by acts which prove conviction.

I like your correspondent "Publico." I like he must have a mind well matured, which gives him a claim to notice; he has no doubt found some lineaments in my pictures drawn hastily, and without any intention or reference on my part to any living individual; but still they were for your readers to look at, and if any stand in the way of the arrow from my bow, theirs is the wound, not mine. I may "shoot folly as it flies," and I shall be sure to hit many. They gather in such large flocks that there can be no selection, therefore let no individual take offence at my remarks, as they are only intended for the broad surface of society, a space sufficiently large for a playground for any man's mind.

"Publico" wonders who I am, and supposes I'm "some disappointed heir," or one of the political "outs," without an expectation of being one of the "ins," and consequently my mind is sour; this is rather sharp, and I draw the inference that it comes from experience, and is no doubt intended as hostile signal against the position which I have taken, and by some of his hidden tactics wishes to bring me out. The aim may be a good one, but the mark is beyond the reach of his capacity; on this point we may therefore rest.

I have never been an expectant heir, therefore I have no experience in that department; I was once one of the "ins," and in that department have some experience of the manner in which political intrigues are managed, and know something about prostituting the power of office for individual gain; know how men sacrifice honor, honesty, and all the moral principles which should make life valuable, for the "spoils of office;" have been "hand and glove" with those who ruled the popular will to-day, and to-morrow had not where to lay their heads. I am now far removed beyond the reach of want, have no expectations for the "loaves and fishes," or the empty honors of the day, and in my leisure perambulations about my native city of Boston, I derive much pleasure in noting down what I see and hear. I have my spot in State Street, and my perceptions are sometimes so keen that I can discover the vulture eying his prey; and as the dial on the Old State House draws towards the ominous hour of 2, P. M., I can perceive the evident acceleration of footsteps, and the anxious countenances of those who are necessitated to become bondmen to Shylocks, who will exact the pound of flesh, even to the spilling of blood.

I have been a constant visitor in State Street for 50 years, and a close observer of men and things. I am familiar with all the public men, their acts and professions, beginning with the times of French depredations on our commerce, through the long catalogue of events in war and peace, in Hartford Conventions and Morgan expositions, in the schemes of party for the ascendant, and in the struggles to prevent a fall; from the administration of Jefferson, when he returned a treaty without submitting it to the Senate, to the election of Gen. Pierce. And now my friend "Publico" knows all he ever may expect to know of me; and one word to you, Mr. Editor,—if my communications don't meet your views, burn them. JUNIOR.

Boston, January 1852.

Written for the Journal.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 20th, 1852.

MR. EDITOR.—My last communication to you was from Augusta, where I had gone, with others from this city, to escape the yellow fever. After a good frost drove it away I returned here, and have been assisting my friend in his mercantile affairs, and shall probably remain here during the business season.

There are many peculiar features in Southern life, which at first appear much against the feelings and habits of our Northern friends. The custom of having all household cooking done by slaves, in a detached building from the house, is not very palatable, and more especially after getting a peep into the kitchens; they don't create an appetite at first sight. There is nothing like custom to bring a man down to the usages of society; it wears off the rough edge of these inhumanities of a well order in life.

The household matters are managed entirely by slaves; particular ones only are allowed to come into the house, and many of the inside parlors and rooms are kept in a very loose style. I have been much surprised to find the dwellings of many a rich man in such a poor condition; this is owing to slave management, as white folks do not meddle with work. These things, to a New England man, appear strange at first, but as I said, custom and the daily occurrence, makes them familiar, and I now like this Southern life, and the more I become acquainted with it.

There is a general frankness and friendliness manifested after due acquaintance, which distinguishes the Southern character, in strong features, and I must acknowledge that we Northern men, are very wrong in our opinions of Southern people. I have had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mercantile men of Georgia and South Carolina, and a more honest, high-minded, and truly honorable men are not to be found in any community; but slavery is the dark cloud

which, to Northern eyes, obscures all other qualifications of character, and this is altogether wrong.

I have never seen so still and quiet a city as Charleston; we have no riots, no fighting, very little thieving and I am at times surprised at the honesty of these slaves. I am daily in the midst of hundreds, who are laboring on the wharves, or carting cotton and rice, and loading and discharging vessels. While they are at work you hear no talking, no noise, no trouble; when the hour for their meals comes, they go to and from it without any one to drive them, and at night they are housed at the beat of the drum, and ringing of the old bell, given by a Queen of England to the Episcopal Church in Broad Street. I have gained much information about slaves, and will at some future time give you some of it.

There is a strong police in this city, at the head of which is a very efficient man; he is constantly on horseback, and rides through the city. The police are generally composed of Irish and Germans; they wear a uniform, and have a regular rendezvous at what they call the Citadel, a large building belonging to the city, where, at 9 o'clock, P. M., the drum is sounded, and every slave must retire, and it found after that hour, without a pass from their master, they are taken to the station and locked up till morning, when a fee must be paid for their release. There is also a mounted police, who are on duty at night, and are to be seen in all parts of the city, in companies of two. These regulations are very strict. I have never seen any interruption of good order since I have been in this city, and Augusta.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

Cambridge Cattle Market.

101 Cars came over the Fitchburg Railroad; 98 Cars came over the Lowell Railroad, bringing 1302 Beesves working oxen, cows, calves, &c.
Beef, extra—\$6 to \$8 per cwt.
Do common—\$3 to \$6 do.
Veal—\$1 to \$8 do.
Barreling Cattle—\$3 to \$4 do.
Working Oxen—\$75 to \$112.
Cows and Calves—\$25 to \$45.
Sheep—\$3, \$4, \$5.
Do by lot—\$14 to \$16.

3036 sheep at market to-day, quality very superior; 1200 sheep came from Vermont; market abundantly supplied; holders ask for a slight advance; buyers decline it.

DEATHS.

" And what's a life?—the flowing stream
Of the proud mountain meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plash, and is tomorrow dry."

In this town, Dec. 30th, Catharine Knights, aged 14 years.
In this town Jan. 5th, Mr. John Stewart, aged 18 years.
In this town Jan. 6th, Franklin Wm Nichols, aged 3 years, son of Stephen and Mary Ann Nichols.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at WOBURN, Mass. December 31st, 1852.

Briggs, Hiram F.
Bushell, Susan J.
Bond & Tidd, 2
Buckman, Albert F.
Brady, Phillips, 2
Brigham, Lewis
Clapp, Mary H.
Crawdin, George R.
Crane, Charles N.
Clark, Jonathan
Cummings, D.
Cristy, David
Connelly, Margaret
Dodge, Benj., Rev.
Damon, Helen M.
Davis, L. P.
Donnell, E. D.
Dore, Robert J.
Erwin, William
Justis, James
Esbrooke, James
French, Warren
Fowle, John
Foss, Charles K.
Flint, Sarah E.
Garrigan, Patrick
Green, O.
George, Amos
Grant, James N.
Grant, Donald
Gray, Mary A.
Guru, Israel
Hill, Charles II.
Hadley, Edward
Hogan, John J.
Harriman, Wm. 2
Hall, Judith
Hill, L. B. 2
Hill, Warren
Hammond, German
Hulair, Zachariah
Jones, Luther II.
Joinson, Moses Jr.

Persons calling for letters on this list, will please say they are advertised. WM. WOODBURY, P. M.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The next Lecture before the Lyceum will be given on Tuesday evening Jan 11th, at 8 o'clock. Lecture by JOHN A. FOWLE, Sec'y.

ROOMS WANTED.
WANTED in the vicinity of the Post-Office, two or three rooms suitable for a tenant. Enquire at the office. Jan. 7. U.

PAINTING.

GEO. W. CHAPMAN would inform the inhabitants of Cambridge, that he is prepared to paint all kinds of Pictures, portraits, &c., in oil, water-colors, &c., and has taken himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons, having demands upon the estate of the said deceased, are requested to exhibit the same; and all persons, indicated to the said estate, are called upon to make payment. CLARA W. KIMBALL, Junr. Woburn, Dec. 7th, 1852.

Administratrix's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscribers has been duly appointed Administratrix to the estate of THOMAS COOPER, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased intestate, and has taken herself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons, having demands upon the estate of the said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons, indicated to the said estate, are called upon to make payment. CLARA W. KIMBALL, Junr. Woburn, Dec. 7th, 1852.

VANDERBILT'S LINE FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE ONLY LINE GIVING TICKETS FOR CROSSING THE Isthmus.

The Shortest & Cheapest Route.

THIS line of Steamers leave New York regularly on the 5th and 20th of each month, connecting with the California Steamers for San Francisco, going through without detention or extra charge for crossing the Isthmus.

For passage apply to
F. S. SAXTON, California Passenger Agent,
81 Washington street, (Joy's Building) Boston.

Bonds also received in the United States and Pacific Steamships and in the New York and San Francisco Steamship Line. Also, in the various Clipper Ships bound to AUSTRALIA.

Refers to ADAMS & CO.,
(Geo. Hale, Esq.) 3mjan8

Vermont Apple Sauce.

A prime article, prepared in boiled Cider, just received at J. S. ELLIS & CO'S. Jan. 4.

Extra Eleme Figs.

PUT up in small boxes. 50 Cases just received at J. S. ELLIS & CO'S. Jan. 4.

Timothy Seed.

10 BARRELS clean TIMOTHY SEED;
100 lbs. PARCEL BARLEY;
500 lbs. BLACK OATS;
500 lbs. POTATOES, produce from Prince Edward's Island. For sale by THOS. SLEATER & CO., Posters' Wharf, Boston, Jan. 1.

For Sale.

A two story House, and four House Lots, on Oakley Court, and one Pew in the Congregational Church. Also, a Right to let on Franklin Street.

Inquire of STEPHEN CUTTER, dec. 18.

Notice.

All persons having demands against the Town of Woburn, are requested to bring them in to the Selectmen, before the 1st day of February, 1853.

The Selection will be in session the 3d, 17th, and 31st of January.

SUSPENDED NICHOLS, Jr. Selection HORACE CONNELL, of HORACE COLLAMORE, of Woburn. Dec. 25th, 1852. 3m

Para Rubbers.

Just received, a lot of old fashioned PARA RUBBERS Also, another case of the GOSMANER, at the store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY. Dec. 7, 1852.

COAL.

W. D. WARREN has just received another cargo of the Tremont Company's celebrated Peach Mountain COAL, selected expressly for family use. Selling at \$10 per 2000 lbs.

N. B. As for quality, there is none better top of the earth. dec. 11.

TO LET.

A new Store, in front of the Commandant Pump Manufactory, in Woburn, will be let on the most reasonable terms. Who will improve this opportunity, and rival the go-ahead men of Woburn and Stoneham? Woburn, Dec. 18, 1852. J. S. ADAMS.

Horse Medicine.

D. R. G. HADDIE's celebrated medicine, for the horse and other animals, for sale by Woburn, Dec. 6th. If W. D. WARREN.

Lake Champlain Potatoes. 250 good article can supply themselves. J. S. ELLIS & CO.

Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

PEACE, Agent for S. H. KNIGHT & CO., the best Philadelphia Cigars, wholesale; cheaper than anywhere else. dec. 4.

STARCH POLISH.—Tilston's celebrated starch polish at ELLIS & CO'S. oct. 30.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscribers for the Payment and Recorder for 1852, in Woburn, are requested to make immediate payment to G. W. FOWLE, WOBBURGE, MORE & CO. dec. 3.

Table Cutlery,

IVORY, Horn, Cocoon Wood and Bone, Carvers, Dining and Dessert Knives and Forks; best patterns for sale at lowest prices, at the Hardware Store of nov 27. If L. THOMPSON, JR.

BEEF.

THOSE in want of Beef by the quarter, would do well to call on A. G. CARTER, of Ashton by Lyne, dated July 31, 1852.

PUMPS! PUMPS!

WOODEN PUMPS of all kinds can be had by calling at the Pump Factory on Union Street, opposite Jones' Blacksmith shop. Also Copper and Iron Pump lead, Block tin, Gutta Percha, Iron and Glass Pipe. Jy 33 at JOHN ASTH.

NEW FLOUR.

J. S. ELLIS & CO, have constantly on hand a good supply of the most approved brands of Flour, ground from new wheat. oct 30.

REMOVAL.

The subscriber would inform the citizens of Woburn, and vicinity, that he has removed his business to the Town Hall, formerly occupied by Dr. S. WATSON DREW, M. D. Woburn, Nov. 6th, 1852.

MARBLEWARE, the latest style, to be found at H. PLAGG'S Dry Goods Store. oct. 23.

LYONESE CLOTH,

at the Crockery and Glass Ware, Store No. 3, FOWLE'S block. oct. 23.

MUSLIN DELAINES, a large assortment, at oct. 23. H. PLAGG'S Dry Goods Store.

To Business Men.

X Heavy, XX Fine calf Boots, W. Proof, for sale by AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

FALLENES, Woolen, Cotton and Wool, and Cotton, all colors, at H. PLAGG'S Dry Goods Store.

PRIME BUTTER. J. S. ELLIS & CO, have just received a Diary of Extra Butter.

ALSO.

A superior lot of Cheese, for sale at the lowest market prices. oct. 30.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALL the various kinds of School Books used in the vicinity, for sale at the Woburn Book Store. dec. 4.

M. TEARE,

MILLINERY ROOMS, Opposite J. S. ELLIS & CO's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most complete stock of Millinery Goods, now in vogue in that place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnet Ribbons of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Bonnets, Laces, Lining, &c., rough Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.; a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.

Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. M. TEARE. oct. 18.

CHRISTMAS and New Year PRESENTS.

THE subscriber has just received a fresh assortment of Goods for the coming Holidays, consisting of

Annals, Bibles, Histories, JUVENILE BOOKS, of ALL KINDS, SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

Also, a great variety of

TOYS, GAMES & FANCY ARTICLES, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Woburn, Dec. 18, 1852. G. W. FOWLE.

To Let.

A Carrier Shop, with Steam Power attached. Enquire of E. L. W. COOPER, at the Woburn Machine Shop. dec. 18. 2w.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscribers has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of THOMAS COOPER, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased intestate, and has taken herself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons, having demands upon the estate of the said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons, indicated to the said estate, are called upon to make payment. CLARA W. KIMBALL, Junr. Woburn, Dec. 7th, 1852.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

THE Officers of the LYCEUM give notice that they have arranged for a Course of Lectures the coming season, commencing WEDNESDAY Evening, Nov. 17th, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday Evening, to the end of April, at the Town Hall, formerly the site of the old Town Hall, now the site of the new Town Hall, in the Center of Main and Railroad Streets, and will keep constantly on hand Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Books and Shoes, which will sell at reasonable prices.

Gentlemen's and Children's Books and Shoes, which will sell at reasonable prices.

FALL STYLE HATS, just received, and for sale by J. W. HAMMOND, Fowle's Block. Woburn, Sept. 15. 16.

LUBINS EXTRACTS.

Just received a fresh supply of Lubins Extracts, of the following varieties: Bequet de Caroline, Milfeuille, Sweet Briar, Jersey Cling, Scented Honey, Jenny Lind, Rose, Orange, Lemon, New Moon, Lemon, Camomile, West End, Patchouly, Rose, Geranium, Verbena, &c.

Rev. J. S. CONVERSE, Adam's.

Fall Style Hats.

FALL STYLE HATS, just received, and for sale by J. W. HAMMOND, Fowle's Block.

Woburn, Sept. 15. 16.

SHOE MAKERS Wanted.

SIX OR EIGHT workmen wanted on Ladies' Garter Boots, and Shippers. The highest price paid for the best of work. Apply to NATHANIEL BODWELL, Court street, Woburn. Im. oct 2.

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE Subscribers has been appointed Agent of the Lowell Fire Insurance Company, and Haverhill Mutual Insurance Company, and would be pleased to receive applications for insurance on any description of property. WM. WOODBERRY.

Scales and Patent Balances.

TEA SCALES and PATENT BALANCES, for family use, for sale low, at the Hardware Store of nov 27. If L. THOMPSON, JR.

CHAWLS, A select assortment of W. WOOD.

Woburn, Nov. 24, 1852.

Timothy Seed.

10 BARRELS clean TIMOTHY SEED;

100 lbs. PARCEL BARLEY;

500 lbs. BLACK OATS;

500 lbs. POTATOES, produce from Prince Edward's Island. For sale by THOS. SLEATER & CO., Posters' Wharf, Boston, Jan. 1.

For Sale.

A two story House, and four House Lots, on Oakley Court, and one Pew in the Congregational Church. Also, a Right to let on Franklin Street.

Inquire of STEPHEN CUTTER, dec. 18.

Notice.

All persons having demands against the Town of Woburn, are requested to bring them in to the Selectmen, before the 1st day of February, 1853.

The Selection will be in session the 3d, 17th, and 31st of January.

SUSPENDED NICHOLS, Jr. Selection HORACE CONNELL, of HORACE COLLAMORE, of Woburn. Dec. 25th, 1852. 3mjan8

Cambridge Cattle Market.

101 Cars came over the Fitchburg Railroad; 98 Cars

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

POETRY!

LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.
Affectionately inscribed to Nathan Wyman, Jr.,
BY MARY W. WELMAN.
"Ye are at rest, and I in tears,
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres!"

Few years have rolled away,
Since death snatched from my side,
A gentle sister, dear as life,
A young and cherished bride.

Years had I time to strew
The wild flowers o'er her bed,
Ere to the silent messenger,
A brother bowed his head.

Few days had passed, ere she,
My angel mother died;
Sister and brother, mother, all,
Are sleeping side by side.

But two short years have fled,
Again I drop the tear,
My father lies before me now,
Cold, lifeless on the bier.

Rest now from earthly care,
Sleep now, your pains are over,
A few more days and I shall join
The loved ones gone before.

Wait I summons Lord,
Keep me while life is given;
Loved ones of my soul, farewell, we soon
Shall meet again in Heaven.

Jesus, thou lamb divine,
To thy unceasing care,
The souls I've loved I now resign,
And contemplate them there.

North Woburn, December, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

FARMING.

If one-half the zeal, energy and expense that blots so many gazettes with low and coarse abuse, setting the whole community by the ears for the vain and purposeless of a few demagogues and office seekers, were bestowed on the advancement of agriculture; if people were half as ambitious to improve and beautify their fields, as they are to settle the affairs of the nation; and half as angry with thistles, thorns and poor fences, as they are with their political opponents, who probably wish as well to the country as we, should have more productive fields, less complaints of poverty, more ability to be charitable and merciful, and abundantly more good feelings.—From Pittsburgh to New Orleans the sun follows as his father did before him, and the great mass of farmers are as stationary in theory as they are in practice. Nine in ten believe at this moment, that book farming is the mere useless, visionary dreaming of men that know nothing about practical agriculture.

We would tell them that England is the garden of Europe simply because almost every acre of the ground is cultivated scientifically, and on principles which have been brought to the test of the most rigid and exact experiment. We would tell them that New England, of whose soil and climate they are accustomed to think as consigned, by Providence, to sterility and inclemency, is the garden of the United States, only because the industrious and calculating people do not throw away their efforts in the exertion of mere brute strength—but bring mind, pain, system, and experience to bear upon their naturally hard and thankless soil.

On every side the passing traveller sees verdure, grass and orchards in the small and frequent enclosures of imperishable rock, and remarks fertility won from the opposition of the elements and from nature. After an absence of ten years, on our return to our country, we were struck with this proud and noble triumph, conspicuous over the whole region.

The real benefactors of mankind, as St. Pierre so beautifully said, are those who cause two blades of wheat to mature where one did before. The fields ought to be the morning and evening theme of Americans that love country. To fertilize and improve his farm ought to be the main object of the owner of the substantial soil. All national aggrandizement, power and wealth may be traced to agriculture as its ultimate source. Commerce and manufactures are only subordinate results of this main spring.

We consider agriculture as very subsidiary not only to abundance, industry, comfort and health, but to good morals, and ultimately even to religion. We shall always say and sing, "Speed the Plow."—Rev. T. Flint.

A Hint.—Many large limbs have fallen from the tree in the woodlot. If you have a spare day before snow falls to cover them, go through your lots and pick up what is worth saving, and which if left covered with snow would be lost. If you cannot do it yourself, invite your poor neighbor to do it for himself. Better it made his family comfortable in the cold winter approaching, than that it rotted on your land.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Reese's Medical Gazette says—"In case of any burn or scald, however extensive, all the acute suffering of the patient may be at once and permanently relieved, and that in a moment, by sprinkling over the surface a thick layer of wheat flour."

SINGULAR ORIGIN OF A GRAPE VINE. The Elton (Md) Democrat says, there is a flourishing grape-vine growing on a farm in the vicinity of that town, with the following singular history: The seed from which it germinated, formed a covered button or clasp to a lady's kid glove, which was imported from Paris, among a lot of others, by a merchant of Philadelphia, and sold to a merchant in Elton. A lady purchased the gloves containing this grape-seed, wore them out, discovered the seed, caused it to be planted, and it is now a flourishing vine.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garnets Cut and Made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit.

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,

JOB PRINTER.

Agent for all the principal

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. OH Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

SUFFOLK COUNTY MILLS'

Flour and Feed, of all Grades.

Wheat Meal, Groats, Corn Meal, Rye,

Flour, Oil Meal and Rice Meal,

Corn, Rye and Oats,

Constantly on hand, at No. 2 Eastern Railroad Wharf,
Commercial Street, Boston, adjoining Suffolk County
Mills.

dec 11th J. D. SWEET.

Wait I summons Lord,

Keep me while life is given;

Loved ones of my soul, farewell, we soon

Shall meet again in Heaven.

Jesus, thou lamb divine,

To thy unceasing care,

The souls I've loved I now resign,

And contemplate them there.

North Woburn, December, 1852.

REMOVAL IN CONSEQUENCE OF FIRE

Gage & Fowle,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

Nos. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE on hand a complete stock of Overcoatings,
Silk Pantaloony, Vestings and rich Furnishing
Goods.

G. R. GAGE, J. L. FOWLE,
Woburn, December 4, 1852.

JOHN HAMMOND,

REAL ESTATE BROKER,

No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,

BOSTON.

oct 18 ff

M. A. STEVENS,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.

(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)

dec 18 ff

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

75 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

mar 27 ff

THOMPSON & TIDD,

NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OPPER for a large stock of WEST INDIA

GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,

Crockery and Glass Ware,

Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and

Grains, &c. & c.

O T I S & B A I L E Y .

HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS.

GRANAIERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.

DEALERS IN

Sashes, Blinds, Paints and glass.

Geo. H. OTIS, JAMES B. BAILEY.

THOMAS SLEATER & Co.,

C O M M I S S I O N M E R C H A N T S

Foster's Wharf,...BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention.

oct 15 ff

M E N Z I E S & W H I T E .

—DEALERS IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street,

Next Door to the "Adams House,".....BOSTON.

G. MENZIES.

One Price...All Representations Guaranteed.

jan 24 ff

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

dec 25 ff

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCHESTER & BOSTON

DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 6 o'clock, A. M. Leaves Bos-

ton at 12 M. A. M. Leaves Boston at 12 M. A. M.

W. E. YOUNG,

Isaac CONVERSE

oct 25 ff

FISK & CUSHING,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

96 Washington Street,

Elijah F. FISK,

BOSTON.

Isaac CUSHING,

oct 18 ff

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

CARPETINGS,

Broadcloths, Cassimores, Vestings, Tulus' Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS.)

No. 45 Washington Street,.....Boston

feb 21 ff

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.

oct 18 ff

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD

EXPRESS.

The EXPRESS business in all its branches, be-

tween Woburn and Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn,

W. E. YOUNG,

C. S. CONVERSE

oct 25 ff

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Jim 24 ff

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN,
DEALERS IN
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS,
6 Hanover Street,
DOORS NORTH OF COURT STREET,.....BOSTON.
Nov 5 ff

E A Y R S & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
oct 18 ff

MARY A. EATON,
CARPET MAKER.

BOSTON.

Orders left at this office, or at 923 Washington, opposite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to.
jan 31 ff

REMOVAL IN CONSEQUENCE OF FIRE.

D. CLOUGH has taken rooms, during the rebuilding

of Tremont Temple, in the next house north of his former office on Tremont Street opposite the Tremont House.

apr 16 ff

T. J. PORTER,
Woburn & Boston Express,

Woburn, December 4, 1852.

J. L. FOWLE

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1853.

N. O. 14.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

"DIVINE BREATHINGS."

I would soar away to that spirit land,
I would join in song with the Heavenly band;
I would strike my harp in cheerful lays,
And sing the song of unending praise.

I fain would soar to you realms of bliss;
I seek a clime, more congenial than this;
Where the soul's unumbered by mortal clay,
Where all is love, I would soar away.

I would go from earth, I'm weary of life,
I'd know a world free from sorrow, and strife;
Where tears are changed to smiles of love,
And all is joy in the world above.

I would pass away in early bloom,
I would press through the portals of the dismal tomb;
I would know the joys that are lasting and real,
And revel no more in the bright ideal.

Then bear me away, ye spirits meek,
While a tint of youth is on my cheek;
Ere my spirit drinks deep of worldly woe,
Ere my heart grows cold, I would go.

I have launched my barque, my sails are unfurled,
I've plumed my wings for the better world;
Then hinder me not, ye cumbrous clad,
I would soar away, I would live with God.

North Woburn, 1853. PRAIRIE BIRD.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

ETTY HOWE: Or, The Flower of Glen Orro.

By MARY WARD WELLMAN.

Part First.

In a small village, in one of our pleasant towns in New England, stood a long yellow block, a building known to the villagers as the Mechanic's Boarding House. This house was kept by a man whose name we shall call Howe; the family consisted of Mr. H., his wife, and five children. Mrs. H. was an estimable lady, and endeared herself to all around her; John, the eldest son, was at the time we write about twenty-one years of age; Etty, the eldest daughter, was fast approaching her nineteenth year; Susan, the next eldest, was now in her seventeenth year; Henry and Emma, twins, were now seven years of age.

For more than ten years had Mr. H. lived in the yellow block, and his business being that of Overseer of the Mechanic Shops, he passed many happy days in the workshops, and round his own fireside, with his hardy companions.

Mrs. H., and her daughter Etty, had the management of the domestic affairs; and Etty, partaking of the disposition of her mother, and always cheerful and happy, and spent many hours with her mother after their ordinary labors were over, listening to her good council, and always endeavoring to profit by the same.

Etty Howe was indeed an estimable girl, not that she possessed those charms which dazzle the eye of the weak, but she possessed those charms which can alone win the admiration of the beautiful and good. She was a creature of imagination, endowed with high intellectual capacities, in whose eye beamed forth the holiness, the purity of the soul.—One look her beautiful countenance would serve to show the goodness of her heart; her heaven-like eye seemed to speak her soul, so full of love for all around her. Well may she be called the pride of the village—the flower of Glen Orro.

Not so with Susan; she vain, selfish girl, spending her time amid scenes of amusement, thinking woman has naught to do but deck herself with gewgaws, and look in the mirror; that she has little else to think about, save the fashion of dress, and spending her time in making herself as unnatural as is possible for a human being to be. Oh! the contrast between these two sisters. The one a whole soul creature, a being as lovely as the morning rose, with a soul to appreciate all the beauty of the lower world, admiring most that which seemed untarnished by the false pride of the world, the other having no thought of others, a being wholly given to self—seeing no beauty in that which is truly beautiful, but rushing madly down the stream of dissipation, ending in woe!

Etty Howe and Cady Leslie were accustomed to have a short walk after tea each summer evening, when the weather was favorable; and often were they joined in their ramble by a young man, a journeyman mechanician, whose name was Alfred Green. Now Alfred was great favorite of Mr. Howe's, and a welcome guest at Esquire Leslie's. He was considered the most active, the most useful, and exemplary young man in Glen Orro. Though of poor but respectable parents, Alfred struggled on through the world until at this present time, when we see him one of the most active and industrious young men of the village; and it was observable to all that by his own perseverance and good sense, he would one day bear off the palm. Did the old villagers want information in political or social affairs, Alfred imparted it. While his workshop companions were in the ball-room, he was eagerly devouring the contents of some old volume, from whose well worn pages he could gather knowledge unknown to him; and old Mr. White, the village post-master, said no young man in the village received one half the good, useful papers, and periodicals, that did Alfred.

Few there are like Etty in the world, would

there were more Etty's; our world would be more beautiful to us, and our homes more happy.

Etty was not one who could give up all her pleasant amusements, however, but could join heartily in some innocent amusement. Yes, it was Etty's delight to ramble out with a select company, and enjoy the delightful scene which nature's hand had spread before her.—But to give all her leisure time to trifling was a thought Etty could not give place to for a moment. While many of the young people of the village were engaged in amusements of an injurious nature, Etty felt it a duty to be usefully employed, either for the improvement of the mind or the wants of the body. Few were there that Etty chose for associates; few she felt to place implicit confidence in. She had heard the old stories of the village say how sadly their confidence had been betrayed, and by those who had pretended great friendship towards them. That it had ruined many by placing confidence upon one who betrayed that confidence. Etty always treasured up the sayings of the old people, so she concluded she would use all well, but have few confidential friends.

Among Etty's choice friends, or rather her particular associates, was one female about her own age, whom we shall call Cady Leslie. They had been intimate friends from their earliest remembrance; in disposition and habit they were as near alike as two friends could possibly be. If one suggested a plan the other would contrive how to bring it about; if one were to do a deed of charity, upon such an errand of mercy they were also agreed.

Cady's father, Mr. Leslie, was one of the most wealthy men in Glen Orro; he had retired to this village with his family when Cady was but an infant. His family was small, consisting of his wife, Cady, and two domestics. Mr. L. was a most exemplary man, and had early instilled into his daughter's mind the principles of truth—always bade her to do to others as she would be done by; early, when but a child, gave her the means of doing deeds of charity; early, when tender in years, had given her up to God; and while life should be given, he bade her never to forget that it was worth, not birth, that raised the man or woman high in the estimation of the truly intelligent. That in order to become a woman of sound sense, she must not indulge in false pride, follow the fashion of the world, make pretences to high life, imitate others in such a manner as to become a mere lump of affection, and thus become a laughing stock to all true ladies and gentlemen, whether rich or poor.

Mr. Leslie, who was himself wealthy, never made any foolish display of his riches. His house was a nice white two-story building, with a beautiful garden surrounding it; flowers and fruit in abundance, and beautiful green fields beyond this happy abode. Within doors were found every necessary article of the household kind; few could boast of a more comfortable or better furnished home than Cady Leslie, yet were their floors carpeted and their neighbors sanded. Cady's education was such that she knew no difference in feeling.

Such, then, was the character of Cady, Etty's chief companion. Often, as the sun was about withdrawing his glorious rays, would Cady be seen with a book or paper under her arm, and she hastening to Etty Howe's to have Etty accompany her to this and that cottage, to read the news to the old people, and hear their curious remarks upon the same; and such expressions of wonderment from the old ladies, "how men and women can do such awful things as is told in the papers!" And often would they run over to farmer Blake's, and hear his old stories over again about the Indian's, how barbarous they were in the early settlement of New England; and the heroes of the Revolution, and how brave his father was—fought with drawn swords with a British officer, and though severely wounded in one arm, yet he gained the victory; and then the old farmers would produce his father's gun, an old rusty musket, and wonder how many red coats that had made a rent in. Oh! these were the days in which Etty and Cady were happy!

Etty Howe and Cady Leslie were accustomed to have a short walk after tea each summer evening, when the weather was favorable; and often were they joined in their ramble by a young man, a journeyman mechanician, whose name was Alfred Green. Now Alfred was great favorite of Mr. Howe's, and a welcome guest at Esquire Leslie's. He was considered the most active, the most useful, and exemplary young man in Glen Orro. Though of poor but respectable parents, Alfred struggled on through the world until at this present time, when we see him one of the most active and industrious young men of the village; and it was observable to all that by his own perseverance and good sense, he would one day bear off the palm. Did the old villagers want information in political or social affairs, Alfred imparted it. While his workshop companions were in the ball-room, he was eagerly devouring the contents of some old volume, from whose well worn pages he could gather knowledge unknown to him; and old Mr. White, the village post-master, said no young man in the village received one half the good, useful papers, and periodicals, that did Alfred.

Now Alfred and Etty had been school-

mates, and it was frequently remarked by many how like brother and sister they appeared, and as they grew up their attachment to each other increased daily, and at the time we write, Alfred had made up his mind concerning Etty, and Etty had concluded in what light to regard Alfred.

Alfred Green had been an apprentice to a housewright in the village and had always been found dutiful, trustworthy and an uncommon genius. True, his parents were poor, his father died when he was an infant, and his mother being feeble in health could not always support herself and child, without assistance from the more fortunate, and being a good and Christian woman, the smallest favours were thankfully received. Thus often the Town furnished her winter's fuel, or paid her cottage rent, but as soon as Alfred was old enough, he went to a trade, and remained until twenty-one, and at the time we write was one of the best workmen in Glen Orro. With such an accomplished young man as was Alfred, Etty and Cady felt quite happy. Alfred was indeed an intelligent young man; not that books had done so much for him, but he possessed that which books cannot bestow. Deep and thoughtful was the expression of his countenance, his broad forehead, his penetrating eye, his thirst for knowledge, his deeds of mercy, his sympathy for the distressed, all bespeak the nobleness of his soul. Shall he ever realize one half he now anticipates? Time will show. Is the time at hand? Is the hour drawing nigh, when he must leave all that seems so dear, so sacred to him? Is the hour of separation rapidly approaching when in a distant land he will sigh about in vain, to gaze upon the forms and faces which are now around him? When gloom shall settle down upon his soul as night upon a sunny day. When the veil of sorrow, like the pall of the dead shall cover his face, and the mantle of swift and poignant grief shall cover his form, and the dreams of his youth fade like the dew of morn? Time alone must answer this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Journal.

Thoughts on the Approach of the NEW YEAR.

their scaly hands for alms. Their huts are rudely constructed of earth and stones, seldom with more than one apartment, and this so filthy and loathsome, that it seemed unfit to be occupied by swine. Here they live and propagate, whole families together, without distinction of sex; and their dreadful malady is perpetuated from generation to generation, and the groans of the aged and the dying are mingled with the feeble wail of the young that are brought forth branded for a life of misery.

Strange and mournful thoughts arise, in the contemplation of the sad condition and probable destiny of these ill-fated beings. Among so many, there must be some in whose breasts the power of true love is implanted; love for woman in its purest sense, for offspring, for all the endearments of domestic life which the untainted are capable of feeling; yet doomed never to exercise the affection without perpetuating the curse; some, too, in whom there are hidden powers of mind, unknown, save to themselves; ambition, that corrodes with unavailing aspirations; a thirst for action that burns within unceasingly, yet never can be assuaged; all the ruling passions that are implanted in man for great and noble purposes, never, never to give one moment's pleasure unmixed with the perpetual gloom of that curse which dwell in their blood.

As I plodded my way for the last time through this den of sickening sights, a vision of human misery was impressed upon my mind that time cannot efface. I passed when the rays of the sun were cold and the light was dimmed; and there came out from the reeking hovels lepus men, gaunt with famine, and they bared their hideous bodies, and howled like beasts; and women held out their loathsome babes, and tore away the rags that covered them, and pointing to the shapeless mass, shrieked for alms. All was disease and sin and sorrow wherever I went; and as I passed on unable to relieve a thousandth part of the misery, moans of despair and howling curses followed me, and Leper crawled back into their hovels to rot in their filth and die when God willed.—*Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.*

MONKS OF ST. BERNARD AND THEIR DOGS.

A few short days and another year will have passed away. How soon has it gone! It seems as if we could hear the solemn knell of the year as it departs. What a train of thoughts crowd upon the mind. Within one short year, how many, even in our own little village, are numbered with the dead. Suddenly and unexpected were their summons; one year ago they were as well as we are now; they little thought that the next New Year would find them in the dark and silent tomb. But they are gone, and it seems as if we could hear them saying, "prepare to follow." Are we prepared to follow them? Have we spent this last year as we ought? I fear we have not! Then let us commence the new year with a determination to spend it right, that when our summons come we may be prepared, it may come soon, for we know not what a day may bring forth. L. C. J.

SELECTIONS.

THE LEOPERS OF JERUSALEM.

In my rambles about Jerusalem I passed, on several occasions, through the quarter of the Leopers. Apart from the interest attached to this unfortunate class of human beings, (arising from the frequent illusion made to them in the Scriptures,) there is much in the appearance and mode of life to attract attention and enlist the sympathy of the stranger. Dirt and disease go revoltingly together here; gaunt famine stalks through the streets; a constant moan of suffering swells upon the dead air, and sin brooks darkly over the ruin it has wrought in that gloomy and ill-fated spot. Wasted forms sit in the doorways, faces covered with whi e scales and sightless eyes are turned upwards; skeleton arms, distorted and fated with the ravages of leprosy, are outstretched from the foul moving mass; and a low howl is heard, the howl of the stricken for alms; alms, oh, stranger, for the love of God! alms to feed the inexorable destroyer! alms to prolong this dreary and hopeless misery!

Look upon it stranger, you who walk forth in all your pride and strength and breathe the fresh air of heaven; you who have never known what it is to be shunned by your fellow-men as a thing unclean and accursed; you who deem yourself unblest with all the blessings that God has given you upon earth; look upon it and learn that there is misery upon all that you have conceived in your gloomiest hours—a misery that can still be endured; learn that even the Leper, with death gnawing at his vitals and unceasing tortures in his blood, cast out from the society of his fellow-man, forbidden to touch in friendship or affection the hand of the untainted, still struggles for life and deems each hour precious that keeps him from the grave.

The quarter of the Leopers is a sad and impressive place. By the laws of the land, which have existed from scriptural times, they are isolated from all actual contact with their fellow men; yet there seems to be no prohibition to their going out beyond the walls of Jerusalem, and begging by the road-side. Near the gate of Zion, on the way to Bethlehem, I saw many of them sitting on the rocks, their hideous faces uncovered, thrusting forth

A HOME WITHOUT A SISTER.

Who, that has been deprived of a sister can reflect upon the closing scenes of her mortal existence, without the deepest sorrow and sadness of heart? A month, perhaps a short week since, and she was among the living; there was the same cheerful countenance; the same joyous spirit; the same care and thought for the interest of those whose happy life it was to enjoy her society. But she is gone, and how sad the change! The returning brother will meet no more her welcome smile. He visits the home of his childhood with a heavy heart. He approaches the threshold, and looks for a stranger's countenance; he listens, and a stranger's voice falls upon his ear. He fancies, for once, that it is all a dream; he passes from chamber to chamber, seeking in vain for the departed one. She is not there! Oh! what agony fills his breast!

—what melancholy is resting upon his spirit! His once happy home has now no charms, no comforts, no allurements for him. This is the desert, this the solitude; The vale funeral and the cypress gloom." It may be an index of a weak mind (in the opinion of some) to weep on such an occasion; but weeping is the readiest relief to a heart too full for utterance.

"Flow forth afresh my tears!"

To him who is still the recipient of a sister's kindness and attention, shamer in her sympathies, her love, and affections, these thoughts may seem idle and visionary; but they are sad, sober, truths, and a mourning brother, one who has been brought to feel too keenly the pangs of sundered ties or sisterly affection, cannot doubt their reality.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET.

Of all parts of the body, says Dr. Rolleston, there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. Every person knows from experience that colds, and many other diseases proceed from the same, are attributed to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from the "wheel at the cistern" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked.

Yet for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is not one part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young, and would-be-gentle-footed, cramp their feet into thin-soled, pinching boots and shoes, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. There is one great evil, against which every person should be on their guard, and it is one which is not often guarded against—we mean the change of warm for cold shoes or boots. A change is often made from thick to thin-soled shoes, without reflecting on the consequences that might ensue. In cold weather, boots and shoes made of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all. Water tights are not good if they are air-tights also; India rubber over-shoes should never be worn except in wet, splashy weather, and then not very long at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering that is air-tight over them, and for this reason India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid from the pores of the skin outwards, and the moderate passage of air inwards to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time, by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick-soled boots and shoes are conservatories of health, and consequently of human happiness.—*Scientific American.*

DIET AND CLOTHING.—All changes in diet and clothing ought to be gradual. Some persons are made ill by the fresh fruits and vegetables of spring, only because they partake too freely of them at first. Some believe that walking or riding does not agree with them, because when indulged in rashly, and without previous training, it has caused them serious indisposition. But there are few persons who, by beginning with walking half a mile out and back again, and adding a quarter of a mile every day, could not in a fortnight walk six or eight miles without inconvenience.

Any one who will try this gradual increase of exercise will be astonished at the power it develops.

THE ROSE AMONG THORNS.—A pious man was one day pacing sorrowfully up and down his garden, and doubting the care of Providence. At length he stood before a rose-bush, and the spirit of the rose spoke to him thus: "Do I not animate a beautiful plant; a cup of thanksgiving full of fragrance to the Lord, in the name of all the flowers, and an offering of sweetest to incense Him? And where do you find me? Among thorns! But they do not sting me; they protect and give me sap. This thine enemies do for thee; and should not thy spirit be firmer than that of a frail flower?" Strengthened, the man went thence. His soul became a cup of thanksgiving to his enemies.

A Scotch paper relates that a young man who left Paisley three years ago for Australia, on recently returning home found his mother employed winding weft on weavers pins. After exchanging mutual salutations, he produced a bank note for £10,000; the produce of his industry at the Australia gold diggings.

WOBURN RECORDS.

DEATHS CONTINUED.

Kendall Amos, s. of Francis and Abigail, d. July 12th. Richardson Bertholmew, s. of Pierson and Mary, d. July 19th. Bruce Rose, w. of John, d. Sept. 21st. a. 53. Little, Dr. Reuben, d. Oct. 17th. Bruce William, s. of William, d. Dec. 18th. Lock, Ebenezer, senr., d. Dec. 24th. Walker, John, senr., d. Jan. 3d. Carter Ruth, w. of Lieut. John, d. Jan. 11th, a. 65. Col. Jonathan Tyng, d. Jan. 19th, a. 81. Converse Hannah, d. Jan. 25th. Wright Phoebe, d. Josiah and Ruth, d. Dec. 7th, in her 3d year. Alexander Giles, s. of Phillip and Joanna, d. Feb. 22d. Johnson Deborah, w. of Josiah, d. Feb. 5th. Richardson Martha, d. Samuel and Susanna, d. Jan. 16th. Jaquith Susanna, d. of Abraham and Sarah, d. July 5th. Buck James, s. of Samuel and Abigail, died Dec. 18th, a. 9 y. Gardner Samuel, s. of Henry, d. March 3d, a. 72d.

1724.

Summers Henry, d. March 6th. Walker Hannah, widow, d. March 29

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

Winchendon.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Bronxham.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"France."—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"M. W. WELLMAN."—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"Gloss."—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL."—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"N. Y."—Not admirable.

"H. A. K."—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"Civis."—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"PRAIRIE BIRD."—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

EDITORIAL.

THE BREATHING SHIP.

The genius of Fulton seems to be eclipsed by that new principle of motive power introduced by Capt. Ericsson, and successfully experimented on, in the recent trial trip of the ship *Eriksen*, at New York, a few days since. This is surely the age of wonders—every day is big with the discovery of some hidden principle, hardly dreamed of in the world's philosophy; and as these developments come upon us with such astonishment, they are followed by others still more astounding, and we shall begin to enquire where these principles will end.

The mind of man is constantly at work, in search of new theories in the arts, sciences and mysteries, which may be placed in the future, and open to our view as we progress in the destinies of the human race; and as the mind, following our progression, startles us with its new discoveries, there may yet be treasures far more valuable than the world has yet seen. We shall be inclined to favor the doctrine of the old lady who said, while listening to an almost incredible story, "that she finally believed there was nothing impossible in this world, for," said she, "I might draw the highest prize in a lottery, without having a ticket."

But this new invention of the "Breathing Ship" will take the world by storm; it will supersede steam, and all other motive power. It will become the great agent for commerce, and drive every ship and vessel which may sail the ocean, lakes, or rivers. It has one great and lasting value—it will not burst its boiler, for it has none to burst; no passenger will be killed or scalded, and therefore it is the great invention of the age.

A ship has been built of 2200 tons burthen, and is said to be a beautiful vessel, the Caloric principle applied, and everything ready for the trial; she was put to sea from New York, with a large party on board as witnesses, and after a fair trial was pronounced successful.

The machinery is said to be very simple and compact; the engine is of 600 horse power. The propelling principle is simple, and very similar to human respiration; the inhalation and expulsion of air is the key to the principle. Capt. Ericsson was on board, and fully explained the whole machinery, and convinced all on board of the success of the enterprise. There were parties on board interested in Steamships, who acknowledged that all their objections were proved to be groundless, and the experiment fully successful.

What kind of a revolution this new principle will effect in the saving of labor, and the mechanic arts, will be developed as it is applied. We learn that already six large ships have been contracted for, to be built for using the Caloric principle. This is fair proof that its success is placed beyond doubt. We wait for improvement on the "Breathing Ship," and the Lightning Telegraph.

"Sometimes brave men get into the wrong box, and burn their fingers. We remember during the war of 1812, that Commodore Rogers was not fortunate enough to meet an enemy, to prove his bravery, and there was much talk and gossip abroad. He had command of the Charlestown Navy Yard, during which, there were ships being repaired and of course chips and shavings in abundance, and plenty of children to pick them up. The workmen entered a complaint that the children annoyed them. The Commodore who was a large stout built man, with extensive black whiskers, came out one day and drove those chip-pickers off. After they had gained the gate, one of the boys turned round and said 'in a spiteful tone,' "that is the only victory you ever gained." Boys in those days knew something; we were a frequent visitor in those days to the Navy Yard, and we never after that, saw the Commodore, without thinking of his "victory."

CONGRESS.—We find but very little of interest in the proceedings of Congress, the Cuban question is at present the most prominent one, and out of which many senators are making political capital; and if all the speeches which are heralded as forthcoming, on this subject, be made, the greatest part of the session will be used up. Our halls of Legislation have become mere debating halls, in which are displayed all the aspiring passions of political leaders, sprinkled with a fair proportion of personal abuse, the interests of the people are neglected, honest claimants on the government, are suffered to linger in despair, and die in penury, while members are making buskin speeches, and mailing them by the bushel to their friends to operate on the next elections.

The present Congress is a short one, and will probably be occupied with fishing for office in the new administration.

"**Franz.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"**Civis.**"—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"**PRAIRIE BIRD.**"—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

"**FRANZ.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"**Civis.**"—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"**PRAIRIE BIRD.**"—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

"**FRANZ.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"**Civis.**"—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"**PRAIRIE BIRD.**"—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

"**FRANZ.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"**Civis.**"—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"**PRAIRIE BIRD.**"—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

"**FRANZ.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"**Civis.**"—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"**PRAIRIE BIRD.**"—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

"**FRANZ.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"**Civis.**"—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"**PRAIRIE BIRD.**"—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

"**FRANZ.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"**Civis.**"—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"**PRAIRIE BIRD.**"—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

"**FRANZ.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

"**Civis.**"—There is much truth in your remarks; Lyceum Lectures will become more interesting, when directed to the practical duties of domestic life. There is a most feeling in every heart, which responds to sentiments expressed in eloquent and touching language, of our domestic duties.

"**PRAIRIE BIRD.**"—The story of "The two Students of Rosewood College," is received, and will have an early insertion. Moral sentiments are the beauty which attracts attention in these home stories, and we are pleased to find them pervading your productions.

"**FRANZ.**"—The death you mention, was published in last week's Journal. Your lines are very good; we have received others of the same subject. We can not find room for all in a suitable time.

"**M. W. Wellman.**"—Very well written, very appropriate, and doubt a deserving tribute.

"**Gloss.**"—We receive your articles with much pleasure—they convey excellent moral sentiments; we hope to hear from you often. "Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"**Eliza, THE FRASER GIRL.**"—Your lines on the death of "Franklin W. Nichols," are like all your poetry, full of the pure feelings of the heart. No room this week.

"**N. Y.**"—Not admirable.

"**H. A. K.**"—The receipt of this excellent poetry gives us some assurance that you have not left us. We read your article in the Union, and thought it would have looked better in the Journal, but we must not too selfish.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1853.

through the day; wind brisk from N. to N.E., and very searching and chilly; thermometer at 7 A.M., 24; 2 P.M., 28; 10 P.M., 25.

We have to record another week of mild and rather unseasonable weather. During four days the thermometer scarcely touched the freezing point, and rose nearly or quite to 50 each day. The ground became a little hard through the night, but has been generally open, and the travelling very bad.—Wednesday was chilly and dreary and portended a heavy storm.

FRANKLIN.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12.

The Senate is now full, having elected the following Senators, who appeared and were qualified, and took their seats:—Messrs. G. W. Warren, Benjamin Adams, W. E. Faulkner, S. B. Perry, Allen Cummings, S. D. Davenport of Middlesex, Thomas Wright, Henry Russell, S. A. Abbott, N. S. How of Essex, E. B. Gillet, Gen. Dwight of Hampden, Geo. Howland, Jr., Willard Blackington of Bristol, E. H. Kellogg of Berkshire, Calvin Fisher, Jr., J. Loud, J. J. Clark of Norfolk.

At 12 o'clock the Senate proceeded to a choice of Sergeant-at-Arms. Benj. Stevens was unanimously elected.

The names of John H. Clifford, and Henry W. Bishop, were sent up from the House as the two candidates selected by that body, one of whom was to be chosen by this branch Governor of this Commonwealth, for the ensuing year. John H. Clifford was elected.

The Senate proceeded to ballot for Lieut. Governor, and Elisha Huntington was elected.

TUESDAY, Jan. 13.

SENATE.—Journal of yesterday read.

A communication was received from Benj. Stevens, accepting the office of Sergeant-at-Arms.

At half-past eleven o'clock, the special assignment for that hour, the choice of a chaplain was taken up, and Rev. James D. Farnsworth, of Chelsea, was elected.

At a quarter of twelve o'clock the two branches of the Legislature went into Convention, for the purpose of choosing a Secretary of State, Treasurer, and nine Councillors.

On the return of the Senate from convention, the Secretary was directed to notify severally Charles Thurber of Worcester, Senator elect;—Ephraim M. Wright of East Hampton, Secretary of State; elect; Jacob H. Loud of Plymouth, Treasurer and Receiver General, elect; George B. Upton of Boston, Thomas Savory of Wachem, William Sutton of Salem, Ebenezer Torrey of Fitchburg, Stephen M. Weld of Roxbury, Henry P. Fairbanks of Charlestown, John H. W. Paige of New Bedford, Henry Chickering of Adams, and Osmyn Baker of Northampton, Councillors elect that they had been chosen to fill the offices above designated.

The Senate then adjourned.

In the House, nothing of interest.

MONK'S SUPERB NEW MAP.—We again call the attention of the reader to a splendid new Map of that portion of North America, comprising the United States and Territories, the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Mexico, also Central America and the West India Islands. This Map, as we have before stated, is published by Jacob Monk, Baltimore, and for us to mention its various merits was more than we were previously able to do, or shall now be able to accomplish. But we can not better point out some of its prominent characteristics, than by copying the following article, in relation to it, which appeared in one of our exchanges a few days since:

"At the first glance, you are struck with the tastefulness of its execution—and this artistic excellence inspires you with confidence in its accuracy, of which you become more and more assured as you subject it to scrutiny. The coloring is also in the best taste—instead of the vulgar blazon of the old maps of the United States, in which as the poet says,

"Tawdry yellow strove with dirty red."

the tint are so chaste, that the eye reposes on them with pleasing sensations as it traces on its ample and well defined surface the overland journey, or the watery voyage it is designed to accomplish. The one feature that places it immeasurably above all other maps, is its ample development of the Western Territories of the United States, of Mexico, Central America. The beholder takes in at once the whole of this vast domain, and can assign to each portion its relative importance; at the same time, the location of all the cities, principal towns, villages, railroads, canals, rivers and lakes, is accurately marked, and the prominent stopping places on the great routes leading West to the gold regions, to Oregon, &c., &c., are distinctly specified—Thus the relative distances from those points to any spots in which a particular interest may be felt, can be calculated, and plans regulated accordingly. Peopled as this region already is, and daily adding its thousands of enterprising emigrants from Massachusetts and her sister New England States, this chart has a peculiar value here, and should have a place not only in every public and private library, but in every atheneum or reading room, school-house and dwelling, for without it, neither the public newspapers nor the private communications of friends can be intelligently perused."

This work is obtained only by subscription throughout New England. We trust we have said sufficient on the subject, now and herefore, to induce our citizens to secure a copy of it on the first call of the agent, for it can be had in no other way."

"The St. John (N.B.) Mechanics' Institute, has resolved to take immediate measures to promote contributions from the city and province to the Great Industrial Exhibition, to be held at New York."

ANSWER TO 'COLBURN'S' QUESTION,

In Journal No. 12.

The length of time that will pass away, if from the cask, one gallon flows each minute; 1 hour, 19 minutes, and 15 seconds, of a day. When the stale cask, will have *naught* within it. Now if you fill 1/10th of the cask with wine, And 1/6th of the same cask with water; Add 137 gallons, 1 quart, 3 and 1/6th parts, to fill—

[for Porter.]

The cask so full, that there'll be no more room
"Calm Retreat." BONNIE LASSIE.

Cambria Cattle Market.

92 cattle came over the Fitchburg Rail road; 76 Cars over the Lowell Railroad, bringing 810 Beefs, working oxen, cows, calves, &c.

260 Sheep and Lambs; quality very superior; sales quick.

200 Swine at market.

Beef, extra-\$6 to \$6 per cwt.; first quality, \$6; other qualities, \$5 to \$3.

Bairring Cattle—\$1 to \$4 per cwt.

Working Oxen—\$7 to \$10.

Cows and Calves—\$10 to \$25.

Sheep and Lambs, extra—\$3 to \$25.

Do by lot—\$1 to \$3.

Swine—60 to 70 cts. per lb.

Market highly stocked; buyers numerous, which quickened sales.

1000 live Turkeys were at market.

MARRIAGES.

"There are moments in this fleeting life,
When every pulse beats low, and the soft air
Is full of fragrance from a purer clime."

In Woburn, Jan. 9th, by Rev. J. Edwards, Mr. Henry Delio to Miss Ann Wright, both of West Cambridge.

DEATHS.

"And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow's bier."

In Dorchester, Jan. 12th, Sarah H., wife of Charles Haustead, aged 36 years.

In West Newton, Jan. 11th, Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, widow of Nathaniel Peabody, aged 80 years.

In Woburn, Jan. 11th, Franklin Wm. Nichols, aged 3 years, son of Stephen and Mary Ann Nichols.

WOBURNE LYCEUM.

The next Lecture before the Lyceum, will be given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 18th, by the Rev. J. C. Stickney, of Providence. Lecture to commence at 7 o'clock.

JOHN A. FOWLE, Sec'y.

\$50 REWARD.

THE above reward will be paid for information which will lead to the apprehension of persons, who have fled into the East Woburn Passages, building of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company, on the night of December 29th, or January 6th.

WALDO HIGGINSON.
Agt. B. & T. R. R. Corp'n.
Boston, Jan. 7th, 1853.

To Let.

A HOUSE on Academy Hill, containing nine rooms convenient for one or two families, inquire at B. H. KIMBALL.

Woburn, Jan. 15th, 1853.

ROOMS WANTED.

WANTED in the vicinity of the Post-Office, two or three rooms suitable for a tenement. Enquire at this Office.

Jan. 7th 1853.

PAINTING.

GEO. W. CHAPMAN would inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he is prepared to paint any picture, however large, in oil or water colors. He will give particular attention to FRESCO PAINTING in every style also Graining, Marbling &c., orders sent to his residence, come Highland and Fane Streets, will meet with prompt attention.

Woburn, Jan. 8th, 1853.

Notice.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform all who may feel interested that he will on Sunday evening, Jan. 14th, commence a series of Sunday evening meetings at his residence on High Street, Woburn, for the purpose of all who may choose to come in the things pertaining to the Coming Kingdom of God Concerning the Lord Jesus Christ.

M. ALLEN,
Woburn, Jan. 8th, 1853.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of Wm. Kimball, late of Woburn in the county of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has been authorized by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons, having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons, indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to CLARA A. V. KIMBALL, Adm'r.

Woburn, Dec. 7th, 1852.

MONK'S SUPERB NEW MAP.—We again call the attention of the reader to a splendid new Map of that portion of North America, comprising the United States and Territories, the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Mexico, also Central America and the West India Islands. This Map, as we have before stated, is published by Jacob Monk, Baltimore, and for us to mention its various merits was more than we were previously able to do, or shall now be able to accomplish. But we can not better point out some of its prominent characteristics, than by copying the following article, in relation to it, which appeared in one of our exchanges a few days since:

"At the first glance, you are struck with the tastefulness of its execution—and this artistic excellence inspires you with confidence in its accuracy, of which you become more and more assured as you subject it to scrutiny. The coloring is also in the best taste—instead of the vulgar blazon of the old maps of the United States, in which as the poet says,

"Tawdry yellow strove with dirty red."

the tint are so chaste, that the eye reposes on them with pleasing sensations as it traces on its ample and well defined surface the overland journey, or the watery voyage it is designed to accomplish. The one feature that places it immeasurably above all other maps, is its ample development of the Western Territories of the United States, of Mexico, Central America. The beholder takes in at once the whole of this vast domain, and can assign to each portion its relative importance; at the same time, the location of all the cities, principal towns, villages, railroads, canals, rivers and lakes, is accurately marked, and the prominent stopping places on the great routes leading West to the gold regions, to Oregon, &c., &c., are distinctly specified—Thus the relative distances from those points to any spots in which a particular interest may be felt, can be calculated, and plans regulated accordingly. Peopled as this region already is, and daily adding its thousands of enterprising emigrants from Massachusetts and her sister New England States, this chart has a peculiar value here, and should have a place not only in every public and private library, but in every atheneum or reading room, school-house and dwelling, for without it, neither the public newspapers nor the private communications of friends can be intelligently perused."

This work is obtained only by subscription throughout New England. We trust we have said sufficient on the subject, now and herefore, to induce our citizens to secure a copy of it on the first call of the agent, for it can be had in no other way."

"The St. John (N.B.) Mechanics' Institute, has resolved to take immediate measures to promote contributions from the city and province to the Great Industrial Exhibition, to be held at New York."

VANDERBILT'S LINE FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE ONLY LINE GIVING TICKETS FOR CROSSING THE Isthmus.

The Shortest & Cheapest Route.

THIS line of Steamers leave New York regularly on the 5th and 20th of each month, connecting with the steamer's Pacific Steamer for San Francisco, going without detention or extra charge for crossing the Isthmus.

For passage, apply to

S. S. SAXTON, California Passenger Agent,
81 Washington street, (Joy's Building), Boston.

Berths also secured in the United States and Pacific Steamships, and in the New York and San Francisco Steamship Lines, also in the various Copper Ships bound to Australia.

Refers to ADAMS & CO., GEO. HALE, Esq.

Vermont Apple Sauce.

A prime article, prepared in boiled Cider, just received.

J. S. ELLIS & CO.
Jan. 1.

Extra Eleme Figs.

PUT up in small boxes. 50 Cases just received at

JAN. 1. J. S. ELLIS & CO.

Timothy Seed.

10 BARRELS clean TIMOTHY SEED;
3 do. PEARL BARLEY;
OAT MEAL;
BLACK OATS;

500 do. HOGSPECKS, produce from

Prince Edward's Island. For sale by

THOS. SLEATER & CO.,
Fosters' Wharf, Boston

Notice.

All persons having demands against the Town of Woburn, are requested to bring them to the Selectmen, before the 1st day of February, 1853.

The Selectmen will be in session the 3d, 17th, and 31st of January.

STEPHEN NICHOLS, Jr. Selectmen

ROGER CONRAD, Jr. of

BORAS COLLAMORE, Woburn.

Dec. 25th, 1852.

For Sale.

A two story House, and four House Lots, on Oakley

Court, and one Pew in the Congregational Church.

Also a Tenement to let on Franklin Street.

Inquire of STEPHEN CUTTER, dec. 18.

Para Rubbers.

Just received, a lot of old fashioned PARA RUBBERS

Also, another case of the GOSSEMER, at the store of

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

Dec. 7, 1852.

Para Rubbers.

The WOBURN JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE is

SUPPLIED WITH NEW AND SUPERIOR TYPE, and THE

PROPRIETORS ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS

OF JOB WORK, IN THE BEST MANNER, AND AT

SMOTTH NOTICES, OR REASONABLE TERMS.

For Sale.

A two story House, and four House Lots, on Oakley

Court, and one Pew in the Congregational Church.

Also a Tenement to let on Franklin Street.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

NO. 16.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

LINES,

Written on the Death of Franklin Winn Nichols, who died in North Woburn, Jan. 6th, 1853, and affectionately inscribed to the bereaved family.

BY ELsie, THE PEASANT GIRL.

Mother, at the blushing hour of morn,
Thou'lt miss thy little child that's gone;
Thou'lt wish him back on earth to live,
Oh! cruel wish, may heaven forgive.
He was but lent to thee, not given;
And he's an angel now in heaven.

Father, at the beaming hour of noon,
Mayst weep to think he died so soon;
But weep not, heaven's gate within,
He's entered, all unstained by sin;
And though the fondest tie is riven,
Thy child's an angel now in heaven.

Sister, at the closing hour of day,
Thou'lt miss thy brother dear at play,
For thou hast known and shared his joys;
And thou will weep to see his toys;
But to his hand a harp is given,
For he's an angel now in heaven.

Brother, in the silent hour of night,
Thou'lt mourn thy brother, lost to sight;
But cease to mourn, that precious gem
Adorns the Saviour's diadem.
He was a treasure lost, not given,
And he's an angel now in heaven.

North Woburn, Jan., 1853.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

ETTY HOWE:

Or, The Flower of Glen Orro,

By MARY W. WELLMAN.

Part Second.

Let us return to the yellow block, and see what is going on at Mr. Howe's.

Ety has just arrived from an evening walk, and is standing at the gate with her two friends, Alfred and Cady. After the friends plan another walk, they separate, leaving Ety at her father's door, Alfred walks on with Cady.

As Ety enters the house, she finds her father with her mother, brothers and sisters are in their little private room awaiting her return. The boarders are in the old dining-room having a merry time, and we will not disturb them, but follow Ety to her father's apartment.

As Ety enters the room her father bids her be seated, and says as all are now together, he has something to communicate which will make all hearts sing for joy.

John and Susan being of the same temperament as their father, could scarcely remain silent, as their father had previously hinted the glad news to them. Mrs. H., and Ety, sat very quiet, patiently waiting the joyful tidings.

Little Henry and Emma, who were too young to feel much interest in what was talked of, were having a fine frolic with a pet cat in one corner of the room. But all being silent for moment, Mr. Howe commenced.

"This is the last night we are to spend under this roof. I have been to the city to-day, and notwithstanding my employers have promoted me in office, I have enough myself, of ready money to purchase that large vacant house that stands near neighbor Leslie's, together with the farm, and shall move into it to-morrow. I have been some weeks arranging this matter, but kept it to myself in order to do up things right, and in short metre, when I made the change. I have been in this old block with this nest of mechanics long enough, I am now going to move in a very different circle of acquaintances I assure you. I am agent of one of the largest manufacturing companies in New England, I shall go to the city daily. We are my children, to begin life anew. I was talking with Captain Pratt, in the city to-day, and he told me how to do the business, in order to get rid of these working people here, I must break right off at once, have nothing to do or say to them."

"Mr. Pratt, father, was a very poor man once," said Ety.

"He used to be the scissors grinder here," said little Henry.

"Stop such talk immediately, Henry, let me never hear you say that again."

"But you always told us, father, that Mr. Pratt was an apprentice boy with you, that you learned your trades of one master, and that he used to go about in this village, before he got rich, grinding cutlery," said Ety.

"Yes," said Mrs. Howe, "Henry he's heard you say so many a time, the child was right, you know Capt. Pratt was the laughing stock of the village for taking such a foolish step as he did, when fortune smiled upon him; you know he was so puffed up with a little money, that he refused to speak with his old associates, and every school boy would salute him by calling out as they passed, 'scissors to grind.'"

"I wish no more of such talk, Mrs. H. and you and the children may from this time, cease to lay such subjects before me. John you are to be in the city with me, I shall need you at my office. Ety and Susan, you will devote your time to music and drawing, receiving calls and the like, and I shall have suitable articles for your wardrobe, purchased immediately. Mrs. Howe you will have no domestic cares now, I have hired two women and one man servant this day."

"Henry and Emma will have proper instruction, and as I said before we are to begin life anew, and above all things children, forget this old block and when we have company weigh your words before you utter them. Appear to others as if this had always been our style of living, never allude to this old block or the workshops before any of the visitors."

"By the time our house is ready I expect a family from the South will be with us awhile for the benefit of an invalid daughter, and you must all appear as if this had always been our style of living."

"Yes father," said Susan, "I will act my part, oh! I'm so glad! shall we certainly have everything as you say: shall I go with the Lords, and Dr. D.'s girls? will Esq. King's family call on us?"

"Yes," said Mr. H., "and many more after I'm well established."

"I bet I'll show these country hawbucks how it's done," said John, "I'll teach 'em how to live by next summer."

"I am afraid you won't be able to teach them so much about life as you imagine, brother John," said Ety.

"There, children," said Mrs. H., "if your father is a-going to have such a plan executed on the morrow, we must retire to rest in order to stand the hardships of the coming day."

Morning has dawned upon the pretty village of Glen Orro. The household of Mr. Howe was up at early hour, and a number of hands were busy in removing the furniture from the house. All except Mrs. H. and Ety, were full of life, happy and full of joy, even to overflowing. Ety was sad—her usually bright face was pale, her looks gave signs of a sleepless night. As one article after another was being removed, Ety thought that, notwithstanding their sudden change of fortune, which made some so happy, she could wish from her soul it were otherwise, for her father had so changed, that the principles he was now instilling into the hearts of his children, were unmannerly, ungenerous, un noble, and unchristian, and so unlike her father.

All being now removed from the yellow block, another tenant took possession. The neighbors thought this a sudden change, and wondered that they had not heard of friend Howe's good fortune; however, it passed off, and Mr. H. kept the secret to himself and family.

We'll now leave Ety, and the rest of her family, arranging new articles of furniture which has just arrived from the city, and see what Alfred Green and Cady Leslie is doing at this time. The reader will remember that Ety, when she left her friends at the gate, proposed a walk on the following evening; so Alfred called for Cady, and the two friends wended their way to Ety's late abode, not knowing of the sudden change.

As they came up to the gate old Simon, one of the old boarders, was leaning upon the fence, and Alfred and Cady saluted him with "good evening, Simon."

"Well, this is rather a curious turn-out, ain't it, Miss Leslie?" said Simon. Cady did not understand him, and asked him for an explanation.

"Why," said Simon, "Ety has left us, and all the rest of them have gone too; but I don't care about any of them but Ety and her mother."

"Gone where?" said Cady.

"Why, old Howe has bought that big house and farm just above your father's, and he and John feels master big now; Susan is more impudent than ever, and I really believe Howe is crazy."

"Why crazy?" asked Alfred, looking thoughtful at Cady.

Here old Simon drew up his dwarfish form, and his tongue flew as fast as a wind-mill for a few minutes. "Why," said he, "Mr. Green, you never saw such a change in a man. He came home from Boston, and appeared as if we, (that is, all hands in the workshops,) were a-going to murder him; he wouldn't speak to one of us. Lord a-massy," said Simon, "I have boarded with him eight or ten years; lawful soul, he will just as sure have a fall as my name is Simon Spunk."

"Just think of it, Miss Leslie," said Simon; "old Howe never as much bid one soul of us good-bye. Now, he has worked at the bench with me ever since I was a boy; and now, because some city chaps have got him into a little more prosperous way of money-making, he can't use an old comrade civilly. I'll do as old man Howe said he did, you know Captain Pratt, don't you, Alfred?"

"Yes, Simon, I have met with him a few times."

"Well, when old man Howe first took this boarding-house, Captain Pratt went round the streets scissors grinder; you know his son came home, and set the Captain right up in the world. Well, Pratt was so infernal proud he wouldn't speak to Howe, and Howe got wrathful, and used to tell boys to holler out 'scissors to grind,' as Pratt passed by."

"Well, we must be going," said Alfred, "I would not mind the old gentlemen Howe."

"When you say gentleman you say considerable," said Simon. "Ety asked me to run up and see them, and Ety is too good a girl to have old Howe for a father. Ety shook hands with all of us, and it didn't take ten minutes to do it. Old Howe can't say he hadn't time, neither; he stood out in the street, laughing and talking with John a good

half hour. I wouldn't go up to see old Howe if he was dying, after being someane."

"You must go up and see Ety, Simon," said Cady.

"I shall want to see Ety, and Mrs. Howe, but if I meet the old man, I'll holler out 'scissors to grind!'"

"Simon, you must not cherish such a spirit; you don't envy Mr. Howe, do you?"

"Lord bless your soul, Alfred, you know better; you know old man Howe was as poor as any of us ten years ago. By jolly, I never should have thought he'd be such a fool!"

Here ended the conversation, as Alfred and Cady left poor Simon in deep meditation, at loss to know how a body must feel, in such a case as Mr. Howe's.

"Very well," said Mr. L., "but I'm told Mr. Howe has forbid his daughters associating with their former acquaintances, he has two female domestics, one man to do the chores, and the girls are not to touch a broom, on penalty of life." Here the old esquire leaned on his garden rake and laughed heartily.

"But I tell you, Alfred," continued he, "Mr. Howe has got a man servant and a maid ser-

ant, but he has become the servant or slave of as hard a master as ever he had. I don't know what he'll become should he prosper in his new business, Glen Orro could not c-

on-tain him."

Cady now came to the garden gate, and Alfred joined her, on a walk to the residence of Ety Howe.

It was through a delightful Locust grove, that the friends strolled e.e they came to the house where Ety resided. Under a beautiful tree that was laden with the fragrant locust flowers, Alfred sat down upon a flat stone, that made a very good seat, for one fatigued with rambling, leaning against the tree he groaned aloud. Cady not noticing the seat at his simple story, turned quickly around, and saw Alfred sitting upon the stone with a face pale as death, and apparently in deep anguish.

"Bless me! why what can be the matter with you Alfred?" said the merry Cady, "are you sick? why Alfred let us go at once to Mr. Howe's; you look ill, come, it's only a little walk from here."

"Oh Cady, I'm not sick, why I cannot tell what ailed me then, I felt dreadful, I could not see, I declare I never felt so curious, I can't sick Cady, I only feel a little dizzy."

"Well, let us go to Ety's house we can come out here again, having Ety with us, I think this is a lovely little spot, and see Alfred it is just the right distance from Ety's and our house, about half way between each."

"I will go soon Cady, but do you know Cady, I feel quite strange! Do you see that little leaf yonder, fluttering in the evening breeze?"

"Yes, Alfred."

"Well my heart is in no less motion."

"Why Alfred I always thought you were happy when with Ety and me."

"Cady, I could not love a sister more than

I do you, I was sure of having a place in your heart as brother, I should feel indeed happy."

"That you surely possess already, but say Alfred," said our gay Cady, playfully, "would you not like a place in a snug little corner of Ety's heart too?"

"Cady you are teasing now, but believe me, a cold chill runs through my blood, as I think of our evening call."

"Oh, fit on your notions Alfred, now I really think this is all uncalled for. Do you think Mr. H. will appear indifferent to you and me."

"Not to you Cady, as you have always lived in different circumstances from Ety, or me. Your father is rich, one of the wealthiest citizens, your grandparents were alike of high life. I am poor, my mother is poor, I had poor but honest ancestors, poverty should not separate us Cady."

"She may be sick," said Cady, "and if so, we should all means call upon her."

"Well Cady, I should be happy to give her a short call at your convenience."

"As Ety expected us to call at the block for her, of course she will expect the same at her new home, and how ungenerous for us to neglect her, at her new and delightful home."

"I think the same," said Alfred, "and as it is some time since we saw Ety, we will call to-morrow evening, if agreeable to you."

"Oh yes Alfred I long to see Ety, we have not been so long a time from each other, this many a year!"

Here the friends separated for the night. It had appeared an age to Alfred since he had seen Ety Howe, but one more day thought he and Ety will be near my side, oh, but I have strange thoughts of late, I cannot tell what is about to fall upon me, surely I have done no man ill, but the village people all appear strange, it may be all my imagination thought Alfred. I will not borrow trouble, and one more day must roll away ere I see her, who is dearer to me than the treasures of earth. Here Alfred's soliloquy ended as he entered the little gate that opened into his mother's yard.

Night had fled, the day wore slowly away, evening came, it was one of the most lovely evenings that ever brought repose to man, Alfred left his mother's cot, and walked slowly in direction of Esquire Leslie's, and was soon at Cady's home. Cady's father being in the garden, Alfred, after informing Cady of his arrival, walked into the garden to have a talk with the old gentleman.

"Good evening, Esquire," said Alfred, "how do you do?"

"Well, quite well, Alfred, you are well I presume."

"Quite well sir, and as the evening is so glorious Cady and myself thought we would not confine ourselves in doors, but enjoy the balmy zephyrs."

"Yes, yes Alfred, but your company don't appear to be so large of late, what's got Ety

Howe, I don't see anything of her, since that sudden move took place."

"I know not the reason of her absenting herself from us, except her new home demands her attention, they of course must have a busy time of it, if all is true that is said of their elegance in their new home, by the way Cady and I are now about to give her a call."

"Very well," said Mr. L., "but I'm told

Mr. Howe has forbid his daughters associating with their former acquaintances, he has two female domestics, one man to do the chores, and the girls are not to touch a broom, on penalty of life."

"But I tell you, Alfred," continued he, "Mr. Howe has got a man servant and a maid ser-

ant, but he has become the servant or slave of as hard a master as ever he had. I don't know what he'll become should he prosper in his new business, Glen Orro could not c-

on-tain him."

Cady now came to the garden gate, and Alfred joined her, on a walk to the residence of Ety Howe.

It was through a delightful Locust grove,

that the friends strolled e.e they came to the house where Ety resided. Under a beautiful tree

that was laden with the fragrant locust flowers,

Alfred sat down upon a flat stone, that made a

very good seat, for one fatigued with rambling,

leaning against the tree he groaned aloud.

Cady not noticing the seat at his simple story,

turned quickly around, and saw Alfred sitting upon the stone with a face pale as death, and apparently in deep anguish.

"Bless me! why what can be the matter with you Alfred?" said the merry Cady, "are you sick? why Alfred let us go at once to Mr. Howe's; you look ill, come, it's only a little walk from here."

"Oh Cady, I'm not sick, why I cannot tell what ailed me then, I felt dreadful, I could not see, I declare I never felt so curious, I can't sick Cady, I only feel a little dizzy."

"Well, let us go to Ety's house we can come out here again, having Ety with us, I think this is a lovely little spot, and see Alfred it is just the right distance from Ety's and our house, about half way between each."

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO., are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIXON will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHEPPARD.—Your long silence induced us to think you had forgotten your promise. You have not given us that "Deer Hunt," but we must excuse you, by your letter we perceive you are "silently thinking," which we hope will bring out the particulars.

M. D. S.—We like your "Power of Memory!" it is too long for the *Journal*, but we shall not overlook its merits, and have placed it on file for an early insertion.

TRUE TEMPERANCE.—The temperance cause, in its present state, does not seem to be so prosperous as its friends would wish; and so long as rum is allowed to be manufactured with us, just so long will it be the curse of the land. The laws must reach the root, in order to destroy the tree. We are disposed to admit general articles on this subject; we did not think Woburn was such a market for rum as you state; it is a startling exposure.

FRANK MELVILLE.—The conundrums you mention, we think, have all been answered; we have several on hand, but have no room to spare at present. The article on the "Illustrated News" would not meet our views to publish, it is too rank; the manuscript, if you wish it, is in the office; "Gray's Elegy" would not be of much interest. We have no fault to find with your enquiries; when we can with consistency. We notice your remarks about the advertisement; the Museum is out of date. The "First Snow" was not original.

BONNIE LASSIE.—Your lines on "Sympathy" are on file; we have quite a table-full of poetry,—much of it we are inclined to think we shall not be able to publish for some time; they are too long; the *Journal* is too small for these long pieces. Again, we must mention the actual necessity of plainer writing and punctuation. It is a great task to correct the errors of correspondents, besides the time lost in doing it; which we, the printers, have to pay for.

COLUMBUS.—Is received; reserved for the present.

ANN ELIZA.—This appears to be the production of a scholar in one of the Boston Public Schools, and for a juvenile effort, is commendable. Our young readers must try and beat it.

WILLIAM.—You are very near the mark we have the answer, but hold it for the present.

TOM.—Your lines are very acceptable, and will find an early insertion.

QUEEN.—We endorse your good opinion of the vocal powers of our townsmen. "The Kimball Brothers." We know by experience that all who hear them are satisfied, and that is a sufficient inducement for every one to go and hear them.

P.—We have a large number of communications on hand; they will all receive attention as early as possible.

EDITORIAL.

OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

This is truly the age of improvement; hardly a day passes but we find something to attract our attention as an improvement on the same thing of yesterday, and yet so simple and plain that we wonder at our not having discovered it before. The present generation are so wise, and so full of great improvements and progress in all things appertaining to the affairs of life, that they will hardly listen to the details of old forms, much more to believe many of them.

We remember, when a boy, that our kitchen fire place was a very large one; at the left side of which was an enormous big oven. Brown bread was then considered the bread of a family, and when the baking day arrived, it took just one hour to heat the oven; the wood must be split fine in a length to suit the oven, and the batch was generally ten or fifteen large loaves, taken out of the oven with a long handled wooden shovel; the great iron crane, with its pot hooks and trammels; what a time we used to have in hanging on the great pot and dish kettle! all this was then like so much clock work.—Then the apparatus for roasting was piece of machinery called a Jack, erected on the right side of the fire-place close to the ceiling, and wound up like a clock; two heavy weights kept the machinery in motion, with a chain running round a wheel attached to the upper works, extending down round the lower wheel of a large spit, which rested on iron projections attached to the inside of two enormous large iron dogs, or andirons, placed in front of the fire; these weights kept the spit continually turning with the Thanksgiving turkey, or meat spit through, under which was a large tin dripping pan, to save the gravy; then came the flour box, then the long handle basting ladle, and many a time have we burnt our fingers in turning the spit. The watching of the roasting piece was an interesting part of the business—winding up the Jack was quite an amusement for the boys, and it would be a curiosity in these days to see the machinery at work. Modern improvements have done wonders in the cooking line.

What would our present church-going folks say, in these cold days, after riding one or two miles, if they were obliged to sit in a cold meeting-house all day, with only the remains of the charcoal left in the foot warmer? we remember many times when the straw in the sleigh took fire from the warmer, on our way to church. It was customary for some of the richest people to have the foot warmer renewed with coal, after getting into church, but this was not often done. People did not go to church in those days for forms sake; they kept warm by pure motives and sound faith.

Modern improvements have charged the air of our present churches, while the old oak pew and sea has entirely disappeared, and smoke improvements have substituted what may be almost called crimsoned couches, which have a beautiful effect in calming the feelings, something like chloroform.

The fact is, matters are becoming too easy

and indulgent; directly we shall want aid in feeding our own mouths, and such will be the improvements of the age, that the great and dandied family washing day will be superseded, and clothes will be washed by magic.—One interesting item has not yet been reached by this revolution in improvements, it remains as in its primitive days—the price of a *steamboat supper* has never been reformed, together with the polite practice of dunning a man for his fifty cents while satisfying the cravings of hunger. We despair in this case of modern improvement.

CONGRESS.—General Cass has made a long speech on the Monroe doctrine, which has started other members who wish to speak; which will consume much valuable time, and keep many claimants on the government waiting in Washington, on heavy expense. It has been heralded forth every day for the last month, that Mr. Soule would speak on Cuban affairs in general, making a great flourish of trumpets, all about moonshine. The destiny of Cuba, and every foot of soil on this continent is tending to freedom. Speeches cannot prevent it, and the day is not far distant when the "star spangled banner" will float from Newfoundland to Beiring's Straits. These events will come, without our bidding. Therefore, let us attend to home matters and wait the appointed hour, when we shall be wanted.

E.—We regret to see it announced, in a letter from Washington to the New York Express, that Charles L. Woodbury, Esq., of Boston, is in Washington, as Gen. Pierce's "political agent," and acting on the fishery question. We were in hopes that Gen. Pierce would act the part of a wise man, and go into office *free*, without those political encumbrances hanging over him, and we are inclined to doubt this assertion of a Washington letter-writer; they are not always correct. We have more faith in the good sense of Gen. P. than to credit such rumors. Gen. Pierce was not our choice. We have seen many good traits in his character which we cannot withhold our approval of. Thus far we give him much credit, for his modest movements.

E.—The new Liquor Law, now before the Legislature of Rhode Island, prohibits the manufacture of liquor under a heavy fine and imprisonment, and also the adulteration of liquor. This is the right way to begin—stop the manufacture of rum, and one great starting point will be gained for the advance of temperance. Allow rum to be manufactured, and the curse of intemperance will always stalk about our streets.

E.—EDWARD EVERETT. We remember well the young preacher, at the Brattle Street Church, his curly head just perceptible above the pulpit cushioning. His voice and impressive eloquence we shall ever remember—he has risen to his present honorable station, by sound principles and exalted worth. No man could have been found better qualified to fill the station left by our lamented Webster. And we old Massachusetts should feel proud of her worthy son. No man, who has read Mr. Everett's letter on Cuban affairs, can honestly doubt his great abilities as a Statesman and able writer. His ripe scholarship is beyond dispute. What a shame on our nation that political squabbling should exclude such men from office.

E.—The fine sleighing has been well improved; the turn-outs from Boston are in fine style. The Stable-keepers are reaping a good harvest, and if the ice would only make up for lost time, the winter so far would be A. No. 1. We have just been thinking of a *printers' sleigh ride*,—what a strange sight it would be; don't be excited, brother Typo's, such a thing may be. And our neighbor Hart has a stable full of fast horses, with fine sleighs, buffalo robes, and other *etceteras* which make a sleigh ride pleasant, and we should judge from the constant *ins and outs*, that he was reaping his harvest. Mr. Wade is always ready to tackle up, and we intend to let our Boston friends see "Woburn turn out."

E.—We call particular attention to the notice in another column, announcing that the Ladies of the Colporteur Society will hold a Levee at the Town Hall, next Wednesday evening; from the attractions presented, and the low price of admission charged, we anticipate a large attendance, which would be quite desirable, as the ladies desire to replenish the Treasury, from which they support a colporteur at the West.

We learn that a fine assortment of Fancy Articles will be offered for sale, also that a Band of Music composed of some of our own musicians will be in attendance. Also that the Messrs. Kimball will sing some of their favorite songs, and last, though not least, Refreshments will be provided for the hungry; and we hope that all who can, will go, not forgetting to take plenty of change with them, so that they can have the privilege of aiding in the benevolent designs of this Society.

E.—We presume our readers have read Gov. Clifford's message, and formed their own opinions on its merits and demerits. It is a well written document, giving a plain statement of the affairs of the Commonwealth.—The remarks about excessive legislation are true, and we hope will receive attention. We think Gov. Clifford has begun his inauguration to office right, and we hope he will guide the helm of state with a firm hand, and adhere strictly to the doctrines expressed in his message.

E.—California and Australia continue to send forward gold in abundance, and emigrants are as numerous as ever, every ship goes fully laden with freight and passengers.

E.—The small pox is still raging in Havana.

E.—The last Lyceum Lecture was given by our old townsman, Rev. J. C. Stockbridge. The subject chosen, was "Human Temperaments"; and the lecturer treated the subject ably, interspersing the lecture with good advice, wit, humor, &c. The attendance was large notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening.

Rev. Prof. Stowe, of Andover, will lecture, next Tuesday evening, and we expect the husband of the fair authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will give us an able lecture, we hope to report a large attendance.

E.—We are pleased to learn, by the agreement of our merchants, published in to-day's paper, handed us by Mr. J. W. Hammond, that they will close their stores at 8 o'clock every evening; this is an excellent movement, and will give our young men an opportunity of attending lectures, and improving themselves in reading and useful studies. Sixteen hours a day is much too long to confine young men in a store, and we hope now the plan is started, that it may become permanent.

Several other towns have adopted it, and it has met with approbation and success. We hope our young men will not abuse this valuable privilege, but use it in cultivating those beautiful associations which adorn the circles of domestic life, and present examples worthy of others to follow.

E.—Our readers are referred to the card of Dr. Clough; in another column, by which they will learn of his removal to Boston to a new and beautiful office, where the tooth-ache can be speedily cured, and a new and complete set inserted in the best of order. We always note merit with pleasure, and although Dr. C.'s reputation needs no particular notice from us, we must advise our reader to call in his office and take a seat.

E.—Anton Farni, a German, fell into a cauldron of boiling syrup, at the sugar-house, East Boston, last Tuesday, and lived 15 hours; nearly all the skin fell off his body.

L.—The only proceeding in the House of much importance is on the Liquor Law. An order was offered by Mr. Brewer of Cambridge for the repeal of the law, and in a last vote the order was laid on the table, 135 yeas to 116 nays. A reconsideration was moved, but not acted on.

On Thursday, Jan. 20th, the following proceedings took place:—

An order was passed by the Senate, directing that so much of the Governor's message as relates to the calling of a convention to revise the Constitution be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

When the motion of Mr. Wiggin, of Boston, to reconsider the vote whereby the order in relation to the liquor law came up in the House, that gentleman moved a substitute providing for the appointment of a special committee to consider what further legislation is necessary to regulate the manufacture and sale of spirituous and intoxicating drinks. The order was laid over under the rules, and will come up for consideration to-morrow.

Mr. Cogswell, of Bedford, also offered an order on the same subject, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to take into consideration the expediency of making the liquor law more compatible with public sentiment, more efficient in its operation, and more beneficial in its results. Laid over.

The joint special committee on the subject of a ten hour law has been appointed on the part of both branches.

The Death Penalty.—Hon. Samuel D. Parker, one of the new Senators from Boston, has moved for a repeal of the law of the last session which provides for the confinement in the state prison, one year at least, before execution, of persons sentenced to capital punishment. That law originated with Hon. Samuel E. Sewell, whom any member of the legal profession might be proud to equal as a lawyer and a gentleman of humane and honorable sentiments. This movement of Mr. Parker shows the influence of a life spent in criminal prosecutions. The mover has probably come to believe in the divinity of the gallows, and to think that it should be maintained as one of the evidences of civilization. The law has been in operation some eight or nine months; and, if we mistake not, but two persons have been sentenced under it. So the demand for its repeal cannot be very urgent, except to gratify the taste of a perverse conservatism.

L.—Late arrivals from Europe bring little of interest; peace and plenty is at present prevailing.

New Publications.

GODEN'S LADIES' BOOK.—The February number of this valuable Magazine is received. It still bears the palm, and if our fair readers wish a useful and splendid book for the center table; we advise them to go to Fowler's Book Store and get it.

BOSTON ALMANAC.—We have heard enquiries for this book, but we have not seen it. Perhaps ours took a wrong direction.

TRUE FLAG.—We always find a great variety in the Flag. Many of the stories are very creditable, and will please those who are fond of light reading. Fanny Fern's department is very much like a flower garden. We find all sorts and colors in it. The Flag has many readers in our vicinity, and room for more.

CARPET BAG.—We have discovered a new route to California. Those interested had better get the Bag.

LIVING AGE.—No. 454 has an article on the new Emperor of France, well worth reading, with much other valuable matter.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—We consider Gleason's Pictorial not inferior to any publication of the kind in this or any other country, and is deserving of patronage.

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

E.—We have now fine Winter weather, good sleighing, and every one who can get a rig-out is enjoying it.

E.—We have nothing of uncommon interest the last week.

E.—The incoming new administration, is beginning to attract much interest; General Pierce's Cabinet affords ground for newspaper surmises, and that is all any one at present knows.

E.—The Presidents and Cashiers of nearly all the Banks of Illinois, have been indicted for illegal banking.

E.—A young mother in Lowell, left her child asleep in the cradle, last Saturday, while absent for only a few minutes, on her return found the room on fire, and the child burned to death; when will parents learn to be cautious in leaving young children alone; we fear never.

E.—The landlords of the Merrimack and American houses, in Lowell, have been fined \$100 and costs for selling liquor.

E.—The occupants of the stalls in the new Gerrish Market in Boston, took \$1000 for the sale of articles at the opening of the market last Saturday evening.

E.—James Brigham committed suicide by hanging himself in Lowell, last week.

E.—Mr. Bailey, one of the persons injured on the railroad at Concord, died in Lawrence, making the third death from this accident.

E.—A new Liquor Law is before the Legislature of Rhode Island, to take the place of the one pronounced unconstitutional.

E.—The ears from Boston to Lynn were thrice off the track, last Thur day week, by the snow, the wonder is, no one was injured.

E.—Several person were injured in Boston last Saturday, by the avalanches of snow from the roofs of buildings.

E.—There are 11,217 physicians in France; 7221 health offices; there are nearly 600 towns which have no physician; the Frenchmen are healthy fellows.

E.—It is estimated that 2,750,300 emigrants have arrived in the United States since 1790, making 46,000 annually for the whole period.

E.—The Rockdale Cotton Mill at Millbury, Ct., with its contents, was destroyed by fire last week.

E.—All the presentations of plate in California, are made of gold; a very good substitute for silver.

E.—Mr. Ong Ar-Shoewe, the Chinese tea-dealer in Union street, Boston, was married last week to Miss L. M. Hewes, of German parents.

E.—Petitions in abundance are flowing in to the Legislature for new banks, and increase of capital for others.

E.—Mr. Adams of Hinsdale, N. H., while crossing Connecticut river with a valuable span of horses the ice gave way, the horses were drowned, and Mr. A. escaped with difficulty.

E.—Dr. Washburn, who resides at Vernon, Vt., the Greta Green for Massachusetts, last week performed the marriage ceremony for the seven hundred and sixteenth couple.

E.—The Boston City Crier has received at his office the last year, 630 lost children, all but one he found parents for.

E.—There was a heavy shock of an earthquake, at Milledgeville, Ga., on the 8th inst.

E.—627 robberies were committed the last year, in Boston, and over 500 common drunkards arrested; nice city for morality.

E.—A bill is now before Congress, for granting lands in aid of a railroad to California, of 1400 miles.

E.—The English ship Successor, has been away, and 85 persons lost. The captain gone ashore, leaving the mate in charge, who got drunk, and the ship was lost in a storm, which suddenly arose; who distilled that rum.

E.—A loud call has been made for a Maine Liquor Law in New York.

E.—There has been several serious accidents by the practice of boys coasting down the streets and side walks; it is a very dangerous sport.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

2. P. M., 19; 10 P. M., 15. Quite unexpectedly the thermometer rose during the night two degrees, owing probably to the briskness of the wind and the sky being partially overcast.

Tuesday, January 19.—Cloudy, after 9 o'clock snow fell gently for most of the day; about one inch came, making the tenth fall for the winter; after 9 P. M., it was nearly clear; wind N. to N. N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 18; 2 P. M., 27; 10 P. M., 28.

Wednesday, January 20.—Weather mild, and generally pleasant; very fine and clear; wind light from N.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 18; 2 P. M., 34; 10 P. M., 16.

The weather for the past week has been more like the true New England winter, than any we have previously had. The storm of the 13th was the first considerable fall of snow of the season. It has given us our first slanting; the snow however having been much drifted in exposed places, this mode of locomotion is not as good as it is sometimes. It has nevertheless been most industriously brought into use by the denizens of this vicinity. The snow is much deeper to the south and west, than north and east of us; the late storm not extending as far as Portsmouth N. H., in that direction, while in some parts of New York, snow fell two feet in depth.

FRANKLIN.

ANSWER TO "COLBURN'S" SUM.
The case is 3 h, 19 min, 37 sec, in emptying: 28 12-2 Gal. wine.
33 7-21 " water.
138 2-21 New York Porter to fill it.

WILLIAM.

TERRIFIC STORM IN ENGLAND.—On Sunday night, Dec 26th, there was a terrible gale in England, which appears to have committed great damage throughout the country. In London no one could walk the streets in safety, on account of falling stones and chimneys. The iron root of the terminus of the Eastern Counties railway, at Shoreditch, was lifted from its foundation. The new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, was somewhat damaged. At Nottingham a factory was blown down. At Magdalene College a stack of chimneys fell into the dining-room of the President. One of the pinnacles of All Soul's College was blown down.

Cambridge Cattle Market.

Wednesday, Jan. 19th, 1853.
114 Cows came over the Fitchburg Rail road; 110 Cows came over the Lowell Railroad.
1475 heves, oxen and cows, at market.
3675 Sheep and Lambs; quality very excellent; sales firm.
Beef, extra-\$6 to \$175 per cwt.; first quality, \$6 to \$124; third quality-\$4 to \$450.
Barreling Cattle-\$4 to \$5 per cwt.
Working Oxen-\$75 to \$110.
Cows and Calves-\$21 to \$35.
Sheep, extra-\$4 to \$8.
Do. by lot-\$2.50 to \$3.75.
100 Swine—Wholesale \$2 to 7 and 8 cts. per lb.
Market well supplied; stock good, and buyers fair.
Some large cattle growers from the interior visited the market to-day.

Special Notices.

CLOSING STORES.
We, the subscribers, Traders in the town of Woburn, do hereby mutually agree to close trade at our respective stores at eight o'clock, every evening in the week, Saturday excepted, from and after this date till the first of May next.

Wm. Woodberry, J. S. Ellis & Co.,
Augustus Roundy, B. F. Wye & Co.,
Foster & Soles, Amos Bugbee,
L. Thompson, Jr., J. W. Hammond,
N. Wyman, J. W. Page,
George W. Fowle, Thompson & Tidd,
W. M. Weston, Gage & Fowle,
Hiram Flagg, Dennis Buckman,
Phillip Teare, Division 31.
Woburn, Jan. 24th, 1853.

COPORTEUR LEVEE.

The Lecture of the Woburn Coporiteur Society, would inform citizens of Woburn, that they will hold a Lecture at the Town Hall, next Wednesday evening, January 26th, at 6 o'clock; the proceeds of the evening's entertainment to be devoted towards supporting their coporiteur in the West. They would announce that a Band of Music will entertain them, also the singing of some of their select pieces; they will also offer for sale a variety of fancy articles, refreshments will also be provided. Admission 12½ cents. All are invited to attend. No postponement on account of the weather.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The next Lecture before the Lyceum, will be given on Thursday evening, Jan. 25th, by Prof. Stowe, of Andover. Lecture to commence at 7 o'clock.
JOHN A. FOWLE, Secy.

DEATHS.

"And what a life? the flourishing army
Of the broad summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plumb, and is tomorrow hay."

January 19th, Mr. William Woods, aged 78 years and 11 months. In Charlestown, Jan. 19, Frank Edwin, twin child of John and Mary Melville, aged 5 weeks.

In North Chelms, Jan 17, Ebenezzer B. Tuttle, aged 68 years and 7 months. He was in the war of 1812, under Gen. Scott.

MIDDLESEX. To the heirs at law and others interested in the estate of SAMUEL HOWARD, late of Melrose, in said county, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be his last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to the Probate for ELIZABETH HOWARD, the testator's widow.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Charlestown in said County, on the third Tuesday of February, to show cause, if any you have, either for or against the same.

At the same time, you are ordered to serve this citation giving personal notice thereof to all persons interested in said estate, living within this state, fourteen days at least, previous thereto, and by publication hereof in the Woburn Advertiser, printed in Woburn, three weeks succeeding the last publication to be three days at least before said Court.

Dated at Cambridge this eleventh day of January, A. D. 1853. S. P. FAY, Judge of Probate.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the firm of HENRY RICHARDSON & WHITE, (by mutual agreement,) has dissolved; all persons whose demands against said firm, or against whom said firm has demands, are referred to the firm of Henry Richardson & Co., for settlement of the same.

HENRY RICHARDSON,

GEORGE L. WHITE,

Winchester, Jan. 17th, 1853.

REMOVAL.

DR. CLOUGH, Surgeon Dentist, has taken rooms in the first building south of Tremont Temple, and nearly opposite the Tremont Temple, where he will be happy to see his friends and all those who may need the service of a Dentist.

Jan. 22

Economy for the Ladies!

CALL AND SEE

FOWLER'S A B C METHOD

—OR—

DRESS MAKING.

Mr. Fowler

Has spent much time for several years past, in perfecting the rule by applying it to different forms, and has so far succeeded, that Dress Makers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities, who have it, consider it the best method, and unsurpassed in Correctness, Economy, and Convenience, by any invention of the age, obviating many inconveniences of the old method, and producing the most perfect fit.

It is now taught in the Store formerly occupied by Miss Hayward, on Monday, Jan. 24th, to teach the Art. Satisfaction given, or no pay.

Fashionable Patterns for suits, including many inventions of the Art, and the latest fashions.

Instruction given in cutting Boys' Clothes.

Woburn, January 22d, 1853. 3w.

For passage, apply to

F. S. SAXTON, California Passenger Agent,

105 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., Boston.

Baths also secured in the United States and Pacific Steamship Lines. Also, in the various Clipper Ships bound to AUSTRALIA.

Refer to ADAMS & CO., GEO. HALE, Esq.

VANDERBILT'S LINE FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE ONLY LINE GIVING TICKETS FOR CROSSING THE Isthmus.

The Shortest & Cheapest Route.

This line of Steamers leave New York regularly on the 5th and 20th of each month, connecting with the Company's Pacific Steamers for San Francisco, going through without detention or extra charge for crossing the Isthmus.

For passage, apply to

F. S. SAXTON, California Passenger Agent,

105 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., Boston.

Baths also secured in the United States and Pacific Steamship Lines. Also, in the various Clipper Ships bound to AUSTRALIA.

Refer to ADAMS & CO., GEO. HALE, Esq.

3mjan8

Extra Eleme Figs.

PUT up in small boxes. 50 Cases just received at J. S. ELLIS & CO.

JAN. 8.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

LYCEUM BUILDING,

WINCHESTER, MASS.

DR. A. W. CLARK,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Has located himself at North Woburn. All calls promptly attended to, by day or night. Place of residence at the house of Mr. Henry Thompson, on Elm Street.

Oct. 9th

6m.

HUNTING & EATON,

EATING HOUSE,

No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,

HERMAN BAYTON,

12 Hot meals at all hours of the day.

BOSTON

Notice.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends, former patrons, and the public in general, that he has re-opened a Store at the

OLD STAND,

where he offers a good assortment of West India Goods, and Family Groceries, very cheap,

Flour, grain, and provisions constantly on hand. Call and see.

JAMES BRIDGE,

Woburn, Dec. 9, 1852. If

DR. A. W. CLARK,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Has located himself at North Woburn. All calls

promptly attended to, by day or night. Place of

residence at the house of Mr. Henry Thompson, on Elm

Street.

Oct. 9th

6m.

HUNTING & EATON,

EATING HOUSE,

No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,

HERMAN BAYTON,

12 Hot meals at all hours of the day.

BOSTON

Notice.

THE subscriber would inform the Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, that she has enlarged her Millinery

Rooms, and is receiving fresh assortments of SEASONAL

and FASHIONABLE goods.

ALSO Ladies Hair Work of the various shades and

qualities, for sale by

B. W. ROUNDY corner of Main

& Railroad streets.

Oct. 10

3m.

DR. A. W. CLARK,

HUNTING & EATON,

EATING HOUSE,

No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,

HERMAN BAYTON,

12 Hot meals at all hours of the day.

BOSTON

Notice.

THE subscriber would inform the Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, that she has enlarged her Millinery

Rooms, and is receiving fresh assortments of SEASONAL

and FASHIONABLE goods.

ALSO Ladies Hair Work of the various shades and

qualities, for sale by

B. W. ROUNDY corner of Main

& Railroad streets.

Oct. 10

3m.

DR. A. W. CLARK,

HUNTING & EATON,

EATING HOUSE,

No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,

HERMAN BAYTON,

12 Hot meals at all hours of the day.

BOSTON

Notice.

THE subscriber would inform the Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, that she has enlarged her Millinery

Rooms, and is receiving fresh assortments of SEASONAL

and FASHIONABLE goods.

ALSO Ladies Hair Work of the various shades and

qualities, for sale by

B. W. ROUNDY corner of Main

& Railroad streets.

Oct. 10

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

TOKEN OF LOVE.

Affectionately Dedicated to Mrs. James Wellman, of Farmington, Me.

BY MARY W. WELLMAN.

They tell me thou art sick, mother,
That pains doth rack thy breast;
The news so sad to me, mother,
I scarce can take a rest.
In dreams I'm bending o'er thee, mother,
And watching near thy bed;
With anxious heart I rise, mother,
To leave thy aching head.

But soon the light of day, mother,
Whispers into my ear,—
“Twas but a dream you had, child,
Your mother is not near.
The ocean rolls between you, child,
Far from you she now sleeps,
And in her troubled dreams, child,
For you and yours she weeps.”

My soul's poured out in prayer, mother,
To God, for thee, away;
Thy name is breathed in prayer, mother,
At mom, and close of day.
No time or distance can, mother,
Destroy the holy spell;
The love that I've for thee, mother,
Might in an angel dwell.

Oh! thou, the best of mothers,
May sickness take its flight;
May thy days be spent in happiness,
And sweet thy rest at night.
Bright angel's round thee hover,
Jesus, the lamb so mild,
Throw his arms of love around thee,
In the prayer of one, your child.

North Woburn, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

* He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

MANURING FRUIT TREES.—Many fruit trees which have been considered valueless, may be recovered by being manured in fall and winter; and during warm days when the surface of the soil is not frozen, even stimulating manures may be applied, with impunity and covered with earth. Thus Peruvian guano, now applied, will be so divided through the soil by spring, as not to injure the young sponges from the roots when they resume growth; whereas, if applied after the spring growth commences, the sponges would be injured. Lime, ashes, and other manures appropriate to different soil and trees, may be applied in a similar manner.

Peach trees should be laid bare to the top of the roots at this season, and the crops of the next year will be materially increased, while the frosts destroy the ova of insects resident in the surface soil.—*Working Farmer.*

PRIZE FOR A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUANO.—The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society have offered a prize of £1000, and the gold medal of the Society, for the discovery of a manure equal in fertilizing properties to Peruvian guano. The competing manure will be judged by the standard of guano, ascertained by Professor Way; and no claim for the prize will be entertained, unless it be shown that an unlimited supply of the manure can be obtained at a price not more than £5 per ton, and within the reach of the agriculturists of the United Kingdom.

LIME WATER FOR HENS.—*Accidental Discovery.*—During the last season, Mr. Joseph Willcox, of this town, having occasion to administer lime water to a sick hen, inadvertently left a pail of the preparation in his barn, which remained there for some months, serving as a favorite drink for his hens. He soon afterwards found that the laying of his hens was apparently increased to a considerable extent. Being convicted of the importance of the (to him) new discovery, he has, during the present season, kept his hens constantly supplied with lime water, placed in troughs within their convenient access, and the result was an increase in eggs of nearly four-fold as compared with previous experience. He is willing to share the benefits of the experiments with his neighbors if they choose to try it; and hence this publication. The newness of the discovery (though it may not be new to all), is claimed only as applicable to the mode of imparting the lime in this case—it is used in another form for the same purpose, having been previously understood by many. —*Wayne Sentinel.*

IMPORTS OF GUANO.—The total imports of Peruvian guano into all the United States, during the year 1852, were 79 cars, with 41,088 tons, (2240 lbs). The following is an exhibit of the imports of Peruvian guano at Baltimore, for the last four years:

1849.....	2,700 tons
1850.....	6,800 "
1851.....	25,000 "
1852.....	25,200 "

In this connection, the introduction of a new fertilizer may be noticed, one which is beginning to attract the attention of farmers and scientific men, viz: Mineral Phosphate of Lime. This article is obtained from mines in this State and New Jersey, and in the latter State a company has been incorporated for its manufacture. The mineral is simply run through a pulverizer; and is then ready for use by the agriculturist. The following is the analysis of this new fertilizer:—Phosphate of lime, 92; fluite of lime, 7; muriate and carbonate of lime, 1. The price according to this analysis is \$30 per ton.—*New York Express.*

GOOD RULES.—Mrs. Hamilton, in her admirable story of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," gives three simple rules for the regulation of domestic affairs, which deserve to be remembered, and which would if carried into practice, aid in making every house a "well ordered" home. They are as follows: 1. Do everything in its proper time. 2. Keep everything to its proper use. 3. Put everything in its proper place.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,

AND

JOB PRINTER.

Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

SUFFOLK COUNTY MILLS'

Flour and Feed, of all Grades.

Wheat Meal, Groats, Corn Meal, Rye,
Flour, Oil Meal and Rice Meal,
Corn, Rye and Oats,

Constantly on hand, at No. 9 Eastern Railroad Wharf,
Commercial Street, Boston, adjoining Suffolk County
Mills. dec 11th J. D. SWEET.

Gage & Fowle,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE a hand a complete stock of Overcoatings,
choice Pantaloony, Vestings and rich Furnishing
Goods.

G. R. GAGE. J. L. FOWLE.
Woburn, December 4, 1852. If

N. WYMAN, JR.,

DEALER IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

No. 8 Wade's BUILDINGS,
oct 18 If WOBURN.

JOHN HAMMOND,

REAL ESTATE BROKER,

No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,
BOSTON. If

M. A. STEVENS,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.

(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.) If

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

75 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

THOMPSON & TIDD,

NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA
GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,
Crockery and Glass Ware,
Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and
Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

O T I S & B A I L E Y .

HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS.

GLAZIERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.

DEALERS IN—

Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass.

Geo. H. OTIS. WOBURN. JAMES B. BAILEY.

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf, BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes and Leather and Mechanics purchased and sold.

Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention.

NOV 15 If

MENZIES & WHITE.

DEALERS IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street,

Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.

G. MENZIES. H. H. WHITE.

One Price...All Representations Warranted.

Jan 24 If

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

Oct 25 If

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCHESTER & BOSTON DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leaves Boston at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WINCHESTER—order boxes at the Union Store, and A. T. Taylor's Store, BOSTON—Thayer, Hovey, and Home's, and the Standard Hall, Hill, Candler, & Co's, 207 South Market Street.

jan 17 If

EDWARD E. COOPER,

DEALER IN—

Fancy Goods,

Medicines,

Chemicals,

Dye Stuffs

No. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,

WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night

FOSTER'S prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For

ign Leeches constantly on hand.

mar 27 If

FISK & CUSHING,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

96 Washington Street,

Elijah F. Fisk, Isaac Cushing.

Oct 18 If

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

CARPETINGS,

Broadcloths, Cusinnes, Festings, Tulus, Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS)

No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Feb 21 If

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.

Oct 18 If

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.

The subscribers continue to attend to the

EXPRESS business in all its branches, between

Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10

Court Square, Boston, and at the Office of Woburn

Express.

Good RULES.—Mrs. Hamilton, in her ad-

mirable story of "The Cottagers of Glenbur-

nie," gives three simple rules for the regula-

tion of domestic affairs, which deserve to be

remembered, and which would if carried into

practice, aid in making every house a "well

ordered" home. They are as follows: 1. Do

everything in its proper time. 2. Keep ev-

erything to its proper use. 3. Put every-

thing in its proper place.

HARRIS JOHNSON.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-

sonable terms.

Oct 25 If

JOHN A. POWLE,

ASSAYER to State of Mass

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age,

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

N.O. 16.

POETRY!

WHY AM I JOYFUL?

Tell me thou star, whose softened ray,
Be'st kindly on my uplifted brow,
Oh tell what cheers my earthly way!
Why am I ever joyful now?

And zephyr light that seem to breathes,
Sweet words into my listening ear,
Oh, tell me why ye ever breathe,
Hope's faintest flowerets for me here?

Why do the winds that wander by,
Take from my spirit every care?
Why is each thought that forms a sigh,
Hushed in faith's most earnest prayer?

Oh, why within thy bright soul
Does peace and joy forever dwell?
What powers my life, my heart controls,
And makes me happy? tell! oh tell!

Ye will not speak, and I must turn,
And ask my heart why earth is gay
Why happy thoughts within me burn?
Why life is but a sunny day?

Tis not thy beauty, brightest star,
Though dwelling in the heavens above
And not thy freshness summer wind,
Though over breathing thoughts of love,

No! 'tis the smile of God that rests
Within my heart, this joy has given
He makes me happy here, and blest,
Gives love of earth, and hopes of Heaven.

H. A. K.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

ETTY HOWE:
Or, The Flower of Glen Orr.

By MARY W. WELLMAN.

Part Third.

As soon as Mr. Howe became calm, Mrs. II. said—“Did you understand me, husband? I merely said Cady Leslie was considerably a fine young woman, and think you always considered her as such; and I do not believe she would keep company with any person male or female, whom she knew was out of good report.”

“Was I saying anything against neighbor Leslie? I know he's a good man, and a rich man too, but if his daughter keeps company with Alf Green, she cannot keep company with Etty; and for the future, Mrs. II., Etty shall obey me.”

“But dear husband, is it not really wicked in us to speak ill of so fine a young man as is Alfred Green? has he done anything of late to displease you? A few weeks ago you know he was your most intimate friend; Etty and Alfred have been like brother and sister from their earliest childhood. True, Mrs. Green was poor when Alfred's father was taken away, and was helped by others; but as soon as Alfred finished his trade, Mrs. Green could boast of as comfortable a home as any family of like circumstances in Glen Orr.

And you well know, Mr. Howe, that when we lived at the yellow block we had not half of the good serviceable things Mrs. Green has had for the last year or two. Alfred had his mother's next little parlor and sitting room all newly carpeted last fall, and you recollect we made the remark at the time, that if Alfred went ahead for ten years to come, as he had for a year past, Mrs. Green would tread on as good a turkey carpet as the Lord's, or Leslie's even did; and I remain of the same opinion, Mr. Howe. I also understand Mr. Lord has been advising Alfred to leave the bench, and become contractor for buildings, and if Mr. Lord did not think Alfred competent, he would never advise him in such a matter; and do not let us cherish such false notions, and think of using such a young man as is Alfred with coldness or indifference, when these far above us in life, respect him and his widowed mother.”

“Who ever noticed Alf Green, mother; you seem to think him somebody, really,” whined Susan.

“Susan, your father always took particular notice of him; you always endeavored to make yourself very conspicuous before Alfred, and I must say he never seemed to fancy your society.”

“Why, mother! I am sure I never recollect the time when I would give a straw for his society. By the way, I never intend to spend time in getting the good will of the village paupers.”

“Now, Susan, remember my words: the day will come when every word you have so unjustly said about Alfred, will sting you to the very quick. You know those who have never as much as exchanged a word with you, love and respect Alfred. The Lord family, whom you know are the most wealthy and influential people in Glen Orr, call upon Mrs. Green, and are always bestowing some little favor upon her.”

“Well, it's because Alfred's father was an old servant in the Lord family that they now condescend to notice them,” said the narrow-minded girl.

“Yes, Susan; but did they not respect the widow Green, and look upon Alfred as a young man of excellent character, they would not continue their interest for the family.—And remember, Susan, I repeat it, you will mourn the hour in which such foolish—such absurd notions were nursed in your breast. My constant prayer is,” continued the good Mrs. II., “that our John may find in his new associates in the city, young men as exemplary, intelligent, and respectable, as widow Green's son Alfred.”

Mr. Howe, who had been silent sometime, now broke out in a fit of rage:

“Circumstances alter cases, Mrs. Howe, I wish this understood; Etty Howe and Alfred Green are for the future to know each other only by name. Etty should look upon Green as a man beneath her notice; she is to move in a very different circle from his associates. What if they played together when children? what if they sported together at school? the time has come to put away childish things. Etty is a young woman now, and her situation in life demands her aversion to such a class of men.”

“True, Mr. Howe,” said the good mother of Etty, “Alfred and Etty were schoolmates; they have played together when very young, and now they are children, out of a larger growth, and have not forgotten each other; and I really think it would be the last thought that would enter Alfred's mind to suppose Etty, (as sensible a girl as she is considered to be,) would treat him ill without any cause whatever. This, you know, Mr. Howe, would not correspond with the character and former education of our daughter Etty. You recollect at the yellow block——”

“Mrs. Howe, will you for heaven's sake, if you have no regard for me, cease to bring up the yellow block; it's bad enough to be troubled with paupers, without anything else to contend with. It is you or Etty that will ruin me yet, by your nonsensical ideas about the old villagers. I don't doubt but you or Etty will, some of these times, be running on with your nonsensical trash, and allude to Alfred Green, the carpenter, as being our chief guest, and the old yellow block as our former place of abode. Yes, I really believe one or the other of you will get off before some of my city friends when they visit us. If you should, Mrs. II., you would mortify me to death; I should never forgive you.”

Here Mrs. Howe arose and left the room, for fear her poor husband would work his feelings up to such a height as to produce insanity, “or he may have a fever,” thought she, “but it would never be the yellow fever,” said the good Mrs. II.; “husband has such an aversion to anything that's yellow, I fear to mention the word in his presence; oh! what an altered man. Will the world despise me for such weakness as he displays? am I to be deserved with him? I pray to be delivered.”

Mr. Howe and Susan being alone in the parlor, the former commenced giving orders for the coming day.

You see to it, Susan, that Etty does not leave the house to-morrow in Green's company. I shall have to come from the city a little earlier than usual, and you give me the doings of Etty. I'll see if she will not obey me when absent, as well as when in sound of my voice.”

I feel ashamed to think Etty will stoop so low as to be seen talking with such old cokers now, much more walking out with them, and that Alf Green coming here, when we live so different now from him. I wish Etty would see her folly; don't you, fa her?

“Yes, Susan; it is strange, passing strange, that a girl like our Etty, whom everybody loves and respects, will be seen laughing and talking and even walking out with the low Mechanics of Glen Orr. I'll stop this business, however, and that right soon.”

Here the conversation ended, and father and daughter separated for the night.

Etty and Susan roomed together, and as Susan entered her sleeping apartment that night, she felt so full of wickedness that she sought to tease Etty every way possible, knowing her father would take her part.—However, after many harsh words to Etty, finding she could not draw her into a dispute, she snatched a bouquet of wild flowers that stood in a glass upon the table, and knowing Alfred had given them to Etty, she furiously opened the window, and threw them out.—Etty paid no regard whatever to her sister's rage, not a word of complaint escaped her lips.

Susan, finding she could make no headway in quarreling alone, sought her pillow to calm her enraged breast.

Morning came; Etty, who was a very early riser, was up with the sun, and seeing the glass upon the table, went directly to the window, looked out, and saw her pretty flowers lying in the grass, not a bit worse for their fall, but sparkling in the morning dew, and as fresh as if just culled. She descended to the garden, took her flowers, put them in a little vase of fresh water, and placed them upon the breakfast table.

As usual, the family sat around the board; one vacant chair was to be seen—it was Susan's. She never was ready when breakfast was announced. Nothing of any importance was said that morning, and after breakfast was over each one went about their business for the morning.

Etty started at once, but after going about three rods she turned about, ran back to Cady and said in a low tone of voice, “I will write you a note on the morrow.” She then was about to start to go down the avenue, when her father broke forth,

“Etty, I shall not take the trouble to repeat my command.”

Etty bidding her friends a good night, made great haste to the house, leaving her father and Alfred to settle their difficulty. Cady was about to go, when Alfred bade her remain for a few moments, and he would accompany her home.

Alfred then turned to Mr. II., and begged he would inform him of the cause of such cold treatment, and why Etty was summoned so rudely from his presence.

“It is not on my account I hope,” said Alfred, “that you treat Etty thus, before her friend here Miss Leslie, I hope I have done no wrong sir, if I have, I ask your pardon.”

“All I ask of you, young Green, is to quit coming after my daughter, I want none of your company and I would thank you to keep off my premises. You will do me a great kindness to keep your respective distance. I

therefore forbid you ever stepping your foot

upon my soil, or cherishing a solitary thought of having my daughter's society more. You understand me Green, if you do not keep among your own companions, you will hear from me, young man.”

“Mr. Howe you are an old man, old enough to be my father, I respect your age, otherwise I would talk differently with you, one word from me would now (in your frenzy) drive you mad, I will not utter it, I will not have the name of dealing in slang neither, and hear me by, yonder moon that shines down upon us this night, I never will trouble you, or your premises, until you have as earnestly invited me, as you now hastily bid me depart. I feel Mr. Howe have deeply wronged me, but the Lord forgive you. I bid you a good-night sir.”

Alfred now turned away, offered his arm to Cady, and was soon on his way to Esquire Leslie's. Alfred said not a word as they drew near to Cady's home, Cady broke the silence and said, “old Simon was right, Alfred when he said, ‘to call a man a gentleman now-a-days, was considerable.’ I must confess as dear as Etty is to me, I do not feel that I can ever enter her present home, while her father appears so beneath the dignity of a man. I feel sad Alfred to think of his treatment toward you. By those few harsh words which escaped Mr. Howe's lips, I feel a link of the chain of friendship severed, which causes all the bitterness of the human heart to spring into life and pour contempt upon such unfeeling mortals. Such men are more to be feared than the ravages of a scourge, such men will poison with their foul breath, the very atmosphere around them. Oh, how prone the human heart is, to wander away from its Creator. Who could have thought it, one of our neighbors, one who but so short time ago was but keeper of our home's boarding-house. Mr. Howe, how I pity him, it's all through ignorance Alfred, but I'm astonished to think he could overstep the bounds of prudence, and by so doing bring disgrace upon himself, and misery upon his family. But you I see Alfred, don't mind his nonsense. I feel happy to think you care so little for his foolishness.”

“Oh, bless you Cady, I care no more for Mr. Howe's talk, than I do the idle wind. I feel within myself something which bids me not despond, and again Cady a feeling comes over me that almost sinks me beneath its deadly weight. But we are now at your father's gate, and as I fear mother will be anxious, (as we have been out later than usual) I will bid you a good night Cady, and hasten home.”

“Come in Alfred, in a day or two; I think I shall hear from Etty soon.”

The friends separated. Alfred entered his mother's cottage with rather a sad heart; he felt a sense of loneliness come over his soul. True, he had a kind mother and he loved her devotedly. He had many kind friends, and their friendship was not bestowed upon an undeserving one, who could not prize it. “Etty is still the same,” was the still small voice that whispered in Alfred's ear, “then why should I repine?” With these thoughts he quieted himself, and taking a seat beside his mother, took from his hat a little newspaper,

“The Mountain Daisy,” published at Glen Orr, and commenced reading the news to his mother. Alfred did not mention his evening's interview with Mr. Howe, as he did not wish to give his dear mother the least cause for alarm.

After Alfred had read the paper, his mother informed him that Mr. Lord called to see him upon business. “I felt sorry you were not at home, as Mr. L. will leave town to-morrow, but said he would if possible give you a call in the morning.”

“I suppose,” said Alfred, “the old gentleman is going to give me a job.”

“It's not our Mr. Lord, that wanted to see you, but his brother, the one I have so often told you about, a merchant in Philadelphia. He used to come to Glen Orr often, when your father lived with our Mr. Lord; he's a fine man, and I suppose has got very wealthy by this time.”

“Well, mother, the morning will soon come, and then we shall know our good friend's errand.”

Etty started at once, but after going about three rods she turned about, ran back to Cady and said in a low tone of voice, “I will write you a note on the morrow.” She then was about to start to go down the avenue, when her father broke forth,

“Etty, I shall not take the trouble to repeat my command.”

Etty bidding her friends a good night, made great haste to the house, leaving her father and Alfred to settle their difficulty. Cady was about to go, when Alfred bade her remain for a few moments, and he would accompany her home.

Alfred then turned to Mr. II., and begged he would inform him of the cause of such cold treatment, and why Etty was summoned so rudely from his presence.

“It is not on my account I hope,” said Alfred, “that you treat Etty thus, before her friend here Miss Leslie, I hope I have done no wrong sir, if I have, I ask your pardon.”

“All I ask of you, young Green, is to quit coming after my daughter, I want none of your company and I would thank you to keep off my premises. You will do me a great kindness to keep your respective distance. I

therefore forbid you ever stepping your foot

upon my soil, or cherishing a solitary thought of having my daughter's society more. You understand me Green, if you do not keep among your own companions, you will hear from me, young man.”

“Mr. Howe you are an old man, old enough to be my father, I respect your age, otherwise I would talk differently with you, one word from me would now (in your frenzy) drive you mad, I will not utter it, I will not have the name of dealing in slang neither, and hear me by, yonder moon that shines down upon us this night, I never will trouble you, or your premises, until you have as earnestly invited me, as you now hastily bid me depart. I feel Mr. Howe have deeply wronged me, but the Lord forgive you. I bid you a good-night sir.”

Alfred now turned away, offered his arm to Cady, and was soon on his way to Esquire Leslie's. Alfred said not a word as they drew near to Cady's home, Cady broke the silence and said, “old Simon was right, Alfred when he said, ‘to call a man a gentleman now-a-days, was considerable.’ I must confess as dear as Etty is to me, I do not feel that I can ever enter her present home, while her father appears so beneath the dignity of a man. I feel sad Alfred to think of his treatment toward you. By those few harsh words which escaped Mr. Howe's lips, I feel a link of the chain of friendship severed, which causes all the bitterness of the human heart to spring into life and pour contempt upon such unfeeling mortals. Such men are more to be feared than the ravages of a scourge, such men will poison with their foul breath, the very atmosphere around them. Oh, how prone the human heart is, to wander away from its Creator. Who could have thought it, one of our neighbors, one who but so short time ago was but keeper of our home's boarding-house. Mr. Howe, how I pity him, it's all through ignorance Alfred, but I'm astonished to think he could overstep the bounds of prudence, and by so doing bring disgrace upon himself, and misery upon his family. But you I see Alfred, don't mind his nonsense. I feel happy to think you care so little for his foolishness.”

“Oh, bless you Cady, I care no more for Mr. Howe's talk, than I do the idle wind. I feel within myself something which bids me not despond, and again Cady a feeling comes over me that almost sinks me beneath its deadly weight. But we are now at your father's gate, and as I fear mother will be anxious, (as we have been out later than usual) I will bid you a good night Cady, and hasten home.”

“Well, mother, the morning will soon come, and then we shall know our good friend's errand.”

Yes Alfred time flies swiftly, another day will soon dawn, and we shall be one day nearer eternity, always remember that, my son.”

After reading a chapter from the bible Alfred retired to his room, and refreshed his wearied body with sleep.

Morning again broke over the quiet village of Glen Orr. Alfred was up with the lark each morning, as he had many little things to attend to about home, before going to his place of business. On this morning as he was busily engaged in picking some peas from their dewy vines, he heard a voice at the gate, at the head of the garden. It was Mr. Lord, who was making his way toward Alfred.

“I am in a little hurry, Alfred, and if you will accept of my advice on a particular subject, I have come to give it you freely. My brother from the city of P. is in your mother's cottage, and we will go in and talk over matters.”

Alfred sat his basket down, and accompanied Mr. L. to the house, wondering what it could be that they so interested themselves in concerning him.

“What's the matter, Et?” said Susan, in a cross way, “do I alarm you?”

“Oh! nothing of that kind,” said Etty, “but a thought struck me so forcibly as you

so kindly befriended his mother, when he was a helpless child.

“Alfred, I have been well rewarded for all I have done for your parents. My brother and Mr. Leslie informed me of your present and your past conduct, feeling indebted to your father whose life was spent in my service, I have come to offer you his son, a place in my home and heart, a position in life which will place you as far above those who now trample you, as the sun is higher than the blant it gives light to. I am not ignorant of your present trials; I have been informed of your old neighbor's proceedings; I feel Mr. Howe has grossly insulted you. I think I understand your attachment to one of the members of his family, and I will endeavor as far as in me lies, to see that you hold the same place in the affection of that member.

Alfred now turned away, offered his arm to Cady, and was soon on his way to Esquire Leslie's. Alfred said not a word as they drew near to Cady's home, Cady broke the silence and said, “old Simon was right, Alfred when he said, ‘to call a man a gentleman now-a-days, was considerable.’ I must confess as dear as Etty is to me, I do not feel that I can ever enter her present home, while her father appears so beneath the dignity of a man. I feel sad Alfred to think of his treatment toward you. By those few harsh words which escaped Mr. Howe's lips, I feel a link of the chain of friendship severed, which causes all the bitterness of the human heart to spring into life and pour contempt upon such unfeeling mortals. Such men are more to be feared than the ravages of a scourge, such men will poison with their foul breath, the very atmosphere around them. Oh, how prone the human heart is, to wander away from its Creator. Who could have thought it, one of our neighbors, one who but so short time ago was but keeper of our home's boarding-house. Mr. Howe, how I pity him, it's all through ignorance Alfred, but I'm astonished to think he could overstep the bounds of prudence, and by so doing bring disgrace upon himself, and misery upon his family. But you I see Alfred, don't

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STOTONHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"COOKS."—An interesting letter; we hope for many such. We have received two others, but have no room for them; they must bide their time. We notice the remarks applicable to us; our readers are the best judges of improvement. Our young friends search after that diamond has been thus far fruitless; perhaps he will find it at home.

"IN FORRESTER."—We are much pleased to hear from you; your long silence induced us to think you had forgotten the *Journal*. Your sketch is very acceptable, and will have an early insertion.

"JUNIOR."—We have some fears that you will forget your promise. We should judge that your apparent earnestness to give strength to your arguments may lead you to pass the Rubicon, and oblige us to have recourse to the flames; but we hope not.

"L.G."—Enquires about the building of a Lyceum Hall, and wonders why the matter is not prosecuted with more energy. It being somewhat personal, we shall not admit it, but will state that the committee having the matter in charge are giving it their best attention, and we think the Lyceum Hall will be built; L.G. may ask when? The committee are waiting for subscribers will L.G. assist?

"PRAIRIE."—The "Gardner's Daughter" is very acceptable; we must finish what we have begun before it can be inserted. We approve of local tales; they are quite interesting. Woburn can furnish subjects for some good ones; North Woburn contains a number of old mansions worthy of note.

"B. P."—Your article on "Personal Rights" is very acceptable; will find room for it soon.

EDITORIAL.

GOING A SHOPPING.

We hope our lady readers will not throw aside the *Journal*, and ask what business we have to tread upon the ground which custom has long since given up solely to them, and which all the pin money they can gather, is so devotedly applied. We have no idea of encroaching on the privilege of shopping, being well aware that it is an impossibility to stop the mania for shopping, our only aim is, to give a few passing remarks, of our observations in this well followed business.

There is a vast difference between shopping in the city, and shopping in the country. The city life with all its gay allurements, and fascinating promenades, is the great field where this prominent fastidious amusement is carried on to perfection. The frequent incidents which we find related in the Boston papers, of attempts by clerks to force articles on to those who are shopping, would lead us to suppose there was some hazard in the business, and we have reason to believe there is much inequity practiced in many of the retail stores in Boston, and people from the country, who go to the city for articles which they can purchase near their own doors, must expect to pay "dear for the whistle."

Railroad fares are so cheap, and the conveyance so rapid, that many ladies think it more fashionable to take the cars for the city, to purchase a calico dress, or bonnet; it sounds much better to say, "I purchased them in Boston," and that means also that I have been to Boston, and both together makes the dress and bonnet more valuable. As to bonnets, we mention them with due caution; White's Bonnet Rooms, or some madam, who is only approachable through the front door, are the only high contracting parties for bonnets and a bonnet; the modest milliner of the town is not thought of, and the idea of getting a bonnet in the village is considered perfectly ridiculous. These things are true, and our fair readers will not deny it.

We wish it would become fashionable to encourage our neighbors first, and then for an extra, perhaps we could go to the city. We are almost inclined to believe there are other motives ruling in this city shopping when we see ladies coming from a store with hands full of patterns, which are daily seen on the sidewalk; but this we suppose is either fashionable, or to plague the clerks. Woburn has good stores, well stocked with good and fashionable goods, and no purchaser need go by them, thinking to do better, if he does his will, in nine cases out of ten, fare worse.

Congress. It is gratifying to find by recent doings in Congress, that there are great hopes that the remaining six weeks of this session, will be devoted to business. If so, many important decisions will be arrived at. There seems to be a disposition to dispatch the business now on the speaker's table. The house will meet at 11 o'clock next week, and many a claimant on Government will rejoice at this project. It is thought that the Spoilation Bill will be reached and passed, and tardy justice will at last be obtained, by honest claimants under this bill. If members will let their better judgment govern, and quit these long and fruitless speeches, the people will thank them for it.

We understand a movement is making for a Bank in our village. A good liberal bank is a very desirable institution; it increases facilities for business. We think one would be sustained in Woburn.

The Colporteur Levee, held at the Town Hall last Wednesday evening, was a very pleasant affair, and profitable to the cause for which it was held. The ladies always succeed best in these Levees; they manage with so much good grace and perfect order, that success is certain. The singing, by the Messrs. Kimball's, as usual, was excellent. The proceeds were about \$100, which will be quite a help to the Colporteur cause.

LEGISLATURE.—The Liquor bill has been the leading subject for the past week, and many spirited speeches have been made, the subject was finally referred to a special committee, and we must wait for their report, as we have before remarked, we do not believe the law will be repealed.

There was a petition presented from Boston for the repeal of the law, signed by over 2000, amongst the signers were T. H. Perkins, Abbott Lawrence, and R. G. Shaw, names which are supposed to carry great influence. We accord to those gentlemen, all the honors and high distinctions of character, which they are entitled to, but upon this subject, of rum selling, if they choose to lend their names to sustain it, they must expect to be treated as one of a broken-hearted wife, husband, or father, who from sad experience come up to the halls of Legislation and ask that this law may stand. It is a sad spectacle, to see men who stand so high in society, lending the influence of their name to sustain the rum traffic. In their own splendid mansions they may not know its desolating effects, but let them visit the poor and degraded, who have become so by the allurements of this worse than scourge of our land, and they will regret the day that they signed that petition. We hope the friends of Temperance will stand firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Next Tuesday evening, Mr. Johnson, Preceptor of Warren Academy, in this town, will lecture before our Lyceum. We are very glad to see the Lectures continue to be fully attended, and hope the interest in them will still continue, and that next Tuesday evening Mr. Johnson will have a full house.

Prof. Stowe, of Andover, lectured last Tuesday Evening; he chose for his theme Jonah and the Whale," and by arguments proved the correctness of the "Bible account of Jonah's troubles, &c. The subject was hardly in taste for a Lyceum lecture, although it was ably treated, and contained much valuable information.

The Address of the State Temperance Committee is on our table; at this present time it is a very desirable document, and affords much information on the subject of the opposition of the Liquor Law. We hope it will be largely circulated, so that all may learn, by official documents, what so far has been the result. We firmly think the law should stand. We believe more in the moral duty of saving families and individuals from ruin and misery, than in aiding men to get rich by manufacturing and selling rum.—If the present law has saved even one family from ruin, it will outweigh all that can be brought to sustain the rum traffic. The present law may need amendments, but we hope it will not be repealed. Get the address, and read it.

There are many good stories told of Wilson, the old Town Cryer of Boston; he was a real wit, and was always ready for an answer. It was his custom, when he had an important cry, to commence at the market, which was then under Faneuil Hall, and proceed up Cornhill, now Washington Street. We remember one day he came along with his big bell, crying a pocket book lost; he always made a loud noise, when stopping before S. T. Armstrong's printing office, in the upper story of a building near Court Street. He gave a tremendous ring, when up went the three windows of the office, and about a dozen heads stuck out; Wilson stopped and looked up, and in his peculiar manner, said—"I should think there was a butcher shop up there." Some one said "why?" "Because there are so many calves heads hanging out." The windows were soon down, and Wilson went on with his crying. The late Hon. Samuel T. Armstrong began the world in that upper story.

London letter writers are getting to be as numerous as the contents of a bee-hive, one of them says: "The Boston India Rubber Belting Company fabrics, are now eagerly sought after, and acknowledged to be superior to anything of the kind manufactured in the world; this is a great compliment, and no doubt well deserved.

We are informed by Mr. John Hill, that he is cutting ice on Horn Pond, and finds it about nine inches thick. There will not be a supply from this vicinity this year.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.—A despatch from Washington states that the Committee on Commerce have decided on the main principle of the Canadian Reciprocity Bill. The articles to be materially exchanged free of duty are, all agricultural duties, lumber and fish. One half of the Maine delegation is favorable to the bill and the other half opposes it on account of its probable effect on the lumber interest. The friends of the measure are confident of their ability to carry it through this session.

At Fowle's Book Store can be seen a drawing of Woburn Centre, drawn by Mr. Marshal Field, it discovers talent in the art, which should be cultivated. We understand Mr. Field has a drawing of Woburn Centre, drawn by Mr. Bowen Barkman, 33 years ago, which he will shortly put in frame.

We understand that a Levee was held in Burlington last Thursday evening, which was well attended, and being under the direction of the Ladies, was of course a pleasant and profitable affair. The Messrs. Kimball were there, and added music to the attractions of the evening.

A large dwelling house in Winchendon Centre, was destroyed by fire last Sunday, the policy of insurance had just expired, keep it always in view, "are you insured."

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The barque Sea Bird, Capt. Smith, made a voyage from Boston to Smyrna, and back, in 88 days running time; a remarkable voyage.

The benevolent men of Boston, are sending provisions to the starving population of the Island of Madiera, caused by the failure of the grape vine.

A silver vase is to be presented to Edward Riddle, Esq., who acted as U. S. Commissioner at the World's Fair, London, by citizens of Boston of the manufacturer in which he discharged the duties of his office.

The Charlestown Dry Dock Company, will commence building their dock early the ensuing spring, west of the Navy yard.

A subscription is in circulation in Charlestown, for purchasing a portrait of Gen. Jackson, for the City Hall.

It is said that a sausage in a butcher's shop in Boston, turned around and pointed at a bunch of dead quails; ominous.

One dollar bills altered to fives and tens of the Mahaiwa Bank at Great Barrington are in circulation.

George Averell, a workman in the Iron Foundry at Fitchburg, disappeared last Wednesday night, 12th inst., and supposed to have perished in the snow storm of that night.

The express train ran from Boston to New York last Sunday night in 5 hours and 45 minutes; we have been two days staging the same route, and hard work at that.

It is reported that the small pox is raging to an alarming extent in Massachussetts, Geo., the railroad communications with the place had been suspended.

It is rumored that heavy forgeries have been discovered in Baltimore, no names given the party belonging to the "upper ten."

The extensive comb works of S. Harris in Clinton, were damaged by fire last week, \$5000.

The carpenters of Salem are on a strike for higher wages.

The spiritual rappings have got into Washington, a manifestation took place at the Postmaster General's house, tables moved to the tune of Yankee Doodle; if they should get into Congress we hope matters will move faster, with less talking.

The Legislature have under consideration an order for adopting stringent measures to prevent railroad accidents, which it is hoped they will do.

There were 82 deaths in Boston last week.

The Sea Serpent was seen off the coast of Flanders by Capt. Shaw and crew, of steamer W. Garton on the 15th inst.; his ship was 60 feet long and head as big as a hog-head.

John Madden while in a state of delirium tremens and almost naked, ran from Warren to Spencer, a distance of 12 miles, during a severe snow storm.

A company has been formed in Gloucester for the whale fishery.

Hon. Rufus Choate has accepted the office of Attorney General, and entered on his duties; who will interpret his chirography.

The Indians in Florida have declared war against the United States, so says rumor.

There is a proposition made in London, for a telegraph between Europe and America, the entire length of the line 2500 miles, it will no doubt be done.

Messrs. Gage, Hittenger & Co., commenced cutting ice in Littleton, last week, it is said to be a foot thick. Mr. Tudor also cut some on his pond in Cambridge.

Boston folks are determined to have places of amusement open on Saturday evenings, they think it will improve the morals of the city, which would be very desirable.

The milk men can't agree about the measure of their milk; some Boston consumers have found a young calf in a milk can, which looked rather slippery.

There were 68 steamboats, 4 barges, 73 coal boats, 32 salt boats and 4 flat boats, snagged, burned, and exploded on the Mississippi river during the last year.

The "Breathing Ship" is going round to Waahington to exhibit her powers to Congress.

Ex Governor Boutwell and Ex Lieut. Governor Cushman have been appointed Justices of Peace and Juries.

The New York and Erie Railroad, is the longest in the world, 437 miles in length.

The late fire in the Bonded Warehouse in New York, seems to be of a suspicious nature, it is ordered by the Secretary of the Treasury to be enquired into.

The fashion for gent's clothing is undergoing a change, full dress coats are made in Paris, with large sleeves at the wrist, like the ladies' dresses, and the ancient fashion of ruffles at the wrist, are in fashion.

Sixty thousand houses have been built in London in the last ten years.

One of the "Peter Funk Auctions," in New York, has been sent to the State Prison, for two years and six months; this is right.

The increasing business between Boston, California, and Australia is creating a brisk demand for vessels, the builders are reaping a golden harvest.

There were 1000 fires in London, the last year, with a loss of ten millions of dollars.

Gen. Pierce has declined all public representations, on his journey to Washington, in consequence of his recent bereavement, in the loss of his only son.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. Enron:—I have seen sufficient proofs, in my intercourse with mankind, to satisfy me that there are very few individuals to be found now, or have been, who come up to the true standard of honest politicians. Professions have become so common, and have been so often broken, that I at once suspect a man's honesty, when he begins his promises and professions, before there is any call for them.

The numerous ranks in society are speckled with characters, who hang about the skirts of those they imagine are influential, picking the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table, and palming themselves on the people as worthy of confidence, because they get a nod in State Street, or a nomination for office.

The Charlestown Dry Dock Company, will commence building their dock early the ensuing spring, west of the Navy yard.

A subscription is in circulation in Charlestown, for purchasing a portrait of Gen. Jackson, for the City Hall.

It is said that a sausage in a butcher's shop in Boston, turned around and pointed at a bunch of dead quails; ominous.

One dollar bills altered to fives and tens of the Mahaiwa Bank at Great Barrington are in circulation.

It is said that a silver vase is to be presented to Edward Riddle, Esq., who acted as U. S. Commissioner at the World's Fair, London, by citizens of Boston of the manufacturer in which he discharged the duties of his office.

The express train ran from Boston to New York last Sunday night in 5 hours and 45 minutes; we have been two days staging the same route, and hard work at that.

It is said that a young calf was found in a milk can, which looked rather slippery.

The carpenters of Salem are on a strike for higher wages.

It is rumored that heavy forgeries have been discovered in Baltimore, no names given the party belonging to the "upper ten."

One dollar bills altered to fives and tens of the Mahaiwa Bank at Great Barrington are in circulation.

It is said that a silver vase is to be presented to Edward Riddle, Esq., who acted as U. S. Commissioner at the World's Fair, London, by citizens of Boston of the manufacturer in which he discharged the duties of his office.

The express train ran from Boston to New York last Sunday night in 5 hours and 45 minutes; we have been two days staging the same route, and hard work at that.

It is said that a young calf was found in a milk can, which looked rather slippery.

The carpenters of Salem are on a strike for higher wages.

It is rumored that heavy forgeries have been discovered in Baltimore, no names given the party belonging to the "upper ten."

One dollar bills altered to fives and tens of the Mahaiwa Bank at Great Barrington are in circulation.

It is said that a silver vase is to be presented to Edward Riddle, Esq., who acted as U. S. Commissioner at the World's Fair, London, by citizens of Boston of the manufacturer in which he discharged the duties of his office.

The express train ran from Boston to New York last Sunday night in 5 hours and 45 minutes; we have been two days staging the same route, and hard work at that.

It is said that a young calf was found in a milk can, which looked rather slippery.

The carpenters of Salem are on a strike for higher wages.

It is rumored that heavy forgeries have been discovered in Baltimore, no names given the party belonging to the "upper ten."

One dollar bills altered to fives and tens of the Mahaiwa Bank at Great Barrington are in circulation.

It is said that a silver vase is to be presented to Edward Riddle, Esq., who acted as U. S. Commissioner at the World's Fair, London, by citizens of Boston of the manufacturer in which he discharged the duties of his office.

The express train ran from Boston to New York last Sunday night in 5 hours and 45 minutes; we have been two days staging the same route, and hard work at that.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FAIR IN NEW YORK
Letters have been received from Newfoundland, which state that the inhabitants have determined to make up for their lack of representation at the London Fair, by a good show at the New York Fair. It is thought that £500 will be contributed for that purpose by individuals, societies and the Legislature.—Hmong other articles promised from that quarter, is a representation of the Seal Fishery, also specimens of productions, skill, &c., together with an Esquimaux family.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has expressed himself most anxious to assist in any way the furtherance of the Exhibition to be held at New York, without prejudice to the Dublin Exhibition at the same time, and has promised to contribute something in due time.

In some parts of the country persons were killed by chimneys falling through the roofs of houses. At Windsor the large Gasometer of the Royal Gas Company was blown out. It is supposed that the gale was equally severe at sea, and that we shall by the next arrivals have accounts of many shipwrecks.

FANNY PAINE, CASHIER. It is even so Fanny Paine is Cashier of "The Bank of Chicago." Ye old foggy bankers! put on your spectacles or take your detecting glasses, look wise, with pen behind your ear, and read—"Fanny Paine, Cash'r; Ira B. Eddy, Pres't." The President is said to be one of our leading spiritualists, and doubtless has had a "revelation" as to this new and important feature of "Woman's rights."—*Chicago Dem. Press.*

DANGEROUS FLOUR. Patent self-raising Flour is an article entering into very general consumption one thousand barrels being now manufactured at the Croton Mills per month. Its peculiar properties are imparted by incorporating with the flour, during its manufacture, super-carbonate of soda, and tartaric acid in suitable proportions. We hope any incorporation of drugs in flour, the food of the million, will be avoided. A slight mistake in the article might send thousands from the table to their graves. Out with such compounds.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Written for the Journal.
Boston, Jan. 11th, 1853.

MR. EBERTH—I send you an answer to the poetical sum.

3 hours, 10 minutes, 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds running out.

28 4-7 gallons wine.
33 $\frac{1}{2}$ " water.

158 2-21 " New York Porter.

200 gallons.

Yours, &c., COLBURN.

Cambridge Cattle Market.

Wednesday, Jan. 26th, 1853.

122 Cows came over the Fitchburg Rail road; 95 Cars came over the Lowell Rail road.

276 hecrys, oxen and cows, at market.

357 Sheep and Lambs.
117 fat hogs.

Beef, extra-\$50 to \$65 per cwt.; first quality, \$20 to \$50; second quality, \$45 to \$55.

Barrelled Cattle—\$4 to \$5 per cwt.

Cows and Calves—\$5 to \$6.

Sheep and Lambs, extra—\$4 to \$8.

Swine, wholesale, \$2 per lb.

The market lightly stocked, and holds firm; prospect of advances on to-day's prices. Some extra fat oxen sold to day at \$7 and \$7 per cwt.; Cattle in market to-day large and very superior. 10 Cars came this morning, from Rutland, loaded with potatoes.

Brock and Son's Market, Jan. 26.

There is very little change to note in the beef and pork trade since last week. Our stocks are accumulating and we have now a fair supply of all kinds of seasonal goods. Buyers are arriving from the South and South West, and have purchased to a great extent. We look for a very active market in a few weeks. The market for Kip boots are strong and in demand, and at the price Kip Leather is high and tending upward, they are held firm; and in fact, for all kinds of goods full prices are paid. For the California market there is considerable inquiry. The exports to that market have been 433 cases from this port, and 712 cases from New York the past week.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

J. JOSEPH BUSH, watching Watch and Clock Maker, respectfully informs his friends, and the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he has located himself at Edward E. Cooper's Ding Store, Nos. 5 & 6 Wade's Building, where he is engaged in the repairing of watches, clocks, timers, &c., and has a large stock of tools and work intrusted to his care, will be *faithfully* and *promptly* attended to. Having had ten years experience he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of the public favor.

Woburn, Jan. 25th, 1852.

WORCESTER LYCEUM.

The next Lecture before the Lyceum, will be given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 1st, by Mr. Osgood Johnson of Woburn. Lecture to commence at 7 o'clock.

JOHN A. POWLE, Secy.

MARIAGE.

There are moments in this fleeting life
When every pulse beats *lowe*, and the soft air
Is full of fragrance from a purer clime?

In this town, 22d inst., by Rev. Mr. Richer, Mr. Charles L. Skinner to Mrs. Elizabeth R. Mcgee, both of Woburn.

In Reading, Jan. 6th, by Rev. E. W. Clark, Mr. Wandal Bannister to Miss Julia Temple, daughter of Timothy Temple.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;

I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the West.

I saw two summer currents,
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,

In peace and quietness, and calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such as your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat—

Like summer's beam and summer's stream
Float on to joy, to meet.

A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace—

DEATHS.

"And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay."

In this town, 24th inst., Catherine Wholly aged 25.

PENMANSHIP.

The subscriber has lately removed to Salem street within a few doors of Main street.

Ladies and Gentlemen, wishing instruction in Penmanship, will please call on him, on Monday, Nov. 20, 1852, at 3 P.M., or at 3 in the evening.

Nov. 20 " J. A. BOUTELLE.

United States Life Insurance,
Annuity and Trust Company,
OF PENNSYLVANIA,

Capital \$250,000. Cash Payments Exclusively.

NO PREMIUM NOTES, AND NO ASSESSMENTS.

Stephen R. Crawford, Pres't., Charles C. Imay, Sec'y.,
Philly Fisk, Atwng.

Local Books of Reference—Messrs. Beach, Train & Co.

Messrs. J. C. Howe & Co., Messrs. Blanchard & Co.

Messrs. Nash, Callender & Co., J. B. Kimball & Co.

Messrs. George H. Gray & Co., James Read, Esq., Albert

Ferring, Esq., H. M. Howland, Esq., R. E. Forbes, Esq.,

W. G. Green, Dr. George Williams, Gordon, Esq.,

Wm. G. Bassett, Westfield.

The "Mixed System" of Life Insurance adopted by this Company, and the best English Offices, secures all the comforts and advantages of Life and Marine systems.

The Premiums to be paid in Cash, and the present value of Annual Dividends is paid in Cash, on demand, or deducted from future Premiums, at the option of the party insured.

California Life Insurance, and permits for Australia, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands, at Reduced rates of Premium.

GEORGE H. BATES, General Agent,

New England Branch Office, No. 18 Congress St., Boston,

January 20.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscribers has

been granted a license to do business in the name of SUSANNA RICHARDSON, late of Stowham, in the county of Middlesex, Miller, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the sum of £1000, having demands upon the estate of said deceased as required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to W. RICHARDSON, Stowham, Jan. 11th, 1853.

WOOD AND STONE.

THE Subscribers respectfully announces to his friends, and the public, that he has on hand, and for sale Oak, Maple Pine, and various kinds of wood, of every kind and order, which he will deliver on short notice, at the lowest and fairest prices, (also for sale pine lumber.)

Also, that he continues to keep on hand Granite

and other materials for building, and for various

purposes, and that he can obtain it at the lowest

prices.

CALIBR. FRENCU.

W. RICHARDSON, Stowham, Jan. 29.

REMOVAL.

DR. CLOUGH, Surgeon Dentist, has taken rooms in

the first building south of Tremont Temple, and

nearly opposite the Tremont house, where he will have

to see his friends and all those who will need the service of a Dentist.

DR. G. H. DADDY celebrated medicine, for the horse

and other animals, for sale by

W. D. WARREN.

DRUGS.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERIODICALS, &c.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

</div

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

POETRY.

SONG OF THE 17TH CENTURY.
Translated from the French, for the "Journal."

BY LA PLUME.

On the field the brave are sleeping,
By the hearth sad eyes are weeping.
The Lordly Baron in the hall,
His warden on the battled wall,
The humble peasant in his cot,
All mourn to-day their common lot;
A son, a father, brother, slain!
Stretched stark on Creely's bloody plain;
A country's lost! all hope laid low!
Before the Briton's fearful blow!

Prise! for the mighty dead;

Who sleeps on glory's bed,
The field their own blood dyed!

They fought the patriot's fight,
For king and country's right,

Themselves, their country's pride!

Their names like trumpet's sound,

Shall call the brave around,

When again our banner floats!

When Bard their tale shall tell,

Each Frenchman's heart shall swell,

As hearing Clarion notes!

Room for the dead! make room!

'Neath the Cathedral's dome

Let their deep grave be made!

And a marble column rear

That shall tell, this near,

Are freedom's martyrs laid?

Winchester, January, 1853.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the plough must thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive!"

To the Friends of Agriculture in Massachusetts.

The undersigned, a committee appointed for the purpose by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, beg leave respectfully to call your attention to Public Lectures as a means by which much information may be diffused and interest excited in the community on the subject of agriculture. Such lectures are, at the present time one of the most powerful instrumentalities for the advancement of any branch of knowledge, or any measure of reform.

Numerous voluntary organizations existing in all parts of the Commonwealth under the name of Lyceums and similar associations, afford easy and available opportunities for presenting the subjects of agriculture to the people under the form of popular lectures.

It is felt by those to whom the interests of agriculture in this State are now more particularly entrusted, that these opportunities ought to be improved, and that measures should be taken by those friendly to the objects to bring the subject before their respective Lyceums, and other like clubs or institutions, and thus secure lectures on Agriculture, Horticulture, Pomology, and kindred topics.

A majority of the people in nearly all the towns in this Commonwealth are directly interested in these subjects, and it is believed a desire of information in relation to them, will be seen, therefore, that some of the lectures annually given before these various popular societies should be on agriculture, in some of its various departments.

The Committee are aware that it is now late in the year, and that arrangements for lectures on the same have already been generally made, yet they do not on that account feel it less their duty to call attention to the subject, in the hope, that although but few lectures should be secured for the present winter, early and effective arrangements will be made for the next.

Should lectures of a practical character be wanted, applications may be addressed to the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, Boston, with whom, at the request of the committee, the names of several gentlemen have been left, who will perform the service.

AMASA WALKER,
JOHN W. PROCTOR,
EDWARD HITCHCOCK,
Committee of the State Board of Agriculture,
Boston, Dec. 8, 1852.

PUMPKIN SEEDS POISONOUS TO FOWLS.—*Editor Traveller.*—I noticed an article in Saturday's Traveller, taken from the Pittsfield Culturist, entitled "Pumpkin Seeds Poisonous to Fowls," in which the writer says, that having boiled a quantity of pumpkin seeds with sweet apples, and potatoes, and mashed them with meal, he fed it to his fowls and lost thirty or forty of them, ducks, turkeys and chickens.

If the writer in the Culturist will try the experiment of boiling pumpkins seeds with sweet apples, meal and mashed potatoes, I think he will find the poisonous properties obviated. Or if he will boil a quantity of potatoes, unpeeled, drain the water from them, and when cold apply the same to cattle troubled with lice, he will find it an effectual cure, and less dangerous and unpleasant to the animal than most applications made for this purpose. The writer of this paragraph has tried this application upon young neat stock with invariable success. The poisonous properties complained of in the pumpkin seeds, are undoubtedly in the skin of the potatoes.

Yours, W. P. W.

APPLE TREES NEAR STONE WALLS.—A writer in the Journal of Agriculture, says he has seen orchards in which a row of trees nearest a stone wall, produced more than two rows in the middle of the orchard. He recommends border walls with trees, where it may be convenient and desirable, as their roots will extend under them, and use the nourishment which accumulates there, and which is not given to other crops. This plant would be as well as useful along many of the New England farms.

BALLS.—Swell half a pound with a roll of lemon peel until it is divided into five parts, an apple, core, and hole filled with sugar, in each heap, tying them tightly in separate cloths. Boil for an hour, and serve with pudding sauce.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garnets Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Fowle,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,

JOB PRINTER.

Agent for all the principal

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

SUFFOLK COUNTY MILLS'

Flour and Feed, of all Grades.

Wheat Meal, Grouts, Corn Meal, Rye,

Flour, Oil Meal and Rice Meal,

Corn, Rye and Oats,

Constantly on hand, at No. 2 Eastern Railroad Wharf, Commercial Street, Boston, adjoining Suffolk County Mills.

dec 110 J. D. SWEET.

Gage & Fowle,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE on hand a complete stock of Overcoats, Prince Paulsotry, Vestings and Rich Furnishing Goods.

J. R. GAGE, Woburn, December 4, 1852. ff

N. W. WYMAN, JR.,

DEALER IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

No. 8 Wade's Building, WOBURN.

oct 18 ff

JOHN HAMMOND,

REAL ESTATE BROKER,

No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,

oct 18 BOSTON. ff

M. A. STEVENS,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.

Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn, ff

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

75 Nassau Street,

mar 27 ff NEW YORK.

THOMPSON & TIDDE,

NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,

Crockery and Glass Ware,

Paper Hanging, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

oct 18 ff

O T I S & B A I L E Y,

HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS,

GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,

DEALERS IN Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass.

Geo. H. OTIS, WOBURN. JAMES B. BAILEY.

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf, Boston.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention.

oct 15 ff

MENZIES & WHITE,

DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street,

Next Door to the Adams House, Boston.

One Price... All Representations Warranted.

jan 24 ff

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

oct 25 ff

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCHESTER & BOSTON

DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leaves Boston at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WINCHESTER.—Border boxes at the Union Stores, and A. Taylor's Store, BOSTON.—Thayer, Howe, and Homest, 3 & 5 South Side Franklin Hill, Hill, Candler, & Co's, 27 South Market Street, Boston.

jan 17 ff

EDWARD E. COOPER,

DEALER IN FANCY GOODS,

Chemicals, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs

No. 5 & 6 Wade's Buildings, WOBURN.

oct 18 ff

Newell's Patent Safety Lamp

AND LAMP FEEDER.

A NEW ARTICLE, WARRANTED TO INSTALL ACCORDING to the use of Burning Fluid, Camphene, and all other Explosive Compounds used for the production of light.

This invention is applied to SILVER, BRASS, BRITANNIA, GILT, and all other kinds of LAMPS and LAMP FEEDERS.

Also—NEWELL'S AROMATIC BURNING FLUID, an article which burns with clear and beautiful light, leaving no smoke, and free from any disagreeable odor, and is entirely free from Camphene or Spirits of Turpentine.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by NEWELL, CALDWELL & COFFIN, No. 8 Winter street, Boston.

The following certificate is a sufficient guarantee of the safety and efficacy of the Safety Lamp and Feeder.

CERTIFICATE.

We have had an opportunity to test the Patent Safety Lamp and Lamp Feeder of Mr. Newell, and are satisfied with the construction and the quality of the lamp.

In the trials to which we subjected the lamp, we endeavored, without effort, to produce explosions of the vapor of the fluid mixed with air, and to burst the glass of the lamp, but were unable to do so.

The principle adopted by Mr. Newell is that of the well known Davy Lamp. He has so combined the parts that we are satisfied that all risk of explosive action is removed.

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D., AUG. 1, 1852.

Assessor of State of Mass

Boston, Aug. 20, 1852.

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

oct 18 ff

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

jan 20 ff

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN,

DEALERS IN EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS,

6 Hanover Street,

BOSTON NORTH OF COURT STREET, BOSTON.

NOV. 6 ff

BALLS.—Swell half a pound with a roll of lemon peel until it is divided into five parts, an apple, core, and hole filled with sugar, in each heap, tying them tightly in separate cloths. Boil for an hour, and serve with pudding sauce.

BAYRS & FAIRBANKS:

STATIONERS.

—AND—

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

No. 195 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.

oct 18 ff

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

NO. 17.

POETRY

Written for the Journal.

LINES

Written on the blank leaf of a young Lady's Prayer Book.

Father, in the hour of need
My thoughts I raise to Thee;
Be thou my guardian, Then my guide,
From sin my soul keep free.

When sorrows press my weary heart,
And anguish fills my breast;
Here may I find a sweet relief,
When evening's hour invites to rest.

And when the morning sun appears,
My daily path to light;
Or, may the sun of righteousness,
Dispel the clouds of night.

That sin around my heart has thrown,
'Gainst which I oft have striven,
Assured that if I always strive,
My path will lead to heaven.

Town; ye'll need one now, sartain, as my name's Simon Spunk."

"Now, Simon, you are joking. I came down here to see if I could not hire you to come and live with my mother, and take care of our garden, and chores about. Mr. Lord thought it would be a good place for you; you can earn more than you do here, and have a good home as long as you live, perhaps, Come, Simon, won't you go?"

"Mr. Green, are you in earnest?—do you mean what you say?—I have a home, why, that's enough without wages,—have wages besides—yes, Mr. Green, will you have me now, really, I didn't know but you was going to act like Mr. Howe—I didn't mean anything—*I* know you wouldn't do anything bad—what day can I go, Alfred—I want to go—I am acquainted with your mother, and I shall be so glad to have a home."

"I will come for you, Simon, day after tomorrow morning; now you be ready, because I have got a good heap of work to do in the garden, and I want to tell you all about it, before I go away."

Simon ran to the house, shut himself up in his room, and began to think he had been dreaming. To have a home, thought Simon, is enough, when I can feel happy; not have to work, as I now do, all hours, just for a little more than my board. I don't blame Alfred for going to the city of Philadelphia, if it makes him feel as happy as I do. But Alfred leaves a good home, and a kind mother. I am all alone in the world; but then, I feel so happy, I'll go right out and tell the workmen all about it; those that were out when Mr. Green came to see me. But if I do, they'll laugh at me. I am really afraid I shall act like Mr. Howe, if I don't mind. Now, I'll come up to old Howe. I won't answer him if he speaks to me."

In this way, Simple Simon ran on, walking the floor of his little room with his hands in his pockets, and laughing heartily, at the time, and drop in to Esquire Leslie's and see about Cady. Why! she's just putting on her bonnet to call on Etty; she thinks Mr. Howe will be at Boston, and, though she had thought she now could go to the house again, yet her errand was such this time, she yet, for herself capable of delivering it.

She hastened to Mr. Howe's, found Etty in the garden. Etty took Cady up stairs into her own private room. As soon as they were comfortably seated, Etty exclaimed:

"Why, Cady, I did not know but you were dead with fright; I have not seen you since the night father made his grand appearance in the avenue. You are alive, Cady, I see."

"Yes, Etty, your Father will not be so foolish as to let you go to him; but he, how fond we were of him; but God has taken him too. Oh! how many changes; it seems ones are not permitted to feel the rude touch of the world. It appears to me, Cady, God always calls the most beautiful away; I have often thought how true this saying was, 'death loves a shining mark.' I have known those I could wish to remain always near me—those who were patterns of the pure in heart, so full of simplicity, so charitable in all their ways; but alas! death would suddenly snatch them from me when I wished their stay, and needed their heavenly instructions. Don't you remember our dear Sabbath School teacher, Cady? oh, how many hours have I wept when memory brought to mind the hours she has spent in endeavoring to teach me the things pertaining to our future existence, and how soon she bid adieu to earth. And see how singular it is, Cady,—just see the opposite to such as I have described; see the man God has been pleased to prosper in worldly matters, and the more blessings heaven showers down upon him, the more ungrateful he is. And when I consider how short a time we are to be here, (though we come to three score and ten,) I am lost to know how the heart can grow so calloused. Oh, could I but feel as I did one year ago—though I have a far different home—though I have finer clothing—though servants cook my meat—though I feast upon dainties, yet I still have twenty young hearts to rejoice; and she thought of one she loved, who was away from her, and thought how unhappy he would be, if he had happened to be poor, and her father should conduct himself so ungenerous as Etty's father did. But I must prepare to go to Mrs. Green's, and meet my dear friend; I cannot realize that Alfred is to leave Glen Orr.

"Well, quite well, Alfred; they will be surprised to hear the news for them."

"I think they will be for having the plan put in execution, Cady—and they may not be so much surprised, as you imagine; I feel I owe a good part of my good fortune (in having such kind friends rise up in my behalf,) to your father; but I must go to the shop and arrange matters there; I've much to do, in a short time, Cady, so good morning—come down to mother's, if you can."

Alfred hurried to his workshop, told his companions of his intentions, who felt rejoiced to think he had such good friends; but felt they should miss him more than any other man in the village.

Old Simple Simon, who was jobbing about as he could do but little, overheard the conversation, went up to Alfred, and looking up into his face quite gravely, said:

"So you are going to be above the workshop, eh? Well, they say there never was such an age as this we live in, and I believe it. There never was such a time in our town, since I was a boy; all you folks running head over heels into the city, after business; some of ye'll wish ye had let the city folks alone, one of these days. I thought ye'r was somebody, Mr. Green; ye'r don't know how sorry I be, to think you're so foolish."

"Why, Simon, you would like me to earn more money to make my good mother comfortable in her old age, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, but you'll soon be like the rest of my old shopmates; so cuffed, ye can't use a chap decent, and you know it has had rather bad effect on our neighbors, especially those that go from home. But I have been thinking that you and Mr. Howe ought to have been made to work a few days longer at your trade, before you left."

"What for, Simon?"

"Why, ye'll both be as crazy as bears, if ye prosper, and ye ought to have put up a little Hospital for yourselves before you left."

"Yes, Mrs. Green, it is hard for you to part with him, but he'll be in such a good family. He is, I understand, to board in Mr. L's family; that will make it pleasant for him. No one could wish a more orderly man than is Mr. Hiram Lord; no one could lose, but gain good qualities under his charge."

Just at this moment Alfred and Etty, who had been absent during this conversation, entered; and Etty, who had a little basket of flowers she had been gathering in the garden, emptied them in Cady's apron.

The girls began to fill two neat little vases with the flowers, while Mrs. Green went on to say she hoped Alfred would return and live happily again with them, and said she should be so lonely at first she hoped they would remember her.

"You may rest assured," said the girls, "we shall visit you often; our calls shall be more frequent, and you will hear from Alfred every week. Father and Mr. Lord both take a paper printed at P——, and such good friends as you have got, Mrs. Green, you cannot but be happy."

"Yes, I have many things to comfort me, thank the Lord. I believe God will do all things right, and my prayer is, that Alfred may become a good, useful, and above all, a Christian man."

The young ladies bade Mrs. Green a good evening, and Alfred walked up the street with them, and returned soon, leaving Etty at Esquire Leslie's.

Cady and Etty found they had an hour that they could spend together, and they wended their way to a little corner in Cady's father's orchard, where they used, in their younger days, to meet and talk over their many pleasant engagements. In this little secluded corner they took seats, and began to recall their past days. Etty's heart was full to overflowing as she broke forth:

"Dear Cady, how many times we have sat here together! Do you think Perley and Alfred will ever sit with us in this little corner again?"

"I hope so, Etty; I feel God will order all things aright, and I feel he will at least give you and Alfred many long years of undisturbed enjoyment."

"Oh! Cady, how many scenes we've passed through, and what changes we've met since we learned to love this little quiet place. Oh, I sometimes think I should be ready to leave all our earthly enjoyments, if I could only see all the sweet faces that have met with us in this little retired spot. You remember that sweet little Emma Vale, who used to spy us from the road, and come running and skipping over the fields to that little place—Dear little one, how beautiful she was! but she's gone from all earth's joys and troubles."

"Well, Etty, your Father will not be so foolish as to let you go to him; but he, how fond we were of him; but God has taken him too. Oh! how many changes; it seems ones are not permitted to feel the rude touch of the world. It appears to me, Cady, God always calls the most beautiful away; I have often thought how true this saying was, 'death loves a shining mark.' I have known those I could wish to remain always near me—those who were patterns of the pure in heart, so full of simplicity, so charitable in all their ways; but alas! death would suddenly snatch them from me when I wished their stay, and needed their heavenly instructions. Don't you remember our dear Sabbath School teacher, Cady? oh, how many hours have I wept when memory brought to mind the hours she has spent in endeavoring to teach me the things pertaining to our future existence, and how soon she bid adieu to earth. And see how singular it is, Cady,—just see the opposite to such as I have described; see the man God has been pleased to prosper in worldly matters, and the more blessings heaven showers down upon him, the more ungrateful he is. And when I consider how short a time we are to be here, (though we come to three score and ten,) I am lost to know how the heart can grow so calloused. Oh, could I but feel as I did one year ago—though I have a far different home—though I have finer clothing—though servants cook my meat—though I feast upon dainties, yet I still have twenty young hearts to rejoice; and she thought of one she loved, who was away from her, and thought how unhappy he would be, if he had happened to be poor, and her father should conduct himself so ungenerous as Etty's father did. But I must prepare to go to Mrs. Green's, and meet my dear friend; I cannot realize that Alfred is to leave Glen Orr.

"Well, quite well, Alfred; they will be surprised to hear the news for them."

"I think they will be for having the plan put in execution, Cady—and they may not be so much surprised, as you imagine; I feel I owe a good part of my good fortune (in having such kind friends rise up in my behalf,) to your father; but I must go to the shop and arrange matters there; I've much to do, in a short time, Cady, so good morning—come down to mother's, if you can."

Cady returned home with a light heart, for she felt she was engaged in a plan that would cause two young hearts to rejoice; and she thought of one she loved, who was away from her, and thought how unhappy he would be, if he had happened to be poor, and her father should conduct himself so ungenerous as Etty's father did. But I must prepare to go to Mrs. Green's, and meet my dear friend; I cannot realize that Alfred is to leave Glen Orr.

"So you are going to be above the workshop, eh? Well, they say there never was such an age as this we live in, and I believe it. There never was such a time in our town, since I was a boy; all you folks running head over heels into the city, after business; some of ye'll wish ye had let the city folks alone, one of these days. I thought ye'r was somebody, Mr. Green; ye'r don't know how sorry I be, to think you're so foolish."

"Why, Simon, you would like me to earn more money to make my good mother comfortable in her old age, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, but you'll soon be like the rest of my old shopmates; so cuffed, ye can't use a chap decent, and you know it has had rather bad effect on our neighbors, especially those that go from home. But I have been thinking that you and Mr. Howe ought to have been made to work a few days longer at your trade, before you left."

"What for, Simon?"

"Why, ye'll both be as crazy as bears, if ye prosper, and ye ought to have put up a little Hospital for yourselves before you left."

what it was to be poor, appear so ludicrous? Their interest money, is more than your father's principal. Do not all the working class respect, yes they love them, and endeavor to please them, and show their best manners when they meet with them. See Mr. Lord, he'll go along talking away to some workman whom he may chance to meet, even laughing heartily at Simple Simon's logic, and when our children had a floral procession, the garden of Mr. Lord, was filled with children, of all classes, waiting for their baskets to be filled with flowers. I fear your father has not learned the right way to make friends, and they would love him. But all love you, dear Etty, and the villagers would have pained you at your father's inconsistency. But see, Etty, the sun is hiding its bright face in the west, and let us be on our way to your house, as your father may feel irritable, should he come from the city and find you absent."

The friends separated, and Etty arrived at home a few minutes after her father, he had come a little earlier than was his custom.

"Well Etty," said Mr. H., "I fear you will not be prepared to receive your guest tomorrow evening." "Who is it, father? I had forgotten we were to have any one in particular." "You know who," said Susan, "didn't father tell you, John is going to bring home a young gentleman from Boston, to-morrow night, and I hope you'll try to act like somebody, you are so impolite. That gentleman thinks of boarding here awhile, I mean visiting."

"Well, I never was impolite to any one, to my knowledge," said Etty, "true, I don't boast of much manners, I think I deal civilly however, with most folks; but I dare say, if that city gent, as you call him, stops here, or boards here awhile, between you both, I may learn manners. And if he is as interesting in conversation, and as sound in general matters as your pretty self, I must become quite polished in a short time. I will take great care to watch all his movements, so when he is away, and I wish to put on city airs, or make city expressions, or look cityified, I shan't make a blunder, if I do, I shall become a city's laughing stock, and it would have been much better to have appeared after the manners of Glen Orr, which I have got to perfection."

"You never will be anything on earth, Etty, but an innocent creature."

"You get yourself ready, Etty for company to-morrow morning, John may come out in the morning, should he do so, his friend will be with him, and let me see you behave yourself, and not act so like a dunce, you'll never be anything, child, don't let me see such conduct and idle talk from you."

"Why father, we have a fine house, plenty of rooms in it, enough to eat and drink, and various kinds of amusements, I don't know what I can do to add to that strange young man's happiness."

"You can do a great deal," said Mr. Howe, "and see to it you do as I command you."

"Well, I have an engagement in the morning, and I shall attend to it, mother, John, Harry, and Emma, Stephen, (the hired man,) and the cook and chambermaid, will be enough to divert the attention of that young gentleman, until I return."

"Why father, we have a fine house, plenty of rooms in it, enough to eat and drink, and various kinds of amusements, I don't know what I can do to add to that strange young man's happiness."

"You can do a great deal," said Mr. Howe, "and see to it you do as I command you."

"Well, I have an engagement in the morning, and I shall attend to it, mother, John, Harry, and Emma, Stephen, (the hired man,) and the cook and chambermaid, will be enough to divert the attention of that young gentleman, until I return."

"They took passage in the ship Moses Wheeler, which arrived last week, after a stormy and tedious voyage having been long and anxiously expected. Day after day he had watched for their coming, until hope deferred had made his heart sick when the welcome announcement that the ship had arrived reached his ears. He immediately proceeded to meet and greet his loved ones, and convey them home; but was met by the terrible announcement that his wife and six children had died during the passage over, and he was left alone! It is seldom that we are called upon to chronicle a sadder bereavement. Alas!

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions!"

A SHAKER MARRIAGE. The members of the Shaker fraternity are strictly forbidden to marry, holding marriage to be the original sin; but Cupid is sometimes stronger than Mother Earth, and parties run off to tie the fatal knot.

On the 12th instant, a male and female, belonging to a society between Syracuse and Troy, having become enamored of each other, determined to escape from a place where they were denied the privilege of entering into wedlock. They accordingly repaired to Syracuse with flying speed, and soon had all the necessary preliminaries arranged for a marriage.

The great broad brimmed hat and Shaker dress was taken from the man, and a fashionable suit of black given him in exchange, and the female was arrayed in a neat fitting dress of the latest and most approved Parisian style. Thus rigged, they presented themselves before the hymenial altar, and were made one flesh. A happier couple, those in attendance state, they never saw.

The gentleman's name was L. J. Wicks, and the lady's Rosetta Hayes, and their ages respectively were 38 and 17. Rosetta is pronounced a lady of uncommon beauty of person, as well as of great cultivation of mind.

After their marriage the bridegroom related

that his experience as a Shaker, and the peculiar rights he was bound to obey. As a part

of his experience, he stated that he had never

kissed a girl in his life, until he kissed Rosetta, about forty-eight hours before their marriage.

They started yesterday for Louisville, Ky.,

where they expect to spend the honeymoon.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Jones Hugh, s. of Hugh and Hannah, b. July 7th.

Pearson Mary, d. of Kendall and Lydia, born Jan. 2d.

Carter Deborah, d. of Jabez and Abigail, born July 17th.

Tompson Benjamin, s. of James and Abigail, b. March 6th.

Simonds Esther, d. of Nathan and Esther, b. Feb. 1st.

Wood Joseph, s. of Samuel and Elizabeth, b. Oct. 30th.

Kendall Jesse, s. of Samuel and Elizabeth, b. May 15th.

Kendall Susanna, d. of Joseph and Susanna, b. July 24th.

Eames Samuel, s. of Samuel and Judith, born June 28th.

Lock Jonas, s. of William and Jemima, born Jan. 13th.

Wyman John, s. of Solomon and Mary, born July 23d.

1728.

Baldwin Luke, s. of Isaac and Mary, b. Dec. 23d.

Cutter Jonathan, s. of

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1853

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HERMIT."—Our old friend gives us a touching history of his flowers; the "Æolian Harp," is indeed beautiful.

"PUBLICO."—We are much obliged to you for your kind expressions for the "Journal;" our subscription list is very respectable, still there is room for more.

"REPORTER."—Your report of the "Levee," is very interesting, it must have been quite a gathering, and no doubt good results will follow. We are pleased with your graphic description of the citizens of Burlington, and shall be better pleased by finding more names on our subscription for the "Journal."

"*****."—We do not think it possible to publish the lines you send us, they are too long for the columns of the "Journal," one line would make one and a half, which would spoil the piece, and take more room than we can at present spare; we should be pleased to publish them if possible.

"BONNIE LASSIE."—Your answers to "Colburn," you will see were errors; in our remarks about plain writing, &c., we had no reference to you; we give you credit for your writing and punctuation, we find no difficulty in reading your communications; your other remarks are duly noticed.

EDITORIAL.

LIVING WITHOUT MEANS.

Society, in our cities, is composed of a heterogeneous mass of individuals, who live and move on this habitable globe either by means or without it. That there are parties who live without means, no one conversant with every day life will deny; the question is, how do they live?

We do not take the laboring man, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow; he has ample means—his strong arms and "huge paws," active by his industrious habits, are sufficient for him to live. We do not ask the wealthy; they mingle with the masses, but live as they please.

There are to be found those who float on the upper current of life, because they are *light*, and seem by *anæsthesia* whatever they can gently put these delicate fingers on; they live and move by being *hitched* on to society, held by some mysterious magnet, which draws in the rough steel as well as the refined.

The outward appearance of the human character assumes many different forms, and it requires a very close observer to discover its true colors. We find many cases daily where men make their appearance in society, with all the outward show and *notion* which would entitle a gentleman to confidence; if he comes with a sounding title, he is received and potted before his claims to merit are weighed in the balance of discretion. If he can pronounce Broadway or Washington street with dignity, and gallant the ladies in their "going a-shopping," he gets to be the "observed of all observers." He runs his time—the means by which he lives grows stale; the tailor, the shoemaker, and the boarding bills soon unravel the means whereby he lives.

There are men, fashionable men, who have for years daily paraded the fashionable promenades, dressed in the D'Orsay style, nodding and receiving the smiles of the prominent classes in society, who are two hasty in judging by outward appearance. These men live by the means of others; they hang on like leeches, and live upon what they draw from their victims. Idleness is one of the worst of vices; from it come a great share of the principles which are so corrupting to the young. Modern society encourages, by flattery and attentions, those men of leisure who live without means. Many of our young men leave the plough or workshop, and seek employment in a city; they make the acquaintance of these leisure men, and are initiated into the sequel of living without means; it is so easy and captivating they cannot resist the allurements. The fatal error of their lives lies at the hour they quitted the farm and workshop, thinking to better their condition in our cities.

The farmer and mechanic are the noble oaks which rear their heads above the surface of modern society, and the time will yet come when the strong arm of agriculture and the mechanic arts will be the main sine qua non to sustain the body. Young men, without the aid of wealth or friends to sustain them, should be cautious how they leave the parental roof, for a city life. Better toil on the old farm, or work in the old shop, than hazard the temptations and misery of a life in a city, without means.

Fortune is a fickle goddess, but she generally rewards the industrious man; many devotees follow after her in borrowed trapings, but never reach the goal. David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a ploughboy, covered his plough and fence with figures and calculations. The mind is the compass; the magnet should be true.

"We are authorized to say that the stock in the contemplated Bank, to be located in this town, is not all taken up. It is obvious that it is impossible for those who are engaged in soliciting subscriptions, to call upon every person personally—and it being desirable that all who wish for the stock, and are citizens of Woburn, should be accommodated. Therefore the subscription book will be left for a short time at Thompson & Tidd's store, where persons who wish for the stock can subscribe."

A petition was presented in the Legislature last Monday, for a law prohibiting the sale of tobacco and cigars.

LYCEUM.

We are happy to announce that for our next Lyceum Lecturer we are to have the Rev. R. C. Waterston, of Boston. He will take for his subject his recent travels in Scotland, and we feel that we hardly need assure our readers that the lecture will be full of interest.

The Lyceum Committee have decided to issue tickets for the remainder of the course at 12¢ cents, hoping thereby to dispose of a good many, so as to enable them to procure some extra lectures, and should the treasury warrant it, they will probably secure the services of Hon. Asaon Burlingame, and some other distinguished lecturers before the Lyceum, thus making the course to consist of some 14 or 15 Lectures, and all for 50 cents.

The Lecture last Tuesday evening, before our Lyceum, by Mr. Johnson, Preacher of Warren Academy, was listened to by a large and attentive audience. The Lecture was one of the best of the course, evincing both thought and research. The subject was well chosen, being of itself interesting and important, and we wish there was not such a scarcity in this world of persons who evidently do not appreciate the valuable suggestions and thoughts uttered by the Lecturer.

IMPORTANT. The last British mail steamer brought important despatches from our Minister in London, containing propositions for settling all questions of dispute between this country and England, including reciprocal trade, the Fisheries, Free Navigation of the St. Lawrence, and the Central American Question. These questions appear to be in a fair way of being shortly settled. We hope so.

SOCIAL PARTIES.—These pleasant gatherings are becoming very fashionable. They are generally managed by the ladies, who provide in fine style, all that is necessary to make the evening pass agreeably. We notice cards are out for a social party in Burlington, on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst. We have no doubt it will be well attended and afford abundance of pleasure. Simond's Quadrille Band will discourse good music during the evening.

ICE TRADE.—A large ice house is being erected at the Richardson depot, to hold two thousand tons, and is fast filling up from Horn Pond. We are not informed whether the supply for Woburn, is to come from it; we suppose it is intended for shipping, but we do know that our citizens were charged much too high price last season for ice, and we think it would be a good business for some one to start an ice house for supplying Woburn and vicinity. Our citizens would no doubt agree to patronize any person who would commence the business, rather than charge as they were last seen on, the business would increase, and it offers sufficient inducements for some one to try it.

We don't like to find fault with the management at the railroad depot, unless matters are of serious inconvenience to the public. Our attention has been called to inconveniences by allowing horses and carriages to block up the passage in front of the depot. It is at times nearly impossible for passengers to get out of the depot. There should be posts set to prevent horses coming on the sidewalk. The ladies especially are much incommoded, and we hope to see it regulated.

Young men from the country must look sharp when they visit Boston and New York in search of business. A fraudulent Express Company in New York, had induced a number of young men to advance \$200, in expectation of being employed by this company, which proved a fraud, and they lost their money. Recently in Boston, some 6 or 8 young men from the country, applied to a certain party for employment. They agreed to find places for them within a week, by their paying one dollar each. The money to be returned, if the situations were not obtained. They neither obtained situations, nor was their money returned. Better remain on the old farm, and stick to the work shop.

Hon. Edward Everett has been elected Senator from this State for six years, to fill the place of Hon. John Davis. No better choice could have been made. We esteem Mr. Everett one of the most accomplished Statesmen in this or any other country.

A petition is in circulation, numerously signed by citizens of Woburn, Winchester, and other towns, in aid of the Petition of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, now before the Legislature, for leave to extend their depot in Boston, nearer to the centre of business. This is a very desirable object, and we hope the petition will be granted. The depot in Boston is behind the times, and unless it is improved, and carried nearer the business part of the city, the road will lose a good share of passengers.

The Fourth of March is close at hand. Congress will have to work hard to finish up the business now before them. The private claims stand a poor chance this session; they never have stood much of a chance in any session. The French Spoilation Bill will not probably be reached, and from present appearances never will be.

DESTRUCTION OF RUM IN WOBURN.—The side-walk near the depot, was the scene of a no doubt sad disappointment, last Tuesday evening. A female who had probably been to the moral city of Boston and purchased a jug of rum, by some accident broke the jug, the contents of which ran into the gutter, its proper receptacle. It left a stain on the side-walk, the fragrance from which was not very pleasant to foot passengers. This is the first public spilling of the "critter" in Woburn. We are happy to say it passed off quietly.

A petition was presented in the Legislature last Monday, for a law prohibiting the sale of tobacco and cigars.

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

We have nothing very remarkable to note, the past week, the weather continues mild, business generally dull, as we must expect it at this season.

The wife of ex-President Tyler, has written a long and able letter, in reply to the address of the Duchess of Sutherland, to the women of America. It is very sharp, and presents some keen retorts upon the nobility, which shuts its eyes to the oppression and misery, daily seen at its own door, and seeks to sweep over the injustice in our happy country; "first cast out the beam out of thine own eye," is a sacred injunction, but not always followed.

A Mr. Evans of Lowell, complained of his wife for breaking glass and cutting off the head of his portrait; the court fined her \$8, which he, the husband had to pay; better kept till.

The affairs of Mexico are in a bad state, the insurgents have taken the strong castle of San Juan d' Ulloa, which commands the entrance to Vera Cruz.

The growing importance of the United States attracting the attention of the whole world, and Japan in particular.

A Sunday evening mail, to end from Boston to New York, is to be established.

Judge Cushing has recovered his health and again taken his seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court.

The Hon. A. H. Buell, member of Congress from the State of New York, died in Washington, last Sunday morning.

Numerous petitions for and against the repeal of the Liquor Law, are daily presented in the House of Representatives.

A carpenter's shop was burned in East Cambridge, last Monday.

Dr. Morse's barn in Watertown, was burnt last Sunday, several tons of hay together with carriages and other property, loss \$1500; no doubt the work of an incendiary.

Eugen Sue, the fictitious novel writer, is publishing a new novel; such writers do more harm than good.

The Temperance Alliance, of New York, have prepared a liquor law of fifty-four sections, which they intend to urge the Legislature to pass.

Two new brick cotton manufactories, are about to be built in Manchester, N. H., of one million capital each.

The carriage to be presented to Gen. Pierce, is nearly ready, it is said to be a republican coach, the horses and trappings are purchased, the whole will be in Boston on the 21st inst.

Roswell Hood, recovered at the court New Haven, \$6000 damages against the New Haven Railroad Co., for breaking his leg.

One of the men, engaged in rescuing the slave Jerry, at Albany, has been tried and found guilty.

The passage from Albany to New York, by the Harlem Railroad, is reduced to \$1, this is the result of competition.

Gen. W. H. Sumner has presented to the East Boston Tree Association, two lots of land valued at \$6000. This is a solid donation.

It is reported that Kossoff is about to pay a visit to America, thinking to influence Gen. Pierce in favor of intervention. He had better remain at home.

The scarlet fever and throat distemper is very prevalent; many children have died the last week in Walham.

Flour is selling at San Francisco for \$38 per barrel, pork for \$40 per barrel. Gold dust should be plenty, with such high prices for food.

There were 72 whaling vessels and 16 merchantmen in the port of Honolulu, on the 4th of December last. The Sandwich Islands are becoming very important in our whaling business. We must annex them.

There are 1,100,613 children, between the ages of 4 and 21 years, in the several School Districts of the State of New York; \$32,481 have been taught, during some portion of the year, in the common Schools, at an expense of \$2,249,814, and \$90,000 were expended for libraries; nearly \$478,000 for schoolhouses. Education is the adamantine chain which binds our union.

6,600 emigrants arrived in New York, the last month.

There were 364 deaths in New York, the last week.

Over \$7,000 has been raised in New York, for relieving the inhabitants of Madeira, who are in a starving condition; Boston has also contributed largely.

The Committee of the Senate of Ohio, have reported a liquor law; doubts are expressed of its passage.

The State of Ohio, is erecting a magnificent marble State House, at Columbus, which when finished, will cost \$1,000,000.

The tolls on the Charlestown bridges, will have to be revived, to raise funds to keep them in repair; 6,480 vessels passed the draw of Charles river bridge, the last year.

We do not find any matter of much local importance in our legislation the past week. The order respecting the opinion of the Supreme Court, as to the constitutionality of the Liquor Law, was taken from the Committee of the House, and referred to the special Committee, on the petition of T. F. Perkins and others. The people look with much interest for their report.

There is nothing new in our own vicinity, the ice business is brisk, a large ice house just erected near the railroad at the Richardson depot, is filling fast, from Horn Pond.

Where is the Clinton Courant have not seen it but once the last three weeks.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

THE HERMIT.

This is one of the most delightful days of winter that I have ever experienced; the sun has all the warmth of spring. My little cottage windows are almost curtained over by the variety of flowers which I have placed to receive the enlivening rays of the sun. I have my inside flower garden for the winter, which I cultivate with the same pleasure I experience in summer; they are now just beginning to put forth buds. I have my lilies, various in colors as the beautiful rainbow; my roses are putting forth their blossoms—they are emblems of life. I have before me which has just opened its pure and beautiful leaves; I look on it with admiration. I read a lesson from its perfume, as it reminds me of the first breath of innocence—its pure leaves tell me of the clear surface of the youthful mind, when it unfolds its beauty, and receives its impressions. The rude hand of thoughtlessness can easily destroy its future fragrance, or the contagious breath of some destroyer, as he presses its leaves to his lips, can blast its lovely blossom. Roses are the beautiful delineations of the four seasons of life; how I love to study them! In my little collection I have some sweetly thorny; they are of seasons when the world goes gayly on—when the sun of prosperity shines clear and warm; when friendships are pure, and life is full of attractions. I have others, which I call my meridian roses; the leaves are still beautiful, but the colors are not as bright, and the verdure of the leaves are tinged with time, and thorns have become hard and prickly. I have others which, when fully grown, look placid and pale, these I call the companions of age; they are at present my favorite rose; their fragrance is somewhat dull, but they sustain the feeble stems of others, and mark, by their evidently experienced blossoms, the straight paths in which they have grown to maturity, while others have been trodden under foot.

I cannot tell you of all my flowers and plants, which decorate my cottage. I have one which does not blossom—it rears its head above the rest, and claims its ancient position; it is the fig tree. Its leaves are now spread large and full, and as I sit and read from this natural group, the fig tree carries me to events far back in the distant scenes of the world, when the fig tree bore leaves for clothing, and when it was broken by the way side. My little tree has signs of fruit; it is the emblem of oriental life.

You will, perhaps, say the old man is losing the energy of his mind. Nature is beginning to decay, and like most aged persons, he begins to dwell on trifles, and seems to twine around him all the little pleasures derived from viewing the simple flowers, as they blossom in his windows, while the warm rays of the bright sun are spreading their influences in calming his feelings, as the mind is, like the candle in the socket, flickering its rapid decay.

No, Sir; that mysterious gem of the intellect which grows brighter as it grapples with the mighty obstacles of life, still moves onward with me in its destined course, and although it reads a lesson of life from the flowers of nature's garden, and touches the simple chords of existence which connect us with the future, it is no sign of decay. The candle which burns in the socket emits brighter sparks than when in full burning, and the gorgeous colors of the rainbow are more beautiful as they are receding from our view, and the sun more splendid as it is reclining in the clear and boundless west.

Call me simple, if you will; my old eyes can yet face the mirror in which I see the image of my Maker, and I can yet hear the voice of nature as she proclaims through all her works, that nothing is made in vain. I am speaking of the voice of nature; have you ever heard it on the Aeolian harp? I have one made by my old hands in the hour of leisure; it is placed in my south window, which lights the small bed-room where I at night rest my weary limbs; the south wind plays upon it most sweetly. Can I describe to you the music of the wind as it sweeps gently over the silken chords of my Aeolian harp? it is the voice of nature—it comes pure and sacred from the Being who made it; it speaks to me as it touches those chords like an invisible voice of inspiration—the sweet song of devotion, calming all the feelings of the human bosom, as they mingle with the spirits while they are retiring to rest. I wake in the silent hours of the night, and the soft music of that harp still meets the ear; it is ever playing its romantic sounds, for the player is exhausted. Have you ever heard the sounds of old ocean waves, as they dash upon its rock-bound shore; it is the voice of the waters, murmuring at the decree, that "Thus far thou shalt come, and no further." The deafening sounds of Niagara, as the foaming waters play in fantastic eddies in its basin, sends over its majestic sounds, like the artillery of nature, when she seems angry in the clouds; all these are proofs of our Creator's power. But the song of the Aeolian harp, in the silent hours of the night, as its soft sounds rise and fall with the evening wind—now shrill with music, and then dying in the distance, as the wind recedes, is to me, the still small voice of God, coming like the call to Moses, from the burning bush. You must listen to its melody in the quiet hours of the forest, in order to realize its charms.

If there should be left to me, in my old age, the choice of guardian angels to guide me in the last moments of life, I would wish my rural chamber, my cherished plants, the Aeolian harp, the pure south wind, and while the silken chords are sending forth their sweet Aeolian music, and the fragrance of those flowers are perfuming the air, let me gently pass the bounds of earth, and reach that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller has yet returned. **HERMIT.**

Mr. Edmon:—I find your correspondent, Junius, does not seem to notice all my remarks; perhaps he chooses not to, it is just as well. He seems to be fully intent on beating down somebody—where he hits, is best known to himself, and I must acknowledge, there are some hard thrusts in his last letter.

I like these broad, manly communications there is much more interest to be derived from them, than can

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.
SYMPATHY.

By RONNIE LAFER.

*When heavy cares corrode the troubled breast,
There is a power can pull those cares to rest;
When disappointments vex the troubled soul,
And life's dark waves in swelling surges roll;
There is a sweet, a heaven descended balm,
Each angry tumult of the breast to calm.
Yes, soon will troubles, soon will sorrows flee,
Before the magic wand of sympathy.*

In this frail state, where pains with pleasure blend,
We need the advice and soothing of a friend;
And mark his life, and darker still his hope,
Who's doomed alone with life's great ills to cope;
In pleasures granting none to bear a part,
And finding none to soothe the troubled heart.
He does not, cannot know how great relief,
It gives to know that others feel our grief.
Oh! when my cup of life with joy is filled,
And prosperous suns my days with brightness gild
Or when my hours in hopeless misery flow,
And each bright joy gives plea to scenes of woe;
When this world's splendors fade upon my eyes,
Still may I find a friend to sympathize.

Woburn Centre, Mass., 1853.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

THE TRUE COURSE.

With energy for prompt and vigorous action, and capacity for sober thought and sound reflection, a man may enter upon business with some assurance of success. His home will exhibit the best picture of his true character. What he undertakes is well done. His fences are in order—there is an air of neatness and thrift about his dwelling and out-buildings; his grounds are laid out with reference to beauty as well as convenience—ornament and use have been consulted in planting out his fruit and shade trees, and the garden evinces that his wife and daughters have joined him in his cultivation. He does not waste his long winter evenings in idleness, nor does his family neglect this season of improvement. While his children are engaged in the rudiments of learning, he surveys the action of our National and State Legislatures, and studies thoroughly the policy by which both are guided. His family do not content themselves with the light reading of the day, but history, biography, morals and religion receive due share of attention. They lay up in winter from reading, conversation and reflection, a harvest of more value than the bounties of autumn. The mind thus stored, casts light upon every station. It cheers the housewife in her round of duties and lightens the labors of the field.—Address of Hon. T. Jenkins before the Oneida County Society.

THE POTATOE DISEASE.

The Evening Post publishes some notes on this subject, the result of the investigations of Mr. Molloy, of Rochester Avenue, a magistrate of the County of Dublin. It says:—According to Mr. Molloy's explanation, there are two species, or distinct types of the potato rot—one produced by atmospheric influence, and the other caused by *aphis*, or insects. In the case of that species of rot not under consideration, there is a small insect of the locust species, about the size and color of a flea, and feeds, as rapid in its movements, and active in its habits of concealment. This insect feeds upon the under side of the leaf, and in the dusk of the evening they can be seen in thousands committing their depredations, but if the slightest touch be given to the plant, they instantly disappear. Whether they perforate the leaf has not been fully ascertained, but Mr. Molloy has satisfied himself that the spot they bite, when exposed to the sun, the upper or smooth surface of the leaf becomes marked with a brown circle, which spreads day by day, until the entire foliage becomes of the same color, and destitute of every principle of vegetable life. But it is not alone in the *uterus* of the leaves that the ravages of this minute locust are most destructive.—Mr. Molloy has traced its operation further. He has discovered that the insect deposits eggs which after a few hours—perhaps a day or two—exposure to the atmosphere, produce larvae, so minute as to be almost imperceptible to the naked eye, and these little creatures are so rapid in their movements, and so subtle in penetrating the earth, that they are scarcely perceived ere they disappear, so quick is the transition. This larva—a millipede—grows to the length of about a sixteenth of an inch, and from the hour it is disengaged from the shell to the period at which it assumes the form and habits of the locust, it feeds upon the tuber, burrowing beneath the surface, and leaving a poisonous deposit there, which diffuses its pernicious agency throughout the entire tuber, producing a dusky hardness, in the first instance, and rottenness and festid pulp afterwards; so that this insect whether in the larva or the locust state, is equally destructive to the potato—in the latter it poisons and destroys the leaves, and in the former it poisons and destroys the tuber. Mr. Molloy has been at considerable pains in his inquiries as to the origin of the potato disease, and it was not until lately that he discovered the existence of this locust, which, in size, form, structure, habits, subtlety of movement, and evasion of detection, appears beyond all doubt—at least to us—to be a new creation in this country of the insatiate. We never before saw anything like it, either in the larva or the insect state. From his investigation of their operations and effects, he is perfectly satisfied that they are the origin of that terrible calamity under which this country has so deeply suffered.—*Dublin Express.*

SOMNAMBULISM.—A curious case of somnambulism is recorded in the *Callicothé Gazette*. A daughter of Mr. Thomas Kane arose from her sleep, and in her night-clothes walked four miles up the Scotia river, waded into the stream, and swam across a deep part, and was found by an "early riser" sitting on the bank of the river—asleep! Remarkable enough, as the girl was only 13 years old, and couldn't swim when awake!

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Powle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,
AND

JOB PRINTER.

Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

SUFFOLK COUNTY MILLS'
Flour and Feed, of all Grades.

Wheat Meal, Grouts, Corn Meal, Rye,
Flour, Oil Meal and Rice Meal,
Corn, Rye and Oats,

Constantly on hand, at No. 2 Eastern Railroad Wharf,
Commercial Street, Boston, adjoining Condy
Mills. dec 11th J. D. SWEET.

Gage & Fowle,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Nos. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE on hand a complete stock of Overings,
choice Pantaloony, Vestings and rich Furnishing
Goods. G. R. GAGE J. L. FOWLE
Woburn, December 4, 1852.

N. W. YMAN, JR.,
DEALER IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wade's BUILDINGS,
oct 18 ff WOBURN.

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,
BOSTON. oct 18 ff

M. A. STEVENS,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,
No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.
(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.) if
dec 5

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
73 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK. mar 27 ff

THOMPSON & TIDD,
NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,
OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA
GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,
Crockery and Glass Ware,
Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and
Grain, Provisions, &c. &c. oct 18 ff

O T I S & B A I L E Y .
HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS,
GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.
DEALERS IN
Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass,
Geo. H. OTIS, WOBURN. JAMES B. BAILEY.

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOSTER'S WHARF,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and
sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will
receive attention. oct 18 ff

MENZIES & WHITE.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
371 Washington Street,

Next door to the Adams House,... BOSTON
6 MENZIES. H. H. WHITE.
One Price... All Representations Warranted.
jan 24

CALVIN A. WYMAN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms, oct 25 ff

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCHESTER & BOSTON
DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leaves the
station at 2 o'clock, P. M. Leaves the
WINCHESTER—order boxes at the Union Store, and A.
Taylors Store, Boston—Thayer, Hooley, and Home's,
32 South Faunell Hall, Hill, Candler, & Co's,
27 South Market Street.

jan 17

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—

Fancy Goods,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Dye Stuffs

No. 5 & 6 Wade's BUILDINGS,
WOBURN

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night
Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For-
eign Licenses constantly on hand. mar 27 ff

FISK & CUSHING,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

9 Washington Street,

ELIJAH FISK, ISAAC CUSHING, oct 18 ff

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

CARPETINGS,

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailor's Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS).

No. 45 Washington Street,... BOSTON
feb 21 ff

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.

All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly at-
tended to. oct 18 ff

HARRIS JOHNSON,

DEALER IN

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS,

6 Hanover Street,

Doors NORTH of COURT STREET,... BOSTON.
nov 8 ff

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN,

DEALER IN

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS,

6 Hanover Street,

Doors NORTH of COURT STREET,... BOSTON.
nov 8 ff

BAYRS & FAIRBANKS,

STATIONERS,

—AND—

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and

Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.

oct 18

MARY A. EATON,

CARPET MAKER.

BOSTON.

Orders left at this office, or at 223 Washington, op-

posite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to, if
jan 31

NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL

DYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

Orders left at Ames' Works, 43 Brattle St., Boston,

and Powle's Book Store, Woburn.

oct 18

Ladders, &c., always on hand,

6 mos

BENJ. F. WYER,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps,

Umbrellas, Trunks, Pillows, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and

Findings, &c., WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

N. B. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots and Shoes neatly Repaired, if
oct 25

REMOVAL IN CONSEQUENCE OF FIRE

1850.

R. CLOUGH has taken rooms, during the rebuilding

of Tremont Temple, in the next house north of his

former office on Tremont Street opposite the Tremont

House, ap 16 ff

T. J. PORTER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

oct 18 ff

DR. F. W. POWLE,

agent

for

WADDELL'S BUILDINGS,

WOBURN.

Orders left at Ames' Works, 43 Brattle St., Boston,

and Powle's Book Store, Woburn.

oct 18 ff

DR. F. W. POWLE,

agent

for

WADELL'S BUILDINGS,

WOBURN.

Orders left at Ames' Works, 43 Brattle St., Boston,

and Powle's Book Store, Woburn.

oct 18 ff

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

DR. CONISE'S SYRUP OF

GINSENG AND MALVA.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

NO. 18.

POETRY!

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shines the hearth hath builded!
Home—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us—
Home is where there's one to love !
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

ETTY HOWE:
Or, The Flower of Glen Orr.

BY MARY W. WELLMAN.

Part Fifth.

"Oh! that girl," said Mr. II., "she will ruin me; comparing that young gentleman to those rude, low boys in this village! she grows worse every day. I once loved her more than all the rest of the children put together; now she's paying me for it. I once thought her the most noble-minded girl in Glen Orr, but now she has become the worst. If she don't behave herself, I know one way that will bring her to her senses, I'll put her where she will be glad to reform."

Poor Mrs. Howe sat looking upon the carpet, thinking how poor Etty was now used for carrying out those principles which were early instilled into her heart; and poor Mrs. II. sighed, for she felt she had a duty to perform, but her heart failed her as she attempted to give utterance to her thoughts. She saw the father had changed, not the child; every day she could see as the father's heart became selfish, unfeeling and irreligious, while the child's was expanding, and through the weakness of the man the child became strong. Mr. Howe and Susan talked over matters concerning the rich young man that was to visit them; then the old time piece told the hour of rest was at hand.

Morning came; Etty was, as usual, up with the birds, and was just going into the garden to pick some fresh flowers, as Stephen handed her a little note, saying Miss Leslie gave it him as he went down to the store, and told him to tell Etty, Miss L. wished her to come to her house as soon after breakfast as possible.

Etty opened the note, and found that Alfred had received a telegraphic dispatch, and that Mr. Lord wanted him immediately, and that he must leave his business in his (Mr. Lord's) brothers' hands, and come without fail to Philadelphia.

As soon as breakfast was over, Etty took her bonnet, and a little keepsake for Alfred, and went to Cady's.

Mr. II. left for the city without making an inquiry about Etty, telling Susan that the morning was so fine, he should not be surprised if John and Mr. Hill came out in an hour or two.

Etty arrived at Esquire Leslie's, and found Cady waiting for her, and the girls hastened to Widow Green's cottage. Alfred felt wretched at the thought of leaving so unexpectedly; he looked pale, and apparently much distressed. He strove to appear gay, but his words grew faint, and tears stole down his manly cheeks, as he laid his head upon his mother's breast, and spoke the parting word. The girls went to the Depot with Alfred, where, after exchanging their keepsakes, and receiving his parting blessing, they watched the fiery steed until its dark form was lost to their view.—The girls now felt a strange sadness come over them; but the dark cloud was dispersed when they thought of what Alfred had assured them—that though separated for a while, yet he hoped to live with them, and enjoy their society, when free from the iron hand of poverty.

The girls hastened to Widow Green's, where Cady's father, Mr. Lord, and his maiden sister, were consoling the widow. The bright future, which Mr. Lord pourtrayed to the weeping group, soon made them feel quite calm; and leaving the older folks to comfort Mrs. G., Etty and Cady turned their steps homeward.

"I feel as if I must be at home," said Etty; "or rather I feel as if I should like to see our Susan's maneuvering this morning; that Boston boy is to come out, I expect."

Etty left Cady, and went directly home, and as she entered the door, Susan commenced scolding her about her ill-manners in leaving home, when she knew they were to have company. "I wish Mr. Hill had come while you were away, I would not have given you an introduction to him during the day."

"Dear sister," said Etty, "don't make me feel bad; now you know it would make me feel shockingly if I thought that city boy would slight me. But before I borrow trouble about him, I just wait and see who and what he is; I really think it would look sensible in me to have left my engagements on account of a strange boy that's coming from the city.—John knows nothing of him, and he may be a little villain for aught I know, and he may be a fine fellow; but if John has given a correct

description of him, I would not give one of our smart young men in Glen Orr, for a cargo of such fops."

"Well, Et, I'll tell father every word you say."

"Well, no one is more willing than myself, Susan; you are indeed devoting your time in a cause which will, one day, I trust be of service to your memory. I have heard of those who called memory sweet, because it brought to mind pleasant things; again, I have heard of those who had been guilty of acts worthy of a fiend, who, were it not for memory, would live on indifferent to past offences.—You, Susan, should be blest with a good memory, that in after years, (should you live), you could recall those hours, and ask yourself if you did aught that was ungenerous to those around you."

Etty went to her room, and sat down to finish a garment for her little brother Henry; Etty loved Henry, he was so kind and agreeable in all his childish ways. Cady Leslie soon entered with a message from Widow Green, and the girls resumed their morning conversation; said they pitied poor old lady Green, who was never separated from Alfred before.

"We will call upon her often, Etty, and comfort her all in our power."

"Yes, Cady, we will; and we will try to be as happy before her as we can. You know it makes old people feel such things longer than we do. We laugh one moment and cry the next; but old people, it seems, cannot forget their grief as the young do. But your father, Cady, has made my heart stout in this hour of trial."

"Listen, Etty; do you hear that? There's a carriage stopped at the door. I hope it's not your father, for I would not see him for considerable just now."

Etty went to the next room, and returned saying it was John and the city boy. "I will go down soon. Cady you stay awhile and get introduced."

"No, Etty, I don't care to; I don't feel like becoming acquainted on account of Susan."

"You remain here then, Cady, and I will go below and return soon, and give you a description of our morning visitor." Etty went below, opened the parlor door, and Susan was all ready to introduce her to Mr. Hill.

Etty took the young man's hand, enquired after his health—told him he had selected a fine morning for a ride, and hoped he would find Glen Orr to be second to no town in New England for beauty of scenery, delightful retreats, and a great field for the botanist.

The young man looked bashful, as if he did not know what to say in reply, and took a seat beside John on the sofa.

Etty left the room, and found Cady waiting with Job-like patience to see what kind of a guest had come to Glen Orr to make the folks stare.

"Just such a silly one as I thought father and John would select. He never was brought up in any shape Cady, much more in high life;

father says he cannot spend his interest money; if he cannot, its because he's got none to spend in my opinion."

"How is he dressed, Etty? your father will want him to dash out in style, I suppose. I hope he won't frighten our village young men."

"There's not one of our village boys that looks one half so silly as this fellow; there's no neatness about his dress. He wears a cloth cap on one side of his head, and soap locks hang in profusion on the other side. His garments are good enough, but are thrown on him so slovenly they look bad. The jewelry is displayed in all shapes imaginable. He's got three rings on one finger of his left hand, and one on the little finger of his right hand; they are yellow, but about their being gold is doubtful. I want to tell you, Cady, on his little finger is a large ring, (galvanized, no doubt), with a stone in it as big as a common sized whet-stone. Susan is as talkative as a parrot, and her eyes scan those rings, (and a mommoth chain that's attached to a watch, I suppose) in good faith. You know her little soul cannot appreciate anything that's really beautiful, but if one wants to become great, in her eyes, let them rig up curtain rings and log-cabin bracelets. Our little Henry has double the good sense of things she has. By the way, Cady, John proposed a walk, and I suppose they are taking out a view of our farm."

"Well, I'm glad to think he won't astonish the natives," Etty, as old Capt. Mersey used to say; but I must go, as it is nearly dinner hour; I will see you soon, Etty, so good morning."

Dinner being announced, and the young men came in from their walk, and were soon seated around the board.

"How did you enjoy your walk, Mr. Hill?" asked Etty.

"Very pleasant walk; I aint much used to the country."

"I suppose you are fond of rambling amid Nature's works; don't you find her a great teacher? I delight to have an hour to devote to the study of the beautiful flowers; or to reflect upon the character of so wonderful a Being as formed it. Is it not a pleasing study for the mind, think you?"

"Well, I don't know but 'tis," said our hero.

Etty now concluded she had found his depth of mind, and father and Susan had got a visitor that could not teach the Glen Orr boys much good, at any rate.

"John, did you show Mr. Hill that hill o' Esquire Leslie's, that's covered with the lupin; it looks like the ocean at a little distance; most people catch sight of it, as soon as they enter the open field adjoining."

"No, I didn't think any thing about it when we were out."

"Well, we're going out a gunning this afternoon, and perhaps we shall run across it."

"A gunning! why, there's nothing in Glen Orr to shoot at, except you fire your guns for mere amusement. We have no game here; our village young men go abroad and get game, but they never think of destroying the little birds here. We have the wren, the sparrow, and a few robins; but our chief land owners, Mr. Leslie and the Lords, would prosecute one to disturb these sweet little birds. John, you know such things are not looked upon in a very favorable light here; I beg you will find other amusements. There's been a golden robbin's nest upon our large elm, that shades the doorway of the mechanics' workshop, for three years, and no one has ever molested it. The workmen would, I suppose, be tempted to give one a nice trimming, should a rude hand dare trouble it."

Susan twisted, and turned all colors, for fear Etty would say something about their living at the yellow block.

Dinner being over, the young men went out upon a walk, and Susan went up in her mother's room to dress for the evening. Etty was busy sewing for her little brother, when Mrs. II. came to her room, and enquired for Susan; she said she wanted her to do a little sewing for herself, that was very much needed.

"I will go, Mother, and speak to her," said Etty.

Etty stepped slowly to the door of the chamber, peeped in, and saw Susan attired in her best suit, standing before the mirror, twisting her body in all manner of shapes, and making herself appear very foolish indeed. Every few minutes she would extend her hand to her own reflection in the mirror, and whine out half audibly, something about Mr. Hill, and throwing her head from one side to the other, as if her muscles were incapable of performing their duty. Etty looked on for some minutes, then pushed the door open, and told Susan mother wished her service awhile.—Susan descended to the parlor, where Mrs. II. and Etty soon took seats, and Susan had some work put into her hands. She did not seem to relish it much, neither did she sew much, for her eyes were constantly turned to the street, to see if Mr. Hill was coming.

"I suppose, mother," said Etty, "John has gone out to show our village young men how it's done," as he terms it; but there's not a young mechanic down to the shops, but could teach that Mr. Hill his first lesson in manners. By the way, mother, I want you to see to Susan, for as sure as we live, she is loosing all the sense she ever had. Why, I went to call her for you, and I found her cutting up some of the most ridiculous capers you ever saw. She was all in her best attire, as you see, looking in the mirror, talking to herself, extending her hand to her own shadow, and I never saw such shapes and wry faces but once before; that was in a Menagerie when the keeper brought out that big ap, and told it to imitate a city body. No, Miss Susan, your beau comes to Glen Orr to learn, not to teach."

"I'll tell father of your talk, Et; what business had you to look into my chamber.—Father's going to give you a walking ticket, if you aint careful, Et."

"A walking ticket!" said Etty. "You looked as if some one had given you a walking ticket, and you were practicing the first lesson, when I peeked in to the chamber this afternoon; and if you or father has any walking tickets, you will need all before you get through your course. I really thought you would fall to pieces at one time. I really do not know what shape you'll be in by and by, if you continue. I could not keep from thinking, when I saw you practicing such folly, had your Creator made you in such a shape, you would not be so fond of mimicking cripples, and the like."

"I'll tell father of your talk, Et; what business had you to look into my chamber.—Father's going to give you a walking ticket, if you aint careful, Et."

"Oh, you pesky cetur, Ned," said Simon; "you make anything appear worse than 'tis; its bad enough, Lord knows."

"No, Mr. Lord don't know anything about it, Simon; he just asked you to explain."

"I meant the Lord in heaven," said Simon; "I don't trust any one but Ilin any more, and if its the will of the Lord for me to go to the poor house, after working so many years as I have for this company, I know they won't prosper."

"Why, Simon," said Mr. L., "I did not know that you had determined to go to the workhouse; I just come after you to go and take charge of Widow Green's little place."

Simon ran and got a stool and sat down before Mr. Lord, took off his hat, put it down on the floor between his feet, and patting Mr. Lord upon the arm, said:

"What did you say, Mr. Lord? oh, do say it again—are you in earnest, Mr. Lord?—there, I don't blame Alfred—now look here, Mr. Lord; Alfred told me this too; but where is he now?—are you in sober earnest—is so certain true?—I shall be so happy, Mr. Lord—may I go now?"

In this way Simple Simon went on, until the men were all in an uproar of laughter; but poor Simon kept on in his plea, regardless of all around him.

As soon as Mr. Lord could have a hearing, he told Simon to get ready to go with him, and that he should have a good home, and must keep all things in order at widow Green's, just as Alfred left them.

"Alfred who?" growled out Mr. Howe.

"Our Alfred, father, what used to come to the other house."

"Go from the table, Henry, or else leave off talking, and eat your supper."

"Well father, aint you glad that he's gone; one the less for the town to support."

"Yes, a pity he did not go years ago."

"Who is this man?" said Mr. Hill.

"A man!" resolutely answered Etty.

"I believe you spoke to me, Mr. Hill," said Mr. Howe.

"This Green is a son of a poor woman, that lives in a bit of a cottage here; he's a worthless fellow—aint worth talking about. I suppose he's gone to Philadelphia to be coachman, or man to work about house, or boot black, or something of the kind."

After tea, Etty saw Mr. Hill standing near the piano and turning over the leaves of a music book. She went up to him and asked if he was fond of music.

"Yes, I am," said he.

"Will you give us a tune, Mr. Hill? you may have something new; we are all fond o music."

Well, I never played the piano; my sisters all play and sing. We always had one, but I never cared about it when I was younger, so I never learned. We always had a piano and best of teachers all our days."

"Well, you were highly favored; I would say so; I should know more of the pleasure science."

"Won't you play a tune?" said Hill.

"What would you like?" said Etty; "It may be you would prefer to select."

"I think Dandy Jim and Old Uncle Ned sounds first rate, sung and played."

"Well," said Etty, "As I am partial to those tunes, I will give you one of my favorites; then give my seat to Miss Susan who, no doubt, will entertain you during the evening."

Etty then played the "Spirit Wal z," and left with her mother to call on Mrs. Leslie's family.

We will leave the Howe family, and see what old Simon Spunk is about.

Oh dear! what a time he's having among the workmen. Alfred has left town, and Simon has not seen or heard from him, since the day he hired him, and Alfred told him he would come for him in a day or two.

The workmen all knew that Alfred was called suddenly away and they love to tease poor Simon to hear his queer talk. He's now walking the floor of the workshop, hands in his pockets, talking to himself about the awful city chaps; that they will lie as fast as a dog can trot; while the shop's crew are telling him he must now go to the workhouse, as he wanted to leave, and now must go somewhere.

Poor old Simon is almost frightened to death; he had always such a dread of coming upon the town; what should he do—oh, "these city fellows," he would say, "I never will believe one word they say again. Alfred has got old Simon's ideas, and has got me out of a home, and now I must go on the town."

Just as Simon was running on in a doleful strain, Mr. Lord opened the door, and walked up to him and patting him on the shoulder, said :

"Well, Simon, how does the world use you this morning?"

"Oh, dear! Mr. Lord, I am sick—ceneral dead—I can't talk, Mr. Lord—oh, dear, I shall die, I actually believe."

"What ails you, Simon? you look quite smart—you are all dressed up nice—what can be the matter with you, pray let me know?"

"He's got a check on the workhouse, Mr. Lord," said Harry Low; "his trunk has been packed two or three days; he feels right smart on the occasion."

Mr. L., taking the hint, let the joke go on for a while.

"Oh, you pesky cetur, Ned," said Simon; "you make anything appear worse than 'tis; its bad

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are Agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

HENRICK.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"B. P."—Very good; we like to see every one "Wide Awake," and hope our readers will profit by your article. Will find room next week.

"Z."—Your two articles are very acceptable. They are well written, and will appear as soon as we can find room.

"EMMA."—We cannot withhold our approval of your style of writing; we like it, and the article before us has much merit. We hope to hear from you often; it is on file.

"MAY RICHIE."—Very good, as usual; your long silence was creating doubt as to your future correspondence, which we were pleased to have removed. "Incidents from your Note-Book" are very acceptable.

"E. B."—Declined, for good reasons—can't read it, and if we could, we don't think it would be worth the trouble of printing. Excuse our remarks; we have no time or patience to give such communications.

"COLENS."—An interesting letter; the events of the death and burial of General Montgomery are valuable records. The history from Mr. Thompson is very remarkable.

EDITORIAL.

THE INEQUALITIES OF LIFE.

The more we reflect on the inequalities of life, the more are we puzzled to account for them; there is such a vast distance in the worldly situation of men, in their pecuniary circumstances, that we are almost led to doubt the reality of even-handed justice. We find men of talents, ambition, and industry, and possessing all the noble qualities which adorn our nature, passing through a long life without accumulating even a competence, while others who are noted for almost drones in society, and who have no real merit except what wealth gives them, and the influence gold carries with it; yet without any cautious calculations, or good judgment, these men go on with the events of the day, prospering in all they undertake, and filling stations in society, which had they not wealth to sustain them, could not get a nod or smile on change.

We can point to men now in the busy scenes of life, whose reckless course of living should deter them from all association with the good and moral portion of society—men whose very countenances betray the vicious principles of their heart, and whose actions are a stain on the human character; but gold, that god of the aristocracy, worshipped by men of all ages, covers all the sins of these men, and we have seen them change sentiments as circumstances arose to control them. They are freely admitted into the society of the *elite*, while the truly honest, moral, and industrious man is passed by with the cold remark,—"Oh yes, he is a very honest and industrious man, but he never succeeds in gaining wealth, he is poor." Such is the modern fashion and rule which governs society, and this is the inequality of life which almost puzzles us to account for. The sources of wealth and honor are open forall, why should there be so unequal a division? Fortune, they tell us, is a fickle goddess, and often plays the coquette with her followers, but we believe she generally rewards the merited, and truly industrious man; still there are exceptions, and here again we are in doubt. We have in our mind an individual, who for the last forty years pursued his honest and industrious course in life, always bearing the high character for integrity in all his dealings, and highly respected by the community in which he lived; he is in his grave. He left but a small property, while others who arose after him, with not a scruple of the advantages which he possessed, and without his strict manner of business, have far overreached him in wealth and honors. The appreciation of such men on change is fully shown in the remarks made after the death of the former; speaking of his circumstances it was said, "he was too honest a man to die rich."

There may be a stream meandering through life, the current of which we cannot always find at the important moment when it offers us that "time of tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." There seems to be some fortunate moment in our lives when we can embark on this stream, which, if we miss, we are left on the shore. It would appear that the man who is so fortunate as to be in time for that flood tide, is sure to go down the stream in safety; no matter how he gets there, what he is, or what he may be, good luck has placed him there, and the world calls him a fortunate man. This is a strong sentiment, and governs the majority of mankind. Good luck is not the result of calculations or moral actions—it depends on the fact of our being ready at that flood tide, and on the spur of that moment, embark on that fortunate stream which leads the venturesome mariner on to fortune.

The inequalities of life are subjects well worth reflection; they naturally suggest to our minds to enquire if we remember any time of tide in our affairs when our fortune might have been improved; it will lead us to study our own life, and that is the greatest study of mankind. When we are so far advanced in knowledge as to know ourselves, we shall have gained one of the great and valued ends of life.

Last Tuesday Hon. Anson Burlingame lectured very acceptably before our Lyceum, and on next Tuesday evening we are to listen to the Rev. Mr. Waterston, of Boston, as announced in our last week's paper.

ETIQUETTE IN CHURCH.—Some few weeks since we made a leading article on the subject of "*Taking the Head of the Peas*"; we have noticed it going the rounds, and we hope it will raise the question as to the propriety of making such a flourish in church, by obliging gentlemen to file out into the aisle to give a lady a seat,—not only perfectly ridiculous, but certainly disturbing the whole congregation.

Our attention is again called to this subject by the following, which we take from an exchange paper; it is a good beginning.—The pastors of our churches can do much in breaking up this custom; the Rev. Gentleman who made the request is a Watertown clergyman:

"A few evenings since, Rev. Mr. Holmes, of the Baptist denomination, made a very sensible request of his audience, which we hope to see adopted by every congregation. It was that the habit so prevalent in the church, of a whole pew full of gentlemen arising and filing out into the aisle, merely to give on or two ladies a seat in the other end of the pew, should at once be abandoned, and that ladies, when coming into the church, would take their seats in the end of the pews vacant, quietly, and without disturbing the whole congregation."

If it is considered that there is a difference of rank in the seats of a pew, it is time such belief should be changed. A church is built and dedicated as the house of God, and there should be no sentiments of distinction within its walls; there is no rank but goodness which we could place Woburn in the list. There is a special act on the subject of public libraries; the 2d section is as follows:

"Sec. 2.—Any city or town may appropriate for the foundation and commencement of such library, as aforesaid, a sum not exceeding one dollar for each of its ratable polls, in the year next preceding that in which such appropriation shall be made; and may also appropriate annually, for the maintenance and increase of such library, a sum not exceeding twenty-five cents for each of its ratable polls, in the year next preceding that in which such appropriation shall be made."

We should like to publish this circular, but have not room to spare.

"A bill has been introduced in the Michigan House of Representatives, relative to brokers and exchange dealers; it is very stringent, and bears rather hard on these necessary evils. It provides that every person engaged in the brokerage and exchange business shall procure a license annually from the County Treasurer; if in the City of Detroit, \$300 shall be paid—if elsewhere, \$100. Any person doing a brokerage business without such license to pay a fine of not less than \$100, nor more than \$200, or one year's imprisonment. There must be some *sacrifice* in Michigan, and the finger of this law points significantly to exchange dealers.

"Rev. Geo F. Simmons, now of Concord, has declined the invitation of the Unitarian Society at Woburn, to become their pastor.

"1778. We have the Master Roll of Capt. Jesse Wyman's company, in the Regiment of Guards doing duty on Bunker Hill, in February, 1778, from the town of Woburn. It is a curiosity, and we intend to publish it with all the names; these relics of old times are valuable.

WINCHESTER LYCEUM LECTURES.—We acknowledge the receipt of tickets from the Treasurer of the association, and regret we could not attend; we are pleased to hear good reports of the pleasure and satisfaction derived from these lectures. Our Winchester friends know how to appreciate these useful lectures, and we know that no town of equal number of inhabitants can produce better judges of merit in these matters, than Winchester. We like that Lyceum Hall, the solid men of Woburn have not yet decided when to erect our Hall.

"Political men sometimes get themselves into ridiculous positions, by pressing their claims for honor, while laboring under stains of character, which should keep them in the rear. It appears that Gordon D. Boyd, the great in a public harangue some time since, he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "no man in the nation is indebted to the people more than I am." "Except Swarthout," retorted a bystander, "he owes a million and a quarter, while you owe but about seventy thousand." This was a fair rebuke, Swarthout was Collector of New York, under Gen. Jackson, and squandered millions of the public money.

COLLECTOR OF BOSTON.—Rumor says Hon. Charles Thompson, of Charlestown, is a prominent candidate for collector of Boston. The office is a very important one, and should be filled by first rate business man, with acknowledged ability. We think Mr. Thompson possesses all the requisites for an able collector.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY EXPENSES.—We learn that the expenses of this County, for the last year, amounted to \$125,049.58, including \$10,582.34 interest on the county debt; of this sum, \$55,875 have been for new buildings and improvements on the House of Correction at East Cambridge; \$10,000 laid to jurors; \$3,000 for the support of prisoners in the House of Correction. The county debts is about \$180,000.

SHERIFF OF MIDDLESEX.—Hon. John S. Keyes, of Concord, is strongly talked of for Sheriff of this County.

"The town agency for the sale of liquor stands as follows:—Paid for liquors, \$477.33. Received for sales, \$614.86. Agent's salary, 6 months, \$150.00. Stock on hand, \$121.46; leaving a profit to the town of \$108.98. We think there must have been much more sickness in town than people have heard of.

"We have received a circular signed by John B. Wright, of Wayland, on the importance of Public Libraries, urging in forcible language the great value of a library in every city and town, and noticing some of the liberal men who have given money in their native towns, for the purpose of establishing public libraries.

The circular is a very long one, full of good ideas, and we hope will be of benefit in spreading valuable information on the important subject of libraries. We fully agree with Mr. Wright in the following extract:

"What their advantage to the young to have within their reach copious sources of information in all subjects with which they should be well acquainted; and, while their minds and characters are in a state of formation, to have an opportunity of making themselves familiar with the mature thoughts, the noble sentiments, the beautiful imaginations, the high conceptions, the prudent counsels, the excellent examples, of many of the wisest and best and most gifted men and women of past ages and the present times! What a benefit to the mature, and what a boon to the aged, to have a suitable and interesting occupation for their leisure hours, in which they may not only pass them pleasantly, but also with a continual acquisition of useful and improving knowledge!"

In Wayland they have a public Library of over 1800 volumes of valuable books, which is much valued by the people. Others are forming in many towns, and we earnestly wish we could place Woburn in the list. There is a special act on the subject of public libraries; the 2d section is as follows:

"Sec. 2.—Any city or town may appropriate for the foundation and commencement of such library, as aforesaid, a sum not exceeding one dollar for each of its ratable polls, in the year next preceding that in which such appropriation shall be made; and may also appropriate annually, for the maintenance and increase of such library, a sum not exceeding twenty-five cents for each of its ratable polls, in the year next preceding that in which such appropriation shall be made."

We should like to publish this circular, but have not room to spare.

"We are permitted to make a few extracts from the returns of the Town Treasurer, now in course of printing in pamphlet form, which will give our citizens some information on the important items of public expenditures, and we will venture the opinions that no town in Massachusetts can produce a better, more prompt, and satisfactory return. Our town matters have been conducted with strict economy, and our citizens will give the town officers much credit for their faithful discharge of all the duties confided to them. Our extracts are in round numbers, the items will be given in the pamphlets. Woburn should feel proud of her schools; they are not excelled in the State, and we should cherish them as a great blessing to the rising generation.

Receipts and expenditures of the town of Woburn, for the year ending February 1, 1853.

Orders drawn for bills outstanding, Feb. 2, 1852, \$1338.74. Incidental expenses, 1994.22 Cemetery, 535.21 Engines, 468.76 Town Officers, 1102.07 High School, 805.5 Schools, 2200.24 Sale of Liquors, 12.48 Highways, 1502.17 Alms House, 1814.03 Poor out of Alms House, 443.93

Cash on hand, Feb. 24, 1852, \$1242.92 Received from Overseers of Poor, 1501.93 Messrs. Holton for sale of Town Land, 329.38 From State on School Fund, 171.71 Town Taxes, 10,546.02 Town of Winchester, 120.23 Assessing and Collecting District

Taxes, 50.98 Calib French for Stone, 8.00 E. Simonds use of Town House, 47.43 Interest on Taxes paid after Oct. 1, 33.10 On Money loaned from Town Treasury, 40.00

"Our Legislature are working along rather slowly. Petitions for new Banks are plenty; the report of the Committee against the repeal of the general banking law, is indicative of a refusal to grant charters. The committee on the Liquor Law have not yet reported; many petitions are presented for its repeal, but there appears to be very few signers, which is favorable to sustaining the law; it shows how few there are in its favor. The session should be a short one; I hope to begin to count the cost.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—An arrival at New Orleans, from Mexico, brings intelligence that the city of Mexico had pronounced in favor of the revolution. The President, like Cromwell, introduced a large body of men in Congress and dispersed all the members at the point of the bayonet; after which he issued a decree calling a national convention to meet on the 15th of June and elect a new President—perhaps Santa Anna.

INSTALLATION.—We understand that the Rev. Mr. Ricker, of the Baptist denomination, will be installed over the Baptist church in this town, on Monday next. The Rev. gent met with a serious loss in his Library, while removing here; the vessel in which he came, being leaky, his books lay under water near a week, and damaged them near \$100.

THE FOREIGN LETTER WRITERS.—The foreign letter writers have a popular subject to exercise their talent, with the pen; the nine days wonder of Louis Napoleon's marriage, is in as many different shapes, as there are writers and papers.

"Buenos Ayres is suffering by another revolution: nine governors had been chosen and dismissed within as many months; business of all kinds at a stand.

"The foreign letter writers have a popular subject to exercise their talent, with the pen; the nine days wonder of Louis Napoleon's marriage, is in as many different shapes, as there are writers and papers.

"We have no items of importance for our vicinity; there is a substantial look about all matters in Woburn, and when spring opens many improvements will begin.

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

"The winter is fast passing away, and a singular one it has been. Boston harbor has been entirely free from ice, which is something to remember by this young generation, till they get to be the "oldest inhabitant."

"The New York Yacht Club have challenged the World to compete for a prize of \$500; the race to come off the 13th of October, in New York harbor.

Dennis Pratt, a founder of the Shaker's society at Harvard, and pillar of "Shaker sass," was married last week; he has belonged to the society 27 years; it has created quite an excitement.

"Deaths in Boston last week, 91.

"The scarlet fever is making sad ravages amongst children; parents should be careful of their children's feet; keep them dry.

"Two young ladies entered the room of a sick woman, in New York, leaving a bundle, which they said was a present for her, and immediately left the house; on opening the bundle, the sick woman found an infant child about five months old.

"A number of boys have been drowned last week by venturing on the ice.

"Another expedition is to sail in search of Sir John Franklin; Mr. Peabody, American Banker, in London, has given \$10,000 to aid it.

"Butter has fallen in price to 20 cents per pound, in New York market, and other provisions are unusually cheap; perhaps the good time is coming.

"Measures are being taken to introduce gas in Somerville, from Charlestown, which will be extended to the McLean Asylum; could it not be extended to Woburn?

"A person writing from San Francisco, about the price of provisions, says: "we had a turkey for Thanksgiving, it cost only \$16, and weighed 11½ pounds."

"The debt of the U. S. is \$65,131,692, and Uncle Sam is abundantly able to pay it.

"Speculation in the Stocks of Copper Companies, is beginning to rage in State street; several new mines have been opened, and the old ones are doing well—on paper.

"Four boys have been arrested in Pittsburgh, for house breaking and stealing. They kept a regular book, in which each boy's account showed what he received, and what he brought in, a regular debt and credit account; this is an entire new business.

"We counted 18 Clipper Ships and Barques, last Tuesday, up for freight and passage for California and Australia, from Boston; what an age we live in.

"A Chinese merchant was condemned to death, and sentenced to die by deprivation of sleep. He was placed under the police guard, who relieved each other every hour, and prevented the prisoner from sleeping; he lived 19 days and died in great misery.

"A teamster was before the Boston Police Court, last Monday, charged with cruelly beating his horse; he was ordered to appear for trial; served him right, the man who will cruelly beat his horse, because he has not strength sufficient to draw his load, should be severely punished for it.

"The intelligence of the sad bereavement of Gen. Pierce, was received in England with unusual expressions of sympathy; we admire this proof of christian feeling.

"You may live in Rome, in comfortable style, for ten cents per day; they can't eat much butter in Rome.

"A heavy flood in the Merrimac river, last week, did heavy damage to Railroads and property, by last accounts, the river was sub-siding.

"A Women's Temperance Convention was held in New York last Monday evening; many addresses were made, one by the celebrated Mrs. Bloomer.

"The citizens of Portland, Me., are intending to present Gen. Pierce with a horse and chaise, and some parties in Boston, are getting up an elegant inaugural suit of clothes to present him; we should think Gen. P. would prefer to buy his own coat, which would prevent it from turning.

"A New York Paper says, Kossoith, previous to his leaving this country, signed a contract, to head an expedition from New York, against a country with which we are at peace, and thinks he had better keep away; perhaps he had.

"1000 slaves were landed the 22d of December at Rio Janeiro, and sold for 800 mil-reais each, this does not look like stopping the slave trade.

"A large lot of ice has gone forward per Railroad from Horn Pond to Boston. The ice house at the Richardson Depot is full; the surplus is taken to Boston.

A petition has been presented to the Legislature for the formation of a new county out of Middlesex and Worcester, making Fitchburg the shire town.

"We do not find any matter of importance from Washington. The Pacific railroad and telegraph occupy the attention of Congress. Reciprocity is gaining ground, and we can safely predict that all difficulties will be arranged, and we shall now have free trade with the British Provinces. This will be cheering news to our neighbors and very gratifying to us Yankees.

"The foreign letter writers have a popular subject to exercise their talent, with the pen; the nine days wonder of Louis Napoleon's marriage, is in as many different shapes, as there are writers and papers.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

An old man was dying, while without a summer shower was falling. The sound of the rain drops, called up even at his last moments, the memories of the pleasant hours of childhood; and with his last feeble breath, he spoke of those hours, and called the spirit of his mother, to receive him.

They thought he slept,

But suddenly he opened his eyes, and spoke

So gently and so faintly,

That scarce the silence broke.

"O raise me, for the

Silver cord full soon will sever! be,

And angels bright are waiting,

Heavenward to carry me.

And one among that

Angel throng is beckoning me away;

Let me join my angel mother,

I would no longer stay.

Hark! it is the same;

I hear it now, as oft I've heard before,

I live! I live! in memory,

My four score years all o'er,

It's sounding still, and only'll

Cesse, when I shall cease to be;

And it calls up all the memories,

So sad, so sweet to me,

Now I'm kneeling to my mother,

And I sap my little prayer,

While her heartbeats Bless the dearest one,

Is like music on the air.

Then, beneath the rough old rafter,

In my little trundlebed,

The kiss of love she gives me,

As she snatched my curly head;

And very many glorious truths

She taught me, older & wiser,

And blessed me with her counsel,

Till my years were half a score.

Then like a flower she daily drooped,

Till when the winter came,

Her weary soul took flight for heaven,

And with God with God he went.

Thus lost my early guardian,

But hers guards from ill,

But hers guards from ill,

Is speaking to me still,

Of the days of childish innocence,

It comes, like a reproach;

'Tis the language of the showers,

In the air, upon the roof,

Oft I hear it, now I hear it,

And it never speaks the same;

It always wakes memory,

With its pleasures, and its pains...

Then he ceased as if exhausted.

While the chill of death came on;

Silently they gathered round him,

For they thought his soul had flown,

And he spoke, but now in whispers,

Scarcely caught by listening ear—

"I am coming death mother,

Mother—mother—I am here."

Then gently smoothed the snow white hair,

Around his honored head,

And turned away with sorrowing look,

The good old man was dead.

M. D. S.

Boston, Jan. 12, 1853.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the plough would thrive,
Hisself must either hold or drive."

FARM WORK FOR FEBRUARY.

February will be a short month, but as the days will be longer than such as we have had this winter, we may have more time to work, if not so much time to read or play.

The sun will soon be in a position to give us heat, and the cattle, which may have been kept too close for fear of the cold, may be permitted to stand longer in the yard where the sun comes, and enjoy the fresh air.

The flat turnips and the pumpkins are now used up, and the vegetables should take their turn. The yellow turnip will remain good till May. The carrots should not be kept so long. Cows yield more milk, when they have roots, and young cattle grow better with a variety of food than on hay alone.

Water is plenty this winter, and it is a pity that cattle should not have a good supply. We sometimes see them lapping snow—it is probably for want of drink, rather than food.

Calves need more attention than stock which has passed through a winter. They must have good hay, and they need something besides. They will eat poor hay better in April than in February, because they will be older and more used to dry food. Apples and roots are suitable for calves.

Store hogs want something to promote their growth, rather than to increase the amount of fat; therefore let them have a good supply of liquid food—they are always temperate enough in regard to drinks, and it is no economical to let them go dry.

Snows will come in February, and the winds will blow them about. In some cases there will be too much, and in others too little.

Towns are obliged to keep the roads broken when too full of snow, but they are not obliged to supply any deficiency. Bare places, therefore, should be covered by individuals at their own cost. Who would not rather shovel snow on to a bare place for an hour or two, than to bear the grating of sleighs on gravel and stone near his house, when there is no passing with wheels?

The wood-siple should not be forgotten now, for in March you will not expect so good sledging as in February. Split the wood, and pile it snugly; then it may be covered with cheap boards or bark, in case you have no warehouse. If you have a good one, put your wood in it as soon as you can, for wood has more life in it when it is dried wholly under a roof. The wood from Maine, which has lain out without splitting for a year, is not worth much.

White pine limbs make good fuel when they have been put under shelter in a green state, and the birches require no splitting. But white birch should be split soon after cutting, for the bark is so impervious that the wood rots before it dries. White birch wood is thought by many farmers to be worth as much as oak, in proportion to its weight, when split and dried.

Seeds may be yoked and put under discipline in the leisure days of February. We hope our readers are all in favor of kind treatment on first subjecting them to the yoke. A skillful and good-tempered man will soon teach them to go forward of the older cattle, and lead the team to the wood-lot.—Ploughmen,

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garnets Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,

JOB PRINTER.

Agent for all the principal

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

SUFFOLK COUNTY MILLS'

Flour and Feed, of all Grades.

Wheat Meal, Grouts, Corn Meal, Rye, Flour, Oil Meal and Rice Meal, Corn, Rye and Oats.

Commercially on hand, at No. 2 Eastern Railroad Wharf, Boston, adjoining J. D. Sweet.

Gage & Fowle,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

Have on hand a complete stock of Overcoats, choice Pantaloons, Vestings and rich Furnishing Goods.

G. R. GAGE, J. L. FOWLE, December 4, 1852.

N. WYMAN, JR.,

DEALER IN

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

No. 8 Wade's Buildings, oct 18 if

JOHN HAMMOND,

REAL ESTATE BROKER,

No. 15 Congress Street, oct 18 if

M. A. STEVENS,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 Myrtle Street, Boston, dec 6 if

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW

75 Nassau Street, mar 27 if

THOMPSON & TIDD,

NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER, for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,

Crockery and Glass Ware,

Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

OTIS & BAILEY,

HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS,

GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,

DEALERS IN

Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass,

Geo. H. OTIS, JAMES B. BAILEY, Oct 18 if

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,....BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention, nov 15 if

MENZIES & WHITE,

DEALERS IN

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street, Next Door to the "Adams House,".....BOSTON.

GEN. MENZIES, H. WHITE, One Price...All Representations Warranted, Jan 24 if

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms, oct 25 if

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCHESTER & BOSTON DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leaves Boston at 12 o'clock, P. M.

WINCHESTER.—Order boxes at the Union Store, and Taylor's Store, Boston.—Thayer, Hovey, and Homans, 3 & 4 South State Paupell Hall, Hill, Candler, & Co's, 27 State Street, Oct 17 if

FISK & CUSHING,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

90 Washington Street, Elijah F. Fisk, Isaac Cushing, Oct 18 if

BATES & GOLDTHWAITE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

CARPETINGS,

Broadcloths, Cassimores, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c., (FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS.)

No. 45 Washington Street,.....BOSTON, feb 21 if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to, oct 18 if

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms, Jan 31 if

MARY A. EATON,

CARPET MAKER,

BOSTON.

Orders left at this office, or at 223 Washington, opposite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to, Jan 31 if

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1853.

NO. 19.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

LAUGHTER.

A laugh ! a merry laugh ! a short, sweet, gush
Of pure heart melody ; accompanied
With the patting of childhood's feet, the ring
Of youthful voices ; and the sparkling of
Happy eyes ; how my own heart goes out to
Meet the little ones, and my spirit bounds
With theirs, and faint would echo back the music
Of their merry laughter, the very sound
Is filled with innocence, their young pure hearts
Overflowing with ecstasy, too deep to
Be subdued, fills the air with melody,
And this is laughter.

Charlestown, February, 1853.

H. A. K.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

ETTY HOWE: Or, The Flower of Glen Orro,

By MARY W. WELLMAN.

Concluded.

It was a bright September morning in the year 184-, that Etty Howe might have been seen sitting at her chamber window, listening to the many different songs the feathered tribe were offering up to their Creator, when her attention was called away from her pleasant theme to the sound of voices which proceeded from the barn. Etty paused—she knew no one but Stephen could be at the barn at so early an hour. The sun had not yet risen, and the servants were the only ones, (save Etty,) that were up at the time. Etty tripped gently to the side door and went down to the kitchen, where she could see what was going on at the barn. Two men were seen wending their way from the barn, crossing the fields in the direction of Esquire Leslie's.

"Who can they be?" thought Etty. "They are strangers," said she; "the men must have come to see Stephen—some of his relations, perhaps. Etty went again to her chamber, and sat down to her window, and began to think over the past. Three years ago Alfred was with us; this afternoon I am to meet Cady in our old sacred temple, the Locus Grove. I must carry my last letter to have Cady read the good news, for Alfred has purposed to visit Glen Orro this fall. Oh! dear, what will be his reception here I cannot say. I am determined he shall come here, otherwise I will go from home, and get something to do which I can gain a livelihood from. I can teach a school, and I know many ladies who would willingly send me their little ones to instruct. Yes, I will have the society of Alfred and his friends at my father's house, or I will myself become a stranger to him and my home. The breakfast bell now sounded, and Etty was again interrupted in her reverie, and descended to the dining room.

As the family were seated around the breakfast table, and listening to Mr. Hill's adventures connected with his late tour to Kentucky, Mr. Howe's eyes caught the form of a man coming haptly up the avenue.

"Who can that be?" said Mr. H., as all eyes were turned in the direction of the stranger.

"Bless me," said Mr. Howe, "it's constable C., from Boston! What can he be out here for so early? My office has been broken open, I know! John, go to the door quick,—don't stop for any ceremony." The door bell now rang loudly, and John stepped forward to answer the call.

"Is your father in?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sir; won't you walk in?"

"No, I prefer seeing him at the door."

Mr. Howe went immediately to the door, and after some remarks about the weather, &c., paused to hear the officer's errand.

"I have come, Mr. H., to bring you sad news this morning, I—"

"What, Mr. C., what can it be? Is my office abed, my property burned up, or what can it be?"

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr. C.; "but, Mr. H., I will inform you. You have a young man calling his name Hill, who frequently visits you, I believe, Mr. Howe!"

"Yes, I am well acquainted with the young man; he's now at my breakfast table, but what about him? Is his mother or sisters ill? Has he met with any pecuniary loss.—Do tell us, Mr. C., what about the young man. He has been away lately,—goes to see his mother and sisters often. Are you acquainted with him, Mr. C.?"

"I shall soon introduce myself to his honor," said Mr. C., "the vile counterfeiter. Mr. Howe, listen to me: you have a young man at your table I come to arrest. He's the son of a poor washerwoman in the city of Philadelphia; she's poor, but honest. Her son was sent to collect a bill of eighteen dollars for his mother three years ago last spring, and his mother never has set eyes upon him since. Among the families that furnished her work was Mr. Hiram Lord, brother to your neighbor—" Mr. H. turned deadly pale, and had not Mr. C. been able to have upheld him, he would have fallen to the floor; but Mr. C., after assuring Mr. H. that it was impossible to do otherwise, begged he would be calm and have as little trouble as possible about the matter. At this moment Mr. C. stepped to the dining-room, and made Hill his prisoner. The family were in indescribable anguish.

The officer and his prisoner being gone, Mr. Howe walked the floor in agony; none knew what their young friend was arrested for, but supposing their father knew, was content on

that point. Etty endeavored to console her father; she felt sad to see him in such agony. The man wept like a child; a thousand things rushed to his mind—things which if not left in their hidden place, would ruin him. He called John, sent him directly to the city in order to confer with officer C., and endeavor to make the case appear as favorable as possible for the papers. But all was of no use; Mr. John was to the city, the papers went to press, giving all particulars of the case to the people. But oh! what mortification! how should he keep it from the people of Glen Orro. He could not; the morning papers brought the news, and Constable C. had stopped at the village store, and related his business to the villagers on that morning.

Poor Etty at last persuaded her father to retire to his chamber, where her dear mother had gone to give vent to her feelings in tears. Etty was in a fashionable fainting fit, and Etty, thinking she might be somewhat profited by the affair of the morning, left her alone.

The house being again silent, Etty sat down, waiting for Stephen to return from the Depot with the morning papers. Stephen soon brought the letters, papers, &c., into the parlor to Etty, who eagerly sought for the morning paper, to find out, if possible, the crime charged against Mr. Hill. Soon her eyes rested on the following:

"Last night the City Marshal, together with officers C. and L., routed a gang of young counterfeiters from their secret den in street, and will be brought before Judge —— this morning. Some of them are quite young; they number seventeen. The boldest, (and it seems the ringleader,) was out of the city about six miles distant. He, it is said, has been three years in the business, and is a great scoundrel. He has palmed himself off as being a wealthy lady's son, upon a respectable family in ——, and they never knew to the contrary till he was arrested. His mother is living in Philadelphia, and is dependent upon her day earnings for support. This young man is her only son, and he a worthless, heartless villain. We learned from him, and we walked over to the depot, and saw the officer return with his prize. Participants in our second edition."

Etty felt sad, though she had always suspected something wrong was connected with Mr. Hill's life. She felt to pity all for being so deceived, and thought if this would only cure her sister Susan of her folly, and teach her to look at the principles of a man, and not his gaudy display of wealth, she felt that she could say, "It was good for us that we have been afflicted."

Etty went to the kitchen and told the help that it would be unnecessary to set the dinner table, as none of the family would be below out. Henry and Emma, and they could take their dinners in the kitchen.

Etty looked at the clock, and found it to be near the time for her to go to Locus Grove.

She felt she could do no good at home; her father and mother were locked in their chamber, Susan in her's, John had not come from the city, and the children at school, and so Etty ran off to meet Cady in their favorite retreat.

Etty arrived first in the grove, and sat down upon the stone seat, and took a retrospective glance at things. Presently Cady made her appearance, and the two were full of the incidents of the day. About the middle of the afternoon, as the girls had forgot for a while their morning trouble, and were showing their letters to each other, and wondering if Alfred would certainly come home this fall, their attention was arrested by the approach of old Simon Spunk, who stood at the wall looking over at them.

"Why Simon," said Cady, "what have you got there? stop a moment, Simon, we want one."

Here Simon displayed his paste-pot and circulars in fine style, and handed each girl a bill.

"Simon, you're got to be bill poster. Why, Simon, what is this all about?"

"Why," said Simon, "Mr. Lord told me to put these bills up all over town. You see we are to have a first rate lecturer in the Mechanics' Hall on Friday night."

"Who's to lecture?" asked Etty.

"Why, bless you, you can read his name, I can't; I could not speak it if I died. I never heard such a funny name afore. Some city chap, I suppose; guess he's smart, or Mr. Lord would not take the trouble to have me put round these bills."

The girls took the bills, and Cady read aloud as follows:

GRAND RALLY!!

ATTENTION WHIGS!! 'TIS FREEDOM CALL!!! Andolphus La More will address the Whigs of Glen Orro on Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mr. La More brings letters of introduction from the first men of the country, and is highly spoken of as an Orator.

The public are respectfully invited to attend.

N. B. The galleries will be reserved for ladies.

"Who is this Mr. La More? Do you know, Cady?"

"Yes, father says he has met with him; and you, Etty, must go out with me to hear this great orator?"

"No, dear Cady, I feel it will be impossible for me; my own feelings will prevent me, if nothing else. Our last trouble will weigh

heavily upon the hearts of my parents, and I must be at home to console them."

"Fie, Etty! your father and Susan are so excited that they will be as lively as crickets by Friday. Your father and Susan will not miss going to hear this distinguished speaker, I assure you."

"Well, I hope father will not let such a worthless creature as that Hill be the source of a moment's unhappiness, after the excitement dies away."

The two friends separated, to meet at their earliest convenience.

Etty returned to the house, found her father in the parlor with her mother and Susan; all appeared calm, and more like themselves than they had since they left the yellow block. Mr. Howe seemed to have a glimpse of his errors, and to appearance, seemed bent on a different course of life.

The next day found Mr. Howe in Boston, and his city friends with their good smiles and well loaded tables, soon made him wear a cheerful countenance. The same evening found Mr. Howe as cheerful as he was wont to be, before the arrest of Mr. Hill.

The week wore away, Friday evening came, and the girls had persuaded Etty to attend the lecture. Cady called for her at an early hour, and the house was filled to overflowing. The speaker was a neat dressed man, had the appearance of a foreigner, wore his hair thick and long, his face but little seen, as a heavy moustache and mammoth whiskers covered the most of it. His voice was powerful; every word had a meaning, every sentence carried a direct truth to the mind. In fact, no such a lecture had been given in Glen Orro for a long while. True, the people were approaching a critical period in the political world, and any man who could be of any service to his party felt it a duty to labor. It was said the distinguished La More was the champion of his party; suffice it to say he did justice to the whig party that evening, as those who were competent to judge, admitted.

The meeting broke up, and Susan was found leaning upon her father's arm among the crowd. The same cheerfulness pervaded the assembly at the close of the meeting, that was prevalent at the beginning. All liked the speaker much, no one seemed inclined to find fault with him, but as some of the old men were moving towards home they might have been heard to say:—"I wish we Democrats could muster a fellow like that to give us a talking too;" and old Caleb Hall declared the man gave a regular Free Soil lecture, and poor Si on Spunk trotted off home, muttering all the way to himself, and solemnly avowing that if old Howe had not been a whig, he would vote for — all his life time.

The family of Mr. Howe were nearly all out to the meeting; Mrs. Howe only remained at home; Mr. Lord and Mr. Leslie saw Mr. Howe, and after learning that Mr. La More consented to pass a day at Mr. Howe's; and we will now leave the Howe family at home, and follow the rest of the party back to Esquire Leslie's. Why! they are making merry, surely; hear the laughter; they are talking over old times to Mr. La More, and Cady is sitting near him, and Etty's name is as familiar with Mr. La More as with any of them. Cady does not appear so distant as she did before the Howe family; no, indeed, Cady is on one side and Mrs. Green the other of the sofa; Mr. La More in the centre, and poor widow Green is weeping for very joy. Can it be that the old lady is so full of politics that she's left her cottage in care of old Simon, and she out to hear a lecture? or has the great orator brought her old heart glad tidings of her darling boy, her only son? Let Lord pointed out to you the evening of your lecture."

"Ah, I think you are partial to that pretty little cottage, by the by I may have some news for you, I came directly from Mr. Lord's office."

"Pooh, pooh, none of that Etty," said Susan.

"She's so eccentric," whispered Mr. Howe, "we have to bear with her."

"Now, I dare say, if some of the old villagers should trot by, we should see Etty running at the top of her speed to catch them. Why Mr. La More, our Etty would willingly go to some of the village cots, and sit for hours, but she rarely wishes to go out with me."

"Were I fond of making new acquaintances each day," said Etty, "I should not hesitate for a moment. Susan said true when she said I liked poor people; I confess to you Mr. La More, I do. I can sit for hours, and not grow weary, in that little cottage. Mr. Lord pointed out to you the evening of your lecture."

"Oh! Etty you must go with us," said Susan.

"She's so eccentric," whispered Mr. Howe, "we have to bear with her."

"Now, I dare say, if some of the old villagers should trot by, we should see Etty running at the top of her speed to catch them. Why Mr. La More, our Etty would willingly go to some of the village cots, and sit for hours, but she rarely wishes to go out with me."

"Were I fond of making new acquaintances each day," said Etty, "I should not hesitate for a moment. Susan said true when she said I liked poor people; I confess to you Mr. La More, I do. I can sit for hours, and not grow weary, in that little cottage. Mr. Lord pointed out to you the evening of your lecture."

"Oh! Etty you must go with us," said Susan.

"She's so eccentric," whispered Mr. Howe, "we have to bear with her."

"Now, I dare say, if some of the old villagers should trot by, we should see Etty running at the top of her speed to catch them. Why Mr. La More, our Etty would willingly go to some of the village cots, and sit for hours, but she rarely wishes to go out with me."

"Were I fond of making new acquaintances each day," said Etty, "I should not hesitate for a moment. Susan said true when she said I liked poor people; I confess to you Mr. La More, I do. I can sit for hours, and not grow weary, in that little cottage. Mr. Lord pointed out to you the evening of your lecture."

"Oh! Etty you must go with us," said Susan.

"She's so eccentric," whispered Mr. Howe, "we have to bear with her."

"Now, I dare say, if some of the old villagers should trot by, we should see Etty running at the top of her speed to catch them. Why Mr. La More, our Etty would willingly go to some of the village cots, and sit for hours, but she rarely wishes to go out with me."

"Were I fond of making new acquaintances each day," said Etty, "I should not hesitate for a moment. Susan said true when she said I liked poor people; I confess to you Mr. La More, I do. I can sit for hours, and not grow weary, in that little cottage. Mr. Lord pointed out to you the evening of your lecture."

"Oh! Etty you must go with us," said Susan.

"She's so eccentric," whispered Mr. Howe, "we have to bear with her."

"Now, I dare say, if some of the old villagers should trot by, we should see Etty running at the top of her speed to catch them. Why Mr. La More, our Etty would willingly go to some of the village cots, and sit for hours, but she rarely wishes to go out with me."

"Were I fond of making new acquaintances each day," said Etty, "I should not hesitate for a moment. Susan said true when she said I liked poor people; I confess to you Mr. La More, I do. I can sit for hours, and not grow weary, in that little cottage. Mr. Lord pointed out to you the evening of your lecture."

"Oh! Etty you must go with us," said Susan.

"She's so eccentric," whispered Mr. Howe, "we have to bear with her."

"Now, I dare say, if some of the old villagers should trot by, we should see Etty running at the top of her speed to catch them. Why Mr. La More, our Etty would willingly go to some of the village cots, and sit for hours, but she rarely wishes to go out with me."

"Were I fond of making new acquaintances each day," said Etty, "I should not hesitate for a moment. Susan said true when she said I liked poor people; I confess to you Mr. La More, I do. I can sit for hours, and not grow weary, in that little cottage. Mr. Lord pointed out to you the evening of your lecture."

"Oh! Etty you must go with us," said Susan.

"She's so eccentric," whispered Mr. Howe, "we have to bear with her."

"Now, I dare say, if some of the old villagers should trot by, we should see Etty running at the top of her speed to catch them. Why Mr. La More, our Etty would willingly go to some of the village cots, and sit for hours, but she rarely wishes to go out with me."

"Were I fond of making new acquaintances each day," said Etty, "I should not hesitate for a moment. Susan said true when she said I liked poor people; I confess to you Mr. La More, I do. I can sit for hours, and not grow weary, in that little cottage. Mr. Lord pointed out to you the evening of your lecture."

"Oh! Etty you must go with us," said Susan.

"She's so eccentric," whispered Mr. Howe, "we have to bear with her."

"Now, I dare say, if some of the old villagers should trot by, we should see Etty running at the top of her speed to catch them. Why Mr. La More, our Etty would willingly go to some of the village cots, and sit for hours, but she rarely wishes to go out with me."

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 19 1853,

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"LILLA OF THE FOREST."—We find much to commend in your article "Suisse," and are pleased to add your name to our long list.

"D.—Your finger points to a hard sum; it will puzzle many's head; we shall see.

"JEREMIAH."—The young ladies in North Woburn will find you out, and then you will be taught another lesson in talking; we half suspect "Jeremiah" has got the "mitten" and his "grapes" are all sour. We will let him be heard next week.

"A. B."—Your remarks on the subject of a Library are worthy of notice, and we hope to see a movement made at once; if the proper measures are taken, we can have a good public Library. We will contribute our share of useful books, and have no doubt every citizen will join. The circular is too long for us to publish.

"J. E."—Your interesting letter from the South, is crowded out this week.

"COLES."—We have received another letter on the "olden times of Canada." Have no room.

"H. A. E."—"Laughter" is the best panacea for the ills of life; you have beautifully described it. Give us a good hearty laugh to drive away the "blues."

"H."—The "Spirit of Progress" is a well written poem; there are many fine and lofty sentiments in it; we have but one objection to its length. We will place it on file. We have a large pile of favos on hand, but we hope our friends will not think we neglect them; they will all receive attention.

"TEOTOMISM."—We commend your remarks to the attention of all our readers, and especially to those who advocate a "Town Run Agency."

"MARIUS."—Your "Midnight Soliloquy" will bear improvement; it appears to be the production of a novice. We will accept it and hope it may stimulate you to improve in future articles.

"ENQUIRER."—Can it be possible that what you state is true? we hope not for the credit of our town. Your remarks should command the attention of parents, and all having charge the young.

"SAMUEL SEWALL."—Your request shall be complied with next week; no room to-day.

EDITORIAL.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

What a difference there is in the character of men, and how differently we act under the same circumstances with our neighbors.—What makes this great deviation from a common centre? and why do we raise contentions with others, when a few friendly words would heal almost any of the common, everyday wounds which we imagine some of our fellow beings inflicted upon us? This is a subject well worthy of our thoughts, and it may be some good results will follow our remarks. Our aim is general—we mean no personalities in what we have, or shall ever remark in the Journal.

We are well aware of all the struggles and difficulties we have to encounter in our attempts to control the passions; it is hard at times to govern them. Providence has provided ways for us to restrain them, and one great instrument in preventing the storm, is reflection; this comes with the "sober second thought," and if we could only bring ourselves to practice, we should soon find it easy to control these sudden burst of passion. Accustom yourself to think or reflect before you suffer yourself to be carried away by hard and ungenerous language, or to impute bad motives to others, without a knowledge of the truth. Words spoken in anger are like fire brands in a hay mow.

The intercourse between neighbors, how pleasant and sacred it should be! "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a sacred command—in the fulfillment of it there is much happiness and pleasure; a few calm words will often stay the torn of rising passion, and why is it that in our daily intercourse with men, that we cannot use more of those calm words; it is because we are proud and selfish; we don't like to be civil in all cases, for fear the world will call us simple, and therefore we assume great and important airs, as though the world was at our command, and we almost, like Joshua of old, command the sun to stand still, and be obeyed. We don't like to bend to our fellow beings, and this self-importance, assisted by strong passions, is what, without reflections, brings us into so many foolish contentions with each other.

My neighbor's cattle have broken into my field of corn, and I feeling a little wordly on the occasion, and pleased with an opportunity to let him know that my rights are held sacred, I drive his cattle to the pound, and leave him in ignorance of the fact. Had I only reflected for a moment, how much more like a Christian I should have acted to have driven them to his own door; the act would speak kindly, and must reap its reward. But to the pound my neighbor goes, and his passions are aroused, and when we meet we have two bad passions ready to burst forth at once. In all the every day occurrences of life, these bickerings arise from a similar source. We must curb our propensities for a desire to be above our neighbors, without regarding feelings or positions. Men are different in characters, and we should study our own with a greater desire to know it, and this will prepare the way to understand the character of our neighbors.

How much better it is to be generous and forgiving, and how much more harmony and happiness there is amongst neighbors, when they practice mainly and mutual good will! It disarms the intended insults, throws back the angry feelings, and makes the barren path in life blossom like the rose.

There is a beautiful lesson to be learnt in the following incident:—A farmer's cow broke into the field of his neighbor, who drove her to pound; on his return, meeting his neighbor,

bor, he told him what he had done, and that he should do so again if his cow should get into his field. "Well," said his neighbor, "I thank you for the information; but your cow broke into my field, and I drove her to your yard, and put up the bars, and if I find her in my fields, I should do so again." In a moment the angry passions were subdued, he was affected to tears, returned and drove his neighbor's cow to his yard, and learned a lesson from which he never departed.

"Command thyself—no sudden answer give—With heat to do good, for that alone you live."

LYCEUM LECTURE.

Last Tuesday evening, we had the pleasure of listening to a most admirable lecture on Scotland, delivered by the Rev. R. C. Waterston of Boston; the lecture was a brief history of a tour in Scotland, during last summer; it was full of variety, and was one of the best lectures of the course.

Our townsman, Rev. J. Edwards has consented to lecture next Tuesday evening, and will take for the evening the appropriate subject of "Washington"; we hope to see a full house present on the occasion.

Liquor Law.—We have received the pamphlet containing fifty arguments in favor of sustaining the Liquor Law, by Rev. Rufus W. Clarke; the reasons are all good, well written, and true; not a day passes without producing abundant reasons why we should sustain that righteous law. Men can view the misery and heart rending scenes, caused by rum, and turn from them and lend their names and influence to support the cause, from which all these degrading acts and un-happiness originate.

"There is but very little business doing in Congress for the benefit of private claims; or, in fact, of any other claims. The Monroe Doctrine is the hobby, and the prominent speakers ride without reference to the expense paid by the people. The important measure of Reciprocity is lagging, while others of minor importance, on which a good speech can be made, are the orders of the day. The session is drawing to a close, and there is but a faint prospect of private claims being reached. The Spoliation Bill will go over to the new administration—hope deferred will again make many a heart ache.

"We learn that the Roxbury Chemical Works are to be removed to North Woburn. 100 acres of land have been purchased near Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co.'s store, on which the Chemical Co. contemplate erecting about 40 buildings; a large number of hands will be employed. We have also learned something about a Carpet Factory, to be built on the same location. These improvements indicate something of what Woburn is destined to become as a manufacturing town; there is no town in the State more beautifully situated for dwellings, or which offers better facilities for manufacturers, than Woburn.

"We must speak a good word in praise of Mrs. Weldman's Story of "Eddy Howe," which is concluded in to-day's paper. We have heard many speak of it, and it being a home production makes it more valuable.

"Applications for banking capital are now before the Legislature to the amount of fourteen million dollars.

"Gen. Pierce, with his private Secretary, left Boston last Wednesday for Washington, in a true republican manner; he declined all public parade on his route, and we esteem him the more for it. He travelled as a private citizen, which he is until he takes his oath of office. We are tired of these public manifestations in advance; they are too hollow-hearted. Too many have come off easy, in expectation of being filled with something from the public table. We commend the man who carries out the true principles of our republican government.

"We call the attention of our citizens to the advertisement of Messrs. Washburn, Holland & Co., the manufacturers of Iron Folding Ladders; they are one of the best inventions for safety of persons and property in fires, we have ever seen. Messrs. P. Alexander & Son are the Agents for Woburn.

"Several new and splendid steamers are being built at Buffalo for the New York and Erie Railroad Company; one to be called the "Dunkirk," the name of the town at the termination of the Railroad on Lake Erie. It is indeed wonderful what rapid improvements have been made at the West. We remember Buffalo when there was but a few houses standing, and only one tavern, and that was Pomroy's; there was about twenty vessels on Lake Erie, one warehouse on Buffalo creek; and freight on salt from Buffalo to Erie \$1.25 per barrel; other freight in proportion. But we have many reminiscences of the early times of Buffalo, and the shores of Lake Erie which we may put in order hereafter. We rejoice in the present prosperity of Western enterprise.

"The recent marriage of Mr. Pratt, the Shaking Quaker, brings to mind the Quaker, who during the war of 1812, happened to be on board a coasting vessel, (we don't know but he was giving material aid to the enemy,) loaded with produce; she was overhauled by a British privateer, and the Captain called on the Quaker to shoulder a musket and assist in saving the vessel, but no, Quakers never fight, it was against their religion, and he could not do it. The privateer came along side, and the men in attempting to board, put their hands upon the rail in order to hoist themselves over, the Quaker seeing this, took an axe and chopping off their fingers, said, "thee must not come on board, thee must keep in thine own vessel." The deck was strewed with fingers, and the coaster got clear.

"Clinton Courant not yet received; shall we say good bye.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

On Monday evening last, the Rev. Joseph Ricker, late of Belfast, Me., was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist Church and Society, in this town. The following is the order of exercises:

Invocation and reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. A. F. Spaulding of East Cambridge;

Introductory prayer, by Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of the Congregational church, Woburn; Sermon, by Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D. D., of Boston; prayer of recognition, by Rev. N. Williams, of Somerville; charge by Rev. R. E. Pattison, D. D., of Newton Theological Seminary; hand of fellowship, by Rev. N. A. Reed, of Winchester; address to the church and society, by Rev. J. Baynard, of West Cambridge; concluding prayer, by Rev. M. Merriam of Sharon, in the absence of Rev. J. Leland of Lexington; benediction, by the pastor.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

All the exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.

The weather being favorable, the house was well filled, and the services throughout were listened to with the deepest interest. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and we cannot but hope that a valuable impression was left on the minds of all present.

The exercises were highly creditable. The sermon was excellent and appropriate to the occasion, and delivered in the speaker's usually interesting and impressive manner.

It was emphatically Scripture preaching. The services were interspersed with appropriate and excellent pieces of music by the choir.</p

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.

POETRY!

THE LITTLE GIRL'S GOOD MORNING.

By MARY IRVING.
"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle-bed;
"Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!
Only give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty Canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary!
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes,
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my bird and me,
And make us as happy as we can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl!"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl—
"Happy as happy can be—but think of the One
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun!"
The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
"Mamma, may I say 'Good morning to God?'"
Yes little darling one, surely you may—
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,
And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly laid on the lap of her mother:
"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven!" she said,
I thank thee, for watching my snug little bed,
For taking good care of all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light,
Oh keep me from haughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus who taught little children to pray!"

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled;
But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would煌煌,
Himself must either hold or drive."

From the New Eng. Farmer.

DOOR YARDS.

Messrs. Editors:—By your paper, I learn that the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen., is still at the good work of giving encouragement to agriculture, by addressing the farmers at a cattle show dinner; and in the same paper, I saw an article in reference to clean door yards. More than thirty years have elapsed, since I saw in one of Mr. Quincy's addresses at an agricultural dinner, the following paragraph, which will serve as his opinion at that time. If I do not use the precise words of the venerable author he will excuse me, as I accidentally saw the address while travelling in an adjoining State.

"In viewing the farm we will stop at the door; far be it from me to enter, for where neatness and economy reign without, the husband seldom fails to be seconded by his companion within. But how is the path? Is it a pavement laid with broken crockery and abandoned utensils of household furniture? Do the thistle, the briar and the wormwood contend for the mastery along the fence? Are the poultry roosting upon the window sills, the geese strutting at the front door or the pig playing puppy in the entry? The proprietor of such an abode may call himself a farmer, but, practically speaking, he is ignorant of the a, b, c, of the art, for the first three letters of the farmer's alphabet are neatness, economy and order. WALTER MANDELL.
Hartwick, Dec. 29, 1852.

If mud of any kind should not be plowed in when recently dug; it should be composted with lime or putrescent manures, or lie exposed to a winter's frost, which will destroy its tenacity, and reduce it to a fine powder, that will serve as a valuable absorbent of feculent matter and urine, or it may be spread upon the field like ashes. But if it be plowed into the soil, before it has undergone fermentation by the action of salts, or has been meliorated by frosts, will remain in lumps in the earth for years without much avail.

ABOUT HENS.—Much has been said about the importance of large hens. It is fast coming to be understood and known that the difference between the large fowls and the common fowls which we have raised heretofore, is about this. The large ones will grow to double the weight of the common hens, and with double the weight of body there is three times the weight of bones. The cost of raising a hundred weight of the large kind is more than of a hundred weight of the small kind, and is less saleable in the market and less inviting upon the table. Before the large hens can be brought to full size and well fattened, they will much more than eat up their own bodies, in the cost of keeping, under ordinary circumstances. The more such fowls a man raises for market, the poorer he will be.

APPLE FIFFERS.—Beat six eggs until quite light, then stir in one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonfull of fine white sugar, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, one pint of milk, half a pound of apples chopped finely, and half a pound of sifted flour; stir all well together and mix in a batter, and fry and serve as above. This batter may also be fried on a griddle as pancakes.

TO PAINT THE GLASSES OF MAGIC LANTHERNS. Draw on a paper the subject you desire to paint; lay it on a table or any flat surface, and place the glass over it; then draw the outlines with a very fine pencil, in varnish, mixed with black paint, and when dry, fill up the other parts in their proper colors. Transparent colors must be used for this purpose, such as carmine, lake, Prussian blue, verdigris, sulphate of iron, tinctures of Brazil-wood, gamboge, &c.; and these must be tempered with a strong white varnish, to prevent them from peeling off. Then shade them with black or with bistre, mixed with the same varnish.

A MAD HORSE. The upper portion of the Fourth District was on Wednesday thrown into a state of great excitement in consequence of the furious conduct of a mad horse. The horse, it appears, was some days since bitten by a mad dog, and when the terrible malady manifested itself in the horse he ran and kicked and bit everything he met with. He bit a man named Nolen, and several horses and cows, and it is feared that the fatal malady was communicated to them. After running through the streets for about an hour, a citizen succeeded in shooting him. The animal is said to have been a valuable one.—N. O. Bulletin.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare, MERCHANT TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garnets Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,

JOB PRINTER.

Agent for all the principal

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

Gage & Fowle, MERCHANT TAILORS,

Nos. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

Have on hand a complete stock of Overcoatings, choice Pantaloony, Vestings and rich Furnishing Goods.

G. R. GAGE. J. L. FOWLE.

Woburn, December 4, 1852.

Woburn, December 4, 1852.

N. WYMAN, JR.,

DEALER IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

No. 8 Wade's Buildings.

Oct 18 if

WOBURN.

JOHN HAMMOND,

REAL ESTATE BROKER,

No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,

BOSTON. if

M. A. STEVENS,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.

(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)

Dec 6

Woburn, December 6, 1852.

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW

75 Nassau Street,

Mar 27 if

NEW YORK.

THOMPSON & TIDD,

NO. 3 WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER a safe large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,

Crockery and Glass Ware,

Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

Oct 18 if

W. M. SHUTE.

O T I S & B A I L E Y .

HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS.

GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.

DEALERS IN—

Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass.

GEO. H. OTIS. JAMES B. BAILEY.

THOMAS SLEATER & Co.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf, Boston.

Oct 18 if

W. M. SHUTE.

MENZIES & WHITE.

DEALERS IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street,

Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.

G. MENZIES. H. D. WHITE.

One Price, All Representations Warranted.

Jan 24

Woburn.

NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL

DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,

Cambridgeport, Mass.

Orders left at Amos Waite's, 43 Brattle St., Boston,

AND Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.

Oct 30

6 mos.

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Oct 25 if

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCHESTER & BOSTON DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leaves Boston at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Arrives at Worcester, Peterborough, Concord, Lowell, Boston, etc.

Oct 25

WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

Fresh for eight Leeches constantly on hand.

Oct 27 if

EDWARD E. COOPER,

DEALER IN—

Fancy Goods,

Medicines,

Chemicals,

Perfumery,

Dye Stuffs

No. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,

WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

Fresh for eight Leeches constantly on hand.

Oct 27 if

FISK & CUSHING,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

90 WASHINGTON STREET,

ELIJAH F. FISH,

ISAAC CUSHING.

Oct 18 if

WOBURN.

BATES & GOLDTHWAITE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

CARPETINGS,

Broadoths, Cassimeres, Festings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS).

No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Feb 21

if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.

Oct 18

W. HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Jan 21

MARY A. EATON,

CARPET MAKER,

BOSTON.

Orders left at this office, or at 223 Washington, opposite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to.

Jan 21

EDWARD E. COOPER,

DEALER IN—

Business Cards.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2. WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

NO. 20.

POETRY!

SELF ADVICE.

Command thyself—no sudden answer give—
With zeal do good, for that alone you live—
To know the worth of time remember death—
Thy life is short, and passing is thy breath.
Be sober minded—wear a look serene—
Act before God, although by men unseen—
Speak not in vain, nor foolishly depart—
From gentle words, and purity of heart—
To truth, and charity, and peace inclined,
With caution censure, or applaud mankind—
Seek knowledge fair, but shun insipid mirth;
Their is no time for folly while on earth—
Feel no ill will—no sudden friendship make—
Betray no trust—no obligation break—
Whatever you neglect, to this attend—
Pity the poor and be the stranger's friend,
Promise with head—weigh every action right,
And scan the conduct of each day at night—
Instructed by past failings to be wise,
Let every wish from present fountains rise,
In talk secure—purse one steady plan,
For action shows the noblest part of man.
Act with relation to a future state,
Retire no slander—render love for hate.
Devotion, friendship, and philosophy,
Shall conquer death, and thou shalt never die,
Death cannot hurt, but grant the sweet release,
From pain and trouble, to eternal peace.
And hast thou read? O vain inconstant man!
Read it once more and fault it if you can.
Now calmly lay thine hand upon thy heart,
And say, "from this I never will depart."

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER:

OR THE

Lily of Myrtle Dale.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT HOLYKE.

BY PRAIRIE BIRD.

On the sunny banks of the sporting Connecticut, once stood a beautiful cottage, surrounded with so much shrubbery that in summer one could scarcely get sight of the pretty domes of Gardner Percy from the main street. A neat white fence enclosed about one acre of land, which was well covered with choice fruit trees, shade trees, and shrubbery. A wicket gate opened on the street, and a neat little walk, bordered with a variety of flowers, led down to the cottage.—Here could be seen the elm, the maple, the chestnut, the fir, and an old catalpa threw its manifold shade over the door-way, and the residence was truly one of surpassing beauty.

Gardener Percy was a poor man, a day laborer, but having a good frugal wife, he managed to own the little place above described, and though it was not the most stately, it was far the most romantic of any place in Myrtle Dale. Gardner P.—was employed by Judge L.—, of N.—, and being an honest man, the Judge had always felt a deep interest in him and family. A better gardener could not be found this side the Atlantic. The Judge had a beautiful garden, laid out in English style, and all the choice plants that could be procured, was found in the same; and whenever the Judge's lady had a new plant, something that was very rare and beautiful, she never forgot to take a slip, or a little root off the same, and send it to Nea, Gardner Percy's only child. In this way the little garden of Nea's father became a perfect miniature of the Judge's.

Judge L.— had no children of his own living, having lost three beautiful sons in infancy, which at the time almost drove him distracted. Thus little Nea Percy had become the pet of the family, as certainly as she was the joy and pride of the gardener's cot.

From a sweet rosy-cheeked little girl, Nea had grown up to a young woman; and by your permission, dear reader, I will describe this pretty maiden of Myrtle Dale as correctly as is in my power. Picture to yourself a symmetrical form of about four and a half feet in height, a face that one would never tire to look upon, a broad, thoughtful brow, eyes of heaven's own blue, dark brown hair combed neatly back and done up in a neat French twist behind, kept in place by a little silver comb, (a present from Mrs. L.) a set of pearl teeth, her complexion a pure white and red, and a sculptor could not have chiseled a more beautiful creature in form of woman. What was then this beautiful Nea? a vain idle creature, knowing her charms were enough to dazzle the world, and that do what she would her beauty would atone. Was she ever mingling in the throng, and endeavoring to excel in dress, boasting of the many hearts she had captivated, and running hither and thither to every scene of excitement; not so, but a being of the mind, given to all that tends to make woman lovely; a soul filled with wonder and admiration at the goodness of her Creator, and the works of His hand. A heart that was beating in union with all the good, the pure, and holy sentiments of life. Secluded one, like the desert flower, art thou to bloom and waste thy fragrance on the dreary wild? Or art thou to feel the cold, unmerciful hand of the world, and shall its rude touch change the rose tint upon thy cheek to the lily's whiteness.

Beautiful Nea, the world envies thy heavenly charms; the earth is filled with hatred and uncharitableness toward such as thee, for thou hast that the world cannot give, and can never take away. Wealth untold would be thine couldst thou change with her who, disrobed of her finery, would become delightless; and let me here say for a truth, that the envy and malice of one woman who has it in her power to triumph over another, (who has gold to

buy the principles of man with,) is more to be feared than an army of desperadoes.

Gaze now, thou beautiful Nea, upon thy garden rose, thy cheek is no less crimsoned. Turn then to the lily, and know for a certain thy cheek with it, e'er long, shall well compare. Nea Percy had finished her education at a seminary, and was indebted for the same to Mrs. L.—, of N.—, and Nea never forgot her benefactress, though she was but a child of the good lady's gardener.

The Judge and his good lady had a nephew and niece who resided in Savannah, and who visited them every summer as regularly as the season came. When they come on to N.— the Judge's lady would make a little party for them, consisting of the young people of the town about their age; and though Mr. Percy might have been seen at work in the Judge's garden, Nea, his beautiful daughter, made one of the guests in the Judge's parlor.

It was at a gathering of this kind that Nea had her feelings wrought up to such a height as never to accept an invitation afterward, though she had hundreds. Nea Percy was an artist of rare merit, and not one in the village of N.—, or the town of H.—, could excel her in vocal or instrumental music. Thus the wealthy would often invite her merely for respect and honor.

Ornala was the eldest child, and was at the time my story commenced, a young man of twenty-two years of age; he had just finished his education, and was about visiting his aunt Jones to spend the summer in the beautiful town of N.—, and vicinity. True, he never fancied his aunt much, but the place where she resided attracted his attention. He was not long at N.— before he found in his bundles a flower of so much beauty that to snatch it from him would be to destroy his happiness in this world, so attached had he become to a lovely plant that grew in a quiet nook, near by where Holycote lifts its towering head.

Ornala left his home about the first of June, to spend the summer in that most delightful of all towns in New England, Northampton. He left his mother and two sisters in Boston, and took up his residence for the season with his aunt Jones. The family of Mr. J. was very much taken up with Ornala, although their minds were far from being capable of appreciating his society and worth.

Ornala was a great forester, from early morning to the setting of the sun, he would ramble through the forest, or straying to Holycote, where upon its top he would pour forth the sentiments of his soul in a free and holy manner.

One fine afternoon, as he sat musing upon the past, and dreaming of a happy future, he was startled from his reverie, by the sound of a sweet voice that broke the silence around him. It proceeded from the west side of the mountain, and so fairly overcome Ornala, that he seemed spell bound, and dared not move to that side of the mountain from whence the sound proceeded.

"It is a female voice," said Ornala, "what a beautiful singer, if she is half so enchanting as her song, I shall scarcely dare remain here, she's coming nearer I know by the sound, I will step behind the old house here, and I can see her, while she will never be the wiser for it." So saying he stepped round the side of the old building, and as he did so, a female came up from the west side of the mountain, having the appearance more of an angel than a woman. Her dress was of a snowy whiteness, and in one hand was a bunch of wild flowers, while the other rested upon the back of a large Newfoundland dog, who moved slowly by her side. She turned down the path, and calling Fleeter (her dog) disappeared to view. Ornala remained silent for a few moments, then his inquisitiveness led him to the side of the mountain from whence this fair one had emerged. Ornala stepped down a few rods from the rock, to a little spot of clearing, surrounded with bushes of various kinds, and found a nice little flat rock, where two could be comfortably seated. He sat down, feeling it quite a pleasure to know one so beautiful as the being he had just seen, once blessed the same spot with her presence.

Ornala was about to depart, when he espied from under a little projecting stone, a scrap of white paper. He put his hand under the stone, lifted the paper and a pencil rolled down the side of the mountain. Ornala sprang to catch it, but it went beyond his reach, and lodged a few feet below him, but it lay on so slender a foundation his caution kept him where he could have the privilege of looking upon it and wishing, but as for getting it was out of the question. Ornala knew this was the spot where this fairy-like creature had selected for meditation, here was her paper, her thoughts were written upon it, but the pencil; oh, horrors! he had through his curiosity lost it. What should he do? he could leave one in place, but that would not do, his was a different one altogether. He could do better then, than to leave matters unsettled for a while, but determined to know more to say or do with her. The girls returned not to Mrs. Jones's that evening, and others, it was said, left at an early hour by this intended and cruel insult.

The young student found the residence of Gardner Percy, where he confessed with great mortification, his surprise and grief for this sad affair; and it was said he dropt a line in the Post Office that evening for Nea, asking liberty to call again, but as Nea had no particular desire to cultivate his acquaintance, she did not answer it. This we only

heard was true, while this we know was true, Miss Susan Jones had a letter, which was the last she ever heard or saw of the student.

Susan now had lost her beau, and though she had money, it seemed of no avail; young men did not seem to fancy her. Mrs. Jones was a haughty woman, as you know all such are who endeavor to act the lady without having one faint idea of a true lady's character. Mr. Jones married her out of his father's kitchen, and though there are exceptions, yet it is generally the case, such are the worst kind of tyrants when they get a little power. Mr. J. was a rich man's son, and was a gentleman by birth, and all his actions corresponded with his calling. His wife gave him great anxiety, and her ignorance often put him to shame. Mr. Jones had a sister who resided in Boston, who was a widow with three children, one son and two daughters. Now the Jones girls and these girls were own cousins, but no one would believe it by seeing them, or knowing their characters.

Widow Beaumont was a woman of great wealth, and lived in the best style the city afforded. She was a good woman, a true lady, and one who knew her own station in life, and regarded all who were worthy with respect and honor.

Ornala was the eldest child, and was at the time my story commenced, a young man of twenty-two years of age; he had just finished his education, and was about visiting his aunt Jones to spend the summer in the beautiful town of N.—, and vicinity. True, he never fancied his aunt much, but the place where she resided attracted his attention. He was not long at N.— before he found in his bundles a flower of so much beauty that to snatch it from him would be to destroy his happiness in this world, so attached had he become to a lovely plant that grew in a quiet nook, near by where Holycote lifts its towering head.

Ornala left his home about the first of June, to spend the summer in that most delightful of all towns in New England, Northampton. He left his mother and two sisters in Boston, and took up his residence for the season with his aunt Jones. The family of Mr. J. was very much taken up with Ornala, although their minds were far from being capable of appreciating his society and worth.

Ornala was a great forester, from early morning to the setting of the sun, he would ramble through the forest, or straying to Holycote, where upon its top he would pour forth the sentiments of his soul in a free and holy manner.

One fine afternoon, as he sat musing upon the past, and dreaming of a happy future, he was startled from his reverie, by the sound of a sweet voice that broke the silence around him. It proceeded from the west side of the mountain, and so fairly overcome Ornala, that he seemed spell bound, and dared not move to that side of the mountain from whence the sound proceeded.

"It is a female voice," said Ornala, "what a beautiful singer, if she is half so enchanting as her song, I shall scarcely dare remain here, she's coming nearer I know by the sound, I will step behind the old house here, and I can see her, while she will never be the wiser for it." So saying he stepped round the side of the old building, and as he did so, a female came up from the west side of the mountain, having the appearance more of an angel than a woman. Her dress was of a snowy whiteness, and in one hand was a bunch of wild flowers, while the other rested upon the back of a large Newfoundland dog, who moved slowly by her side. She turned down the path, and calling Fleeter (her dog) disappeared to view. Ornala remained silent for a few moments, then his inquisitiveness led him to the side of the mountain from whence this fair one had emerged. Ornala stepped down a few rods from the rock, to a little spot of clearing, surrounded with bushes of various kinds, and found a nice little flat rock, where two could be comfortably seated. He sat down, feeling it quite a pleasure to know one so beautiful as the being he had just seen, once blessed the same spot with her presence.

Ornala was about to depart, when he espied from under a little projecting stone, a scrap of white paper. He put his hand under the stone, lifted the paper and a pencil rolled down the side of the mountain. Ornala sprang to catch it, but it went beyond his reach, and lodged a few feet below him, but it lay on so slender a foundation his caution kept him where he could have the privilege of looking upon it and wishing, but as for getting it was out of the question. Ornala knew this was the spot where this fairy-like creature had selected for meditation, here was her paper, her thoughts were written upon it, but the pencil; oh, horrors! he had through his curiosity lost it. What should he do? he could leave one in place, but that would not do, his was a different one altogether. He could do better than to leave matters unsettled for a while, but determined to know more to say or do with her. The girls returned not to Mrs. Jones's that evening, and others, it was said, left at an early hour by this intended and cruel insult.

The young student found the residence of Gardner Percy, where he confessed with great mortification, his surprise and grief for this sad affair; and it was said he dropt a line in the Post Office that evening for Nea, asking liberty to call again, but as Nea had no particular desire to cultivate his acquaintance, she did not answer it. This we only

"Then you mean to say she resides on the side we've just left," said Ornala.

"Yes," said the ferryman, "you see the Holyoke house right there, don't you?" continued he.

"Yes," said Ornala.

"Well, that little cottage ye can't hardly see it from here, there's so much trees and stuff around it, that's where she lives, if you had looked at it from the mountain, ye would say it was the handsomest place ye could see."

"What is her name?" said Ornala.

"Nea Percy, sir; she's the best girl in Myrtle Dale, I'll be skinned if she ain't; she's a gentleman by birth, and all his actions corresponded with his calling. His wife gave him great anxiety, and her ignorance often put him to shame. Mr. Jones had a sister who resided in Boston, who was a widow with three children, one son and two daughters. Now the Jones girls and these girls were own cousins, but no one would believe it by seeing them, or knowing their characters.

Widow Beaumont was a woman of great wealth, and lived in the best style the city afforded. She was a good woman, a true lady, and one who knew her own station in life, and regarded all who were worthy with respect and honor.

Ornala was the eldest child, and was at the time my story commenced, a young man of twenty-two years of age; he had just finished his education, and was about visiting his aunt Jones to spend the summer in the beautiful town of N.—, and vicinity. True, he never fancied his aunt much, but the place where she resided attracted his attention. He was not long at N.— before he found in his bundles a flower of so much beauty that to snatch it from him would be to destroy his happiness in this world, so attached had he become to a lovely plant that grew in a quiet nook, near by where Holycote lifts its towering head.

Ornala left his home about the first of June, to spend the summer in that most delightful of all towns in New England, Northampton. He left his mother and two sisters in Boston, and took up his residence for the season with his aunt Jones. The family of Mr. J. was very much taken up with Ornala, although their minds were far from being capable of appreciating his society and worth.

Ornala was a great forester, from early morning to the setting of the sun, he would ramble through the forest, or straying to Holycote, where upon its top he would pour forth the sentiments of his soul in a free and holy manner.

One fine afternoon, as he sat musing upon the past, and dreaming of a happy future, he was startled from his reverie, by the sound of a sweet voice that broke the silence around him. It proceeded from the west side of the mountain, and so fairly overcome Ornala, that he seemed spell bound, and dared not move to that side of the mountain from whence the sound proceeded.

"It is a female voice," said Ornala, "what a beautiful singer, if she is half so enchanting as her song, I shall scarcely dare remain here, she's coming nearer I know by the sound, I will step behind the old house here, and I can see her, while she will never be the wiser for it." So saying he stepped round the side of the old building, and as he did so, a female came up from the west side of the mountain, having the appearance more of an angel than a woman. Her dress was of a snowy whiteness, and in one hand was a bunch of wild flowers, while the other rested upon the back of a large Newfoundland dog, who moved slowly by her side. She turned down the path, and calling Fleeter (her dog) disappeared to view. Ornala remained silent for a few moments, then his inquisitiveness led him to the side of the mountain from whence this fair one had emerged. Ornala stepped down a few rods from the rock, to a little spot of clearing, surrounded with bushes of various kinds, and found a nice little flat rock, where two could be comfortably seated. He sat down, feeling it quite a pleasure to know one so beautiful as the being he had just seen, once blessed the same spot with her presence.

Ornala was a great forester, from early morning to the setting of the sun, he would ramble through the forest, or straying to Holycote, where upon its top he would pour forth the sentiments of his soul in a free and holy manner.

One fine afternoon, as he sat musing upon the past, and dreaming of a happy future, he was startled from his reverie, by the sound of a sweet voice that broke the silence around him. It proceeded from the west side of the mountain, and so fairly overcome Ornala, that he seemed spell bound, and dared not move to that side of the mountain from whence the sound proceeded.

"It is a female voice," said Ornala, "what a beautiful singer, if she is half so enchanting as her song, I shall scarcely dare remain here, she's coming nearer I know by the sound, I will step behind the old house here, and I can see her, while she will never be the wiser for it." So saying he stepped round the side of the old building, and as he did so, a female came up from the west side of the mountain, having the appearance more of an angel than a woman. Her dress was of a snowy whiteness, and in one hand was a bunch of wild flowers, while the other rested upon the back of a large Newfoundland dog, who moved slowly by her side. She turned down the path, and calling Fleeter (her dog) disappeared to view. Ornala remained silent for a few moments, then his inquisitiveness led him to the side of the mountain from whence this fair one had emerged. Ornala stepped down a few rods from the rock, to a little spot of clearing, surrounded with bushes of various kinds, and found a nice little flat rock, where two could be comfortably seated. He sat down, feeling it quite a pleasure to know one so beautiful as the being he had just seen, once blessed the same spot with her presence.

Ornala was a great forester, from early morning to the setting of the sun, he would ramble through the forest, or straying to Holycote, where upon its top he would pour forth the sentiments of his soul in a free and holy manner.

One fine afternoon, as he sat musing upon the past, and dreaming of a happy future, he was startled from his reverie, by the sound of a sweet voice that broke the silence around him. It proceeded from the west side of the mountain, and so fairly overcome Ornala, that he seemed spell bound, and dared not move to that side of the mountain from whence the sound proceeded.

"It is a female voice," said Ornala, "what a beautiful singer, if she is half so enchanting as her song, I shall scarcely dare remain here, she's coming nearer I know by the sound, I will step behind the old house here, and I can see her, while she will never be the wiser for it." So saying he stepped round the side of the old building, and as he did so, a female came up from the west side of the mountain, having the appearance more of an angel than a woman. Her dress was of a snowy whiteness, and in one hand was a bunch of wild flowers, while the other rested upon the back of a large Newfoundland dog, who moved slowly by her side. She turned down the path, and calling Fleeter (her dog) disappeared to view. Ornala remained silent for a few moments, then his inquisitiveness led him to the side of the mountain from whence this fair one had emerged. Ornala stepped down a few rods from the rock, to a little spot of clearing, surrounded with bushes of various kinds, and found a nice little flat rock, where two could be comfortably seated. He sat down, feeling it quite a pleasure to know one so beautiful as the being he had just seen, once blessed the same spot with her presence.

Ornala was a great forester, from early morning to the setting of the sun, he would ramble through the forest, or straying to Holycote, where upon its top he would pour forth the sentiments of his soul in a free and holy manner.

One fine afternoon, as he sat musing upon the past, and dreaming of a happy future, he was startled from his reverie, by the sound of a sweet voice that broke the silence around him. It proceeded from the west side of the mountain, and so fairly overcome Ornala, that he seemed spell bound, and dared not move to that side of the mountain from whence the sound proceeded.

"It is a female voice," said Ornala, "what a beautiful singer, if she is half so enchanting as her song, I shall scarcely dare remain here, she's coming nearer I know by the sound, I will step behind the old house here, and I can see her, while she will never be the wiser for it." So saying he stepped round the side of the old building, and as he did so, a female came up from the west side of the mountain, having the appearance more of an angel than a woman

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 26 1853,

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.
WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.
NEWBURY.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PAINTED BIRD."—The Hermit and his Harp will no doubt be very acceptable to our old friend. We are without any of his valuable favors, but hope to hear from him soon.

"YOUNG AMERICA."—Your poetry is very acceptable, and on file for early insertion.

"MAY RITCHIE."—Your trifles, as you call them, will please our readers; we shall find room for them.

"BONNIE LASSIE."—We notice all you say; personal articles of poetry are not generally very interesting to any but those directly concerned, and our pile is so large that those most interesting to general readers we have selected. We have many pieces of longer date than the one you mention.

"JUNIOR."—Another letter from our friend in Boston. We have no room to-day.

"A. B."—We must respectfully decline your article; the evils you complain of amongst boys needs reformation. You are too personal.

"JOATHAN."—The owner of the lost sack will know where to find it; there was a difference of opinion about it, but it was finally agreed to call it a right shirt.

"J."—We are pleased to hear from our friends at Stoneham. Your remarks on lectures are worthy of notice.

EDITORIAL.

Parents and Children.

The vises of the present generation are constantly putting forth opinions and assertions on the progress of the age in improvements in science and arts, and in all the catalogue of useful articles which constitute the material aid so conducive to human happiness; and predictions are "plenty as blackberries" of what will yet be done before this age shall pass away. They would infer that the most essential matters for our daily enjoyments and christian lives, are to be found in the progress of lightning, steam and caloric. They are so much excited in those experiments and developments of the mind that the more valuable ingredients which are necessary to our happiness are forgotten. We mean the moral character and christian discipline of those who profess to be guides and exemplars in modern society as practiced at home, and forming the character of their children.

We are the willing advocates of all useful improvements,—we go heart and hand with new inventions calculated to benefit the human race, and while we are urging these claims to public favor, we must not omit our duty to ourselves and society. We must not let these exciting topics draw off our attention from the duties incumbent on us within our own home, where, as parents, we have obligations to perform not only to ourselves, but to society, which must not be neglected.

Can it be that parents are neglecting their parental duties, and allowing their children to grow up like tares by the way-side, while they are so much engrossed by the fascinations of the day, that they are not conscious of what a crime they are committing; certainly no parent can neglect his parental duties without committing a crime. Think for a moment of what a weight of responsibility rests upon you, and how strong the obligations to bring up your "children in the way they should go, that when they are old they may not depart from it."

Are we all sure that we bring up our children in the right path—that we do not neglect their moral character? and do we instill into their minds principles which forbid the use of wicked actions and immoral language? and do we regulate their conduct by the Christian standard, so that in after years they may be a blessing to our old age, and a credit to society? Are we not as parents responsible for the habits and conduct of our children, when their actions carry with them impressions of good or evil to strangers who may visit our town?

Are the parents to be judged by the conduct of their children, or is there no responsibility on either side, and the young be left to chance? We must ask ourselves these questions when we are brought to reflection by some event which brings these subjects directly home to our consciences.

The communication of "Enquirer," in the last Journal should awaken every parent in Woburn to a sense of their duty. We do not wish to believe the substance of the remarks in that article, but they come from a source which carries truth with it, and we are sure all our citizens will feel interested in removing, if possible, such a stain from the character of the children in our community. Such gross and wicked language coming from young boys is deplorable, and it does seem as though there was a great necessity of regulation in our public schools against this dreadful practice of swearing.

A few bad boys will corrupt the morals of a school, and it should, we think, be the strict duty of teachers to look with eagle eyes to the conduct of scholars out of school, as well as in it. There are many practices, small at first, which if not broken early, lead to this corrupt language.

There is another vile practice with boys in our streets, which is a disgrace to the community,—we allude to smoking of cigars.—Boys hardly out of their teens are frequently seen with long, filthy cigars, puffing the smoke in the face of strangers in our streets. There should be a fine for such a nuisance.

Experience has taught us that a teacher can exercise a wonderful influence in these matters. We were a scholar in the public School of Roxbury, (some 40 years ago,) and

kept by Dr. Prentiss; the school numbered near 100, and during the time attended, we do not remember ever to have heard a profane word by one of these scholars. Many of them have filled eminent stations in society, and but few that we have heard of became wicked. Dr. Prentiss was strict in his discipline, his influence was strong, and we know that a teacher can prevent profanity in his school; we can never forget our early impressions of the wickedness of an oath. The old brick school-house is still standing, the school-master has long since gone to his better home, but his precepts and examples are fresh as ever. Our remarks may not please some of our readers, but they are not less true on that account, and truth is what we mean to sustain; all public errors need correction, and should not be passed over in silence.

"NEXT TUESDAY evening, our fellow-citizen Geo. M. Champney, Esq., will lecture before our Lyceum on "Shakspeare;" we shall expect to see a full audience present.

"REV. J. Edwards, of this town, lectured last Tuesday evening on "Washington," holding up his character as a model for youth; the lecture was a very interesting and appropriate one, and we hope the important sentiments advanced by the lecturer, made a lasting impression upon the audience.

"WE called, like thousands of others, to view the carriage and horses to be presented to Gen. Pierce; the carriage is a very neat and well built article—a credit to the builders; the harness, too gaudy for our notions of beauty; the mountings are no doubt rich; there is too much of them. The horses did not exactly suit our eyes, for the cost of \$800; we consider them to be far-fetched and dear bought." That suit of clothes and hat we did not see, and we should much rather see the President of our "Republican Government" appear in his own garments. These party gifts are not dictated by sound principles; they are like the Indian's dream, "expecting a double portion in return."

"CONGRESS has but a few days left to do up the business before them; we do not suppose they will finish all marked out for them; Gen. Pierce is now in Washington; he appears to keep himself clear of all cliques.

"THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE says that forty-nine printers and three publishers disappeared in the mud, a few days since, in that city; they must have soft times in Cambridge. It reminds us of the man who was traveling in Ohio in its early days on muddy roads. Coming to a very soft spot he saw a hat in the road; in picking it up he found a heel beneath it, which he offered to assist in extricating from its muddy position; when a voice exclaimed, "pray don't disturb me; my horse is under me, and this is the only permanent foundation we have found to-day." We hope these printers and publishers have found bottom.

"AT A meeting of the Mechanic Phalanx, at their Armony, Col. J. D. Green presiding, the following commissioned officers were unanimously elected:—For Captain, Timothy Winn, vice W. T. Grammer, resigned; for 1st Lieut., Chas. S. Converse, vice John Fladres, resigned; 2d Lieut., Theodore Collamore, vice Summer Young, deceased; 3d Lieut., Charles Tidd, vice Stephen Nichols, Jr., resigned; 4th Lieut., W. D. Warren, vice Timothy Winn, promoted.

At a subsequent meeting, Capt. Winn presiding, the following non-commissioned officers were unanimously chosen:—1st Sergeant, W. T. Grammer; 2d Sergeant, I. S. Alley; 3d Sergeant, Luke R. Tidd; 5th Sergeant, Alva S. Wood; 1st Corporal, Henry Taylor; 2d Corporal, J. B. Reid; 3d Corporal, Wm. Winn, Jr.; 4th Corporal, W. B. Ervin.

We understand that the Officers and Members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx intend to give a grand Military Ball, on the 9th of March next, at the late Sumner Young's Hotel, (for a long time been closed,) which is soon to be re-opened by Mr. Poconey.

EUROPE.—The Steamer Arabi arrived at New York from Liverpool, last Wednesday; she brings advices of the breaking out of an insurrection in Milan, on the 9th of February, which Kossuth and the Italian Mazzini, are said to be concerned. Kossuth issued a proclamation to the Hungarians in Italy, and Mazzini issued one to the Italian nation. Kossuth was in London, and promises to go to the Hungarians soon; the advices say there is a wide spread conspiracy to revolutionize Hungary and Italy.

WASHINGTON MONUMENTS.—We hope every one will read the notice on the first page, relating to the Washington Monument, it is a strong call and should be promptly met.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.—We have received the 16th annual report of the Board of Education, we shall find time to examine it, and give our readers such extracts as may be useful.

"BY AN advertisement in this day's paper our citizens will find a concert is to be given at the Town Hall, on Friday next, March 4th, by the "Philharmonic Vocalists;" we hear them spoken of as worthy of support.

NEW RAILROAD IN NEW YORK.—It is stated that a corporation is being formed in Buffalo, having for its object the construction of a railroad from Kingston, on the Hudson river, to connect with the road from Canandaigua to Buffalo. The route is expected to reduce the distance from New York to Buffalo about 60 miles.

DEPRAVED.—The prohibitory liquor law was defeated in the New Jersey Legislature, by a vote of 9 to 46.

Written for the Journal.

THE OPERA SACK.

BY JONATHAN.

A lady, one of our fair fellow citizens, recently lost a valuable "Opera Sack;" notice was given of the loss, with directions to leave it, if found, at "Fowle's Book Store;" a daughter of Erin's Isle, having found a garment near the Railroad depot, that she thought answered the description of a sack, immediately hastened with it to the Book Store—the garment proved to be anything but an "Opera Sack," and on its being submitted to inspection of our friend "Jonathan," he poured forth the following pathetic lines in 8 verses:—

"Twas but a few days since, I lost,
That one of Woburn's fairest daughters
Met a sad loss; and the tale I fear,
Your eyes may cause, to be a fountain of waters;

"Twas a garment, both pretty and fine,
'Tis called by the name of "Opera Sack;"
For evening wear, they're good any time,
They button in front, are whole on the back.

In coming from Boston, or some other spot,
The Sack was lost by this fair lady;
And sadly she mourned at her hard lot,
Though "Hope" said, 'twould be found—maybe.

A notice was posted, all round the street,
To tell the people, who journey and go;
That if they, this sack should meet,
Just leave it at Fowle's, in his news depot.

Soon does dame Fortune, and dame smile,
For as she goes down by Railroad-street;
To see some cousins, from "Old Ireland's Isle,"
Elspie a bundle, near by her feet—

"Och, true for ye all," I've found the sack,
She said, as she opened the treasure;
Then hurried she turned, hastening back,
To deliver it up, with joy and pleasure.

"The lost sheep is found," they said at the store,
Their eyes, how they glistened, guess if you can—
They snatched it, and off the paper quick tote,
For curiosity's plenty, yes! even in man.

But horrors! what a sight meets their glistening eyes,
Their souls do shake, their mouths wide open yawn
For forth it comes, and up is held the prize,
"Is a 'Man's Night Shirt," made of cotton lawn.

Woburn, February, 1853.

STONEHAM RAILROAD.—We perceive hands are at work on this road at Winchester. This road will be very advantageous to Stoneham, it will bring into notice some of those fine building spots and healthy situations for Boston folks. Winchester will be quite a railroad town.

MEANER THAN DIRT.—Some mean, low-lived, heartless scamp, who ought to live on the potatoe-rot the remainder of his days, has been scattering poison about the streets, and killing dogs by the wholesale. Within four days more than thirty dogs have been killed in this city in that way. If a man had hostility towards a particular dog, he might, under some circumstances, be excused for killing it. But a man who will kill dogs promiscuously, will set whole families in tears, without provocation, by robbing them of a little pet that no money can buy, will pull up corn, like crows, will steal, rob and do anything that is revolting to mankind, and has the heart of a murderer. If he had stolen \$100 from some of these men instead of killing their dog, they would have thanked him. Talk about "mean as a puppy!" No puppy ever lived as mean as the man who has killed these dogs.—Manchester Mirror.

WE HAVE SOME OF THE SAME SORT IN WOBURN; A very valuable Newfoundland dog of ours is now suffering from the effects of vitrol, thrown on him by some scamp, and we are determined to ferret him out. It could not have been done for any bad disposition of the dog, but to gratify an evil propensity; we would willingly give a reward to find him out; this is the second dog of ours which has been served in this way; the man who could wound a poor dumb beast in this manner is not fit to live in society.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Legislature of Wisconsin has before it a bill to incorporate the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Co. with a capital of fifty millions, and power to raise it to a hundred millions. Among the names given as comprising the company, are Moses H. Grinnell and Simeon Draper of New York, Abbott Lawrence, John M. Forbes and Wm. F. Weld of Boston, Joseph Grinnell of New Bedford, W. W. Corcoran of Washington, and Erastus Corning of Albany.

A NEW ROUTE.—A railroad is in progress from Mobile (some thirty miles already completed) to intersect the road of Tennessee through Nashville to Louisville. A railroad is already in process of construction from Louisville to Cincinnati; which, when complete, will open a communication between Mobile and Louisville and about thirty-six hours travel. Forty-eight hours, by packet, from Havana to Mobile, thirty-six hours from Mobile to Louisville, and about thirty hours from thence to Buffalo, would give the fruits of Cuba, in four days and eighteen hours—sooner by two days than New York can get them at present.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Legislature of Wisconsin has before it a bill to incorporate the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, with a capital of fifty millions, and power to raise it to a hundred millions. Among the names given as comprising the company, are Moses H. Grinnell and Simeon Draper of New York, Abbott Lawrence, John M. Forbes and Wm. F. Weld of Boston, Joseph Grinnell of New Bedford, W. W. Corcoran of Washington, and Erastus Corning of Albany.

A NEW ROUTE.—A railroad is in progress from Mobile (some thirty miles already completed) to intersect the road of Tennessee through Nashville to Louisville. A railroad is already in process of construction from Louisville to Cincinnati; which, when complete, will open a communication between Mobile and Louisville and about thirty-six hours travel.

THE SECRET BALLOT LAW.—The repeal of the Law, passed to a third reading in the Legislature last Thursday, by a majority of nine, a strict party vote.

THE PLACER TIMES says an unusually large number of females arrive weekly in California, and their influence for good can hardly be estimated. At their presence the gambling house close as though some magic wand had been waved before its doors, and the people are won away from the drinking saloons and houses of dissipation, by an attraction which though apparently gentle, is all powerful. At the incoming of every steamer now-a-days the dawn of California grows brighter and brighter.

THE INAUGURATION BALL AT WASHINGTON, has been abandoned, in deference to the feelings of Gen. Pierce.

MR. IRA BUCKMAN, President of a Temperance Society in New York, while addressing the Society on Sunday evening, was shot in the leg. The perpetrator of the deed was secured, but no reason is assigned for the act.

SILENT BALLOT LAW.—The repeal of the Law, passed to a third reading in the Legislature last Thursday, by a majority of nine, a strict party vote.

THE PLACER TIMES says an unusually large number of females arrive weekly in California, and their influence for good can hardly be estimated. At their presence the gambling house close as though some magic wand had been waved before its doors, and the people are won away from the drinking saloons and houses of dissipation, by an attraction which though apparently gentle, is all powerful. At the incoming of every steamer now-a-days the dawn of California grows brighter and brighter.

THE CAPITAL STOCK IN THE WOBURN BANK has all been taken up, and is now waiting the action of the Legislature for a charter.

WE HAVE RECEIVED A NUMBER OF COMMUNICATIONS RESPECTING THE PUZZLE IN LAST WEEK'S JOURNAL, THEY ARE ALL WRONG, NO FRACTIONS ARE TO BE USED. THE SALEM REGISTER SAYS THE SUM ORIGINATED IN THAT CITY AND THAT IT CAN BE DONE; PERHAPS IT CAN.

THE GREAT INDIA RUBBER CASE, WHICH HAS ATTRACTED SO MUCH ATTENTION AT THE PATENT OFFICE IN WASHINGTON, ON APPLICATION FOR RENEWAL OF PATENT, HAS BEEN DECIDED BY COMMISSIONER HODGE AGAINST RENEWAL.

OUR LEGISLATURE SEEM DETERMINED TO DISGRACE THE STATE; THE PROCEEDINGS THE LAST WEEK WERE ANYTHING BUT CREDITABLE; PARTY SPIRIT KNOWS NO BOUNDS FOR CIVILITY AND DECORUM; WE REGRET TO SEE SUCH BLOWS ON THE FAIR FACES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

WE HAVE NOTHING IN THE WAY OF IMPROVEMENTS IN OUR VICINITY TO NOTICE. IF THE WEATHER CONTINUES MILD OUR FARMERS WILL SOON APPLIED FOR A PASSAGE TO NEW ORLEANS. HE WAS TOLD THAT THE CABIN WAS SMALL AND WOULD NOT

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Written for the Journal.

BY JONATHAN.

The past week has been an unusual one for the season. The news from Europe is somewhat startling and may be the forerunner of a revolution. Some jarring amongst our members of the Legislature, with a few accidents on Railroads, make up the week.

"THE new Liquor Law of Vermont, goes into operation on the second Tuesday of March next.

A serious riot occurred in Oliver St., Boston, last Sunday evening, three watchmen were badly injured; rum was the cause of it.

MICHAEL COFFEE died in Charlestown, last week, in consequence of drinking vitrol, supposing it to be rum.

A man named Doherty, in New York, has been defrauded out of \$13,000 by the operation of spiritual rappings, the police are searching into it; Doherty is insane, and now highly prized than the lectures given by gentlemen from abroad. It would encourage much latent talent to discover its powers, for we believe there is in all our towns much of ability lying late, which might be awakened to activity for the good of the community and for its advancement. It is not impossible that each village might furnish its own lectures for the season, or nearly, though we would not advocate the exclusive patronage of domestic efforts, permitting no opportunities for comparing merits and abilities; but a few of such lectures, by due appreciation, would create an emulation both worthy and ennobling, and conducive of the finest results, in any Literary Association.

The public are cautioned to be on their guard for altered bills; \$1 on the Eagle Bank at Rochester, N. Y., altered to \$50, and \$1 on the Newark Bank, N. Y., altered to \$10 by extracting the original figures, and printing in the stand, the increased denomination.

Rev. Mr. Hague, formerly of the Federal Street Church, Boston, has received a call to settle over the Bodoin Square Church, at a salary of \$3000 per annum.

A disastrous gale occurred in New Orleans, on the 19th inst., two steamers loaded with cotton, took fire, and about 1200 bales were destroyed.

An Irish servant girl in Barre, has received intelligence that by the death of an aunt, she is one of the heirs to \$90,000.

JOEL BRUCE, aged 45, eloped from Athol, Mass., last week, with a Mrs. Harwood, aged 17.

A bill has been reported in the Senate, appropriating \$1

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

POETRY!

FARMER'S HYMN FOR WINTER.
O, Thou to whom our thoughts we raise,
Throughout the ever-changing year,
Teach us to sing thy praise,
And bow to thee with love and fear.

Though nature die in icy death,
All hidden 'neath the wintry snow,
We know that thy reviving breath
Will cause her streams again to flow.

Omniactive source of every good,
In all thy ways we're ever blest—
In every ill—well understood—
Thy constant goodness stands confest.

Thy mercies, Lord, are ever sure—
And when we view the snow clad plain,
Our hopes then we rest secure—
Thou will the summer bring again.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

PLANTING FOR POSTERITY.—"There," said a gentleman to us the other day, pointing to a fine group of pine and other trees, "my brother is about to build himself a house; those trees were planted for him by my father upwards of twenty years ago." How fortunate this man to have such a father! Here he builds his house among those fine trees, and enters at once upon their enjoyment. He gains twenty-five years of time, and not only that, the plantation has a ten-fold value in its history and associations. It is a family monument. A beautiful example this for fathers. Such an inheritance has a moral as well as a material value.

We have another instance of a like character. A widow lady, who possesses a large and beautiful estate in Western New York, informed us recently that she was about to plant and improve a tract of ground for the future residence of her son, who is yet a child.

Is there any other way in which parents can better provide for the physical future of their children?—anything that can impress the minds of children with more enduring gratitude to the parent and teach them their duty to posterity? We are happy to be able to record such instances. It shows that society is at least approaching a condition of *permanency*, without which it were vain, indeed, to expect people to project or execute any liberal plan of improvement for the future.

Taking a pecuniary view of the matter, what better legacy could a farmer, in one of our fine fruit growing districts, leave to his sons than an orchard of five or ten acres of apple trees or pear trees just coming into productiveness? Would it not be well as purchasing for him a farm in the far west, scattering his family far away from the homestead and breaking up the ties that bind them to home and kindred? The migratory spirit that prevails so wide and deep among us is a deadly foe to that high culture which it is the wish of every man to see, and to all those feelings of attachment to home from which springs the brightest charms and greatest blessings of society. Think of these things you who are laboring so ardently for posterity. Turn your attention to planting. This is a kind of investment not easily affected by the ordinary ebb and flow of human affairs. Plant!—Plant for posterity!—Horticulturist.

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.—Mr. Conisler Arms, of Conway, Mass., has fattened two Steers, which weigh 6000 lbs., and are supposed to be the handsomest pair ever prepared for the market in this State. He sold them to a gentleman in New York for \$500.

We are pleased to learn from the interior of the State, that the prospect for fine fields of wheat is very good. We had been led to believe that the continued mildness of the winter and the absence of snow would be injurious to the wheat fields, but we learn from different portions of the State that no fears are apprehended on that account. In most places away from the influence of the Lakes, there have been repeated falls of snow, though not to any unusual depth.—Detroit Free Press.

A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year is said to be a sufficient preservative against moths.

BREAKING OXEN.—The editor of the Massachusetts Farmer recommends the following method of breaking oxen:

"When you first put a yoke on two year-old steers, coax them with an apple or an ear of soft corn (soft corn is allowable in this case.) Then, they will hold up their heads and be glad to follow you. No whip will be needed at the first yoking. Let the yoke and the soft corn be associated in their minds, and they will never be shy of the yoke; but if you make use of force alone, they will hold down their heads to keep them out of the way of blows. After you have taught them to follow you around in the yoke, and that it will not injure them to carry it, you can hitch them on before the older oxen, and make them take the lead. The driver should go beside them occasionally, with a switch stick or a light and short whip, but he will not have any need to beat them, except in extreme cases."

RAIN IN ENGLAND.—The Liverpool Albion states that the last seven months of the year 1852, were the seven wettest consecutive months on record. All over England and Ireland the visitation of rain was equally excessive, and unprecedented and disastrous inundations were the consequence. At Dublin, during twenty-six days in November, six and a half inches of rain fell, which is a quarter of the annual average in that vicinity. Three inches fell in four days—the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. On the same days upwards of two and a half inches fell in London. Six inches and a fifth fell in London during the month of November.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit. Declift

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,
AND

JOB PRINTER.

Agent for all the principal

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

Gage & Fowle,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE on hand a complete stock of Overcoats, choice Pantaloony, Vestings and rich Furnishing Goods. G. R. GAGE, J. L. FOWLE, Woburn, December 4, 1852.

N. WYMAN, JR.,
DEALER IN

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

No. 8 Wade's Buildings, WOBURN.

oct 18 if

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,

No. 15 Congress Street, BOSTON.

oct 18 if

M. A. STEVENS,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 Myrtle Street, BOSTON.

(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn,) if

dec 6

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

25 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

oct 27 if

THOMPSON & TIDD,

NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, Crockery and Glass Ware,

Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c. oct 18 if

O T I S & B A I L E Y .

HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS,

GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,

DEALERS IN Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass.

Geo. H. OTIS, WOBURN, JAMES B. BAILEY.

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

C O M M I S S I O N M E R C H A N T S

FOSTER WHARF, BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention.

NOV 15 '45

M E N Z I E S & W H I T E .

—DEALERS IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street,

Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.

H. H. WHITE.

One Price... All Representations Warranted,

jan 24

NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL

DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,

Cambidgeport, Mass.

Orders left at Amos Waite's, 44 Brattle St., Boston,

and Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.

5¢ Ladders, &c., always on hand.

oct 30 if

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

L I C E N S E D D A U T I O N E E R ,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

oct 25 if

EDWARD E. COOPER,

—DEALER IN—

Fancy Goods,

Medicines,

Perfumery,

Chemicals,

Dye Stuffs

No. 5 & 6 Wade's Buildings, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night

Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For Geel Leeches constantly on hand.

mar 27 if

FISK & CUSHING,

M E R C H A N T T A I L O R S ,

96 Washington Street,

Elijah F. Fisk, Isaac Cushing, BOSTON.

oct 18 if

H A T E S & G O L D T H W A I T ,

W H O L E S A L E R S & R E T A I L D E A L E R S I N A L L K I N D S O F

C A R P E T I N G S ,

Broadcloths, Cassimires, Vestings, Taffetas, Trimmings, &

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS.)

No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.

oct 21 if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

L I C E N S E D A U T I O N E E R ,

B U R L I N G T O N , M A S S .

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

jan 31 if

MARY A. EATON,

C A R P E T M A K E R .

BOSTON.

By Orders left at this office, or at 223 Washington, opposite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to on jan 31 if

E D W A R D E . C O O P E R ,

—DEALER IN—

W H O L E S A L E R S & R E T A I L D E A L E R S I N A L L K I N D S O F

C A R P E T I N G S ,

DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS.)

No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.

oct 21 if

HARRIS JOHNSON,

L I C E N S E D A U T I O N E E R ,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

jan 31 if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

L I C E N S E D A U T I O N E E R ,

B U R L I N G T O N , M A S S .

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

jan 31 if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

L I C E N S E D A U T I O N E E R ,

B U R L I N G T O N , M A S S .

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

jan 31 if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

L I C E N S E D A U T I O N E E R ,

B U R L I N G T O N , M A S S .

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms,

jan 31 if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

L I C E N S E D A U T I O N E E R ,

<p

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

NO. 21.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

"This world's not all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;"

He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
Then something here of heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Has something left of heaven.

If that the Christian course hath run—
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted heaven.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Woburn Centre, Mass., 1853.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER:

OR THE

Lily of Myrtle Dale.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT HOLYOKE.

BY PRAIRIE BIRD.

[CONTINUED.]

Ornala remained a few moments near the cornel tree, then walked slowly down to the foot of the mountain and sat down upon a large flat rock, and began to contrive a plan in which he could be introduced to the Percy family. As one scheme after another passed through his mind, without giving him much satisfaction, he was suddenly startled by the approach of two boys who came furiously down the mountain, running at the top of their speed. As they came to the rock, one of the boys called out to the other to stop and sit down a few minutes, as he could go no farther. The boys took seats on one side of the flat rock, and began wiping their faces with their handkerchiefs, seemingly very much fatigued. Ornala thought he would have a little chat with them, and thus commenced:

"Why do you run so, boys? It is quite too warm to frolic this way; don't you feel tired?"

"Yes, sir; but I told Webster I would give him a ninepence, if he would catch Miss Percy before she got home."

"Then you are relation to Miss Percy, are you?"

"No, sir; I live in Amherst; I am visiting in this place; my grandfather's house is next to gardener Percy's; I am going to stay all summer here, I think."

"So you wanted to catch up with Miss Percy, to have company home?"

"No, sir, I picked up her dog's collar on the mountain, and I wanted to try to catch Fleeter and put it on his neck myself."

"Well, supposing I give you some change, and you let me take this collar to Miss Percy, will you?"

"Yes sir—what shall we tell her if she asks us if we saw it anywhere?"

"Tell her you gave it to a man and that he said he would give it to her."

The boys now ran off in the direction of home, and Ornala remained a while upon the rock, then wended his way to gardener Percy's.

The sun had thrown its last ray upon mountain and lawn, the old boat had just brought over the passengers for Myrtle Dale, among them was gardener Percy with his basket of tools upon one arm, and a small bundle under the other, containing some little present from lady L. to his good wife Anna. Ornala walked to the Holyoke House, took seat upon the settee near the door, and waited until he thought the gardener had eaten his supper. Presently, as Ornala was gazing toward the cottage, he espied the gardener coming out of the door of the cottage and laying a chair in his hand, he placed it upon the ground under the old Catalpa and seated himself with a much dignity, to all appearance, as a monarch upon a throne.

Ornala quickly left his seat, and hastened to the cottage; he entered the little gate, and walked slowly up to the gardener, admiring the beautiful flowers that lined his path on either side.

Standing before the old gardener he lifted his hat, and bowing gracefully to the aged man, enquired if he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Percy; to which the gardener, rising from his chair, said that was his name, and extended his hard but honest hand to the young stranger.

"I have come, sir," said Ornala, "to return to your daughter the collar of her faithful dog, which he probably lost from his neck this afternoon. I came in possession of it by mere chance, not being the finder, yet I feel it quite a pleasure to be permitted to return it to the owner." The old gardener now called Fleeter, and put the collar on his neck, thanking the young man heartily for his kindness, and asking to whom he should tell his daughter they owed their indebtedness.

Ornala then told him the manner in which he came in possession of it, and that it was not to him, but to two little neighboring lads that the praise was due. Ornala turned to depart, when the old gardener began to converse about the season, and the weather of late. The gardener accompanied Ornala to the gate, and as the latter espied a lovely little plant on the left side of the walk, stooped down to admire its beauty. It was a choice

plant, and one half blown bud was alone the pride of the garden. The old gardener went on to relate the particulars concerning the plant, the manner in which it was cultivated, the care required in order to make it thrive well in this country, &c. Ornala remarked that it must be a plant of rare loveliness, and it would give him great pleasure to see it in full bloom. The old gardener then inquired if he was stopping at Myrtle Dale.

"No," said Ornala, "I am on a visit to N——, and expect to remain the summer in this vicinity. Will you tell me," enquired he, "what, or who gave the name of Myrtle Dale to this place?"

"Oh yes sir; it is quite a romantic affair, however. Some ten or twelve years ago, a family from the South came to N—— to pass the warm season; they took great delight in rambling through our forests. I had at that time, where you now see flowers, fine beds of strawberries. The family I speak of were very fond of this part of the country, and one day they espied my strawberries from the road, and came to Judge L.'s, (my employer,) and wanted me to sell them the privilege of coming when they pleased to eat the fresh berries. I readily consented, and every morning some of the family would ride out here to gather and eat the fresh fruit; but since my daughter has grown up I let her have this for a flower garden, and I have a fine strawberry patch back of the house, but I am wandering away from my story. This Southern family remained at N—— until late in September; then, before they went home, they wanted to have a little jubilee with their Northern friends, and having many acquaintances in Boston, they invited all to meet with them on a certain day at Myrtle Dale. No one knew where it was; they knew it was somewhere in the vicinity of N——, yet never had heard of the place before. A porter was stationed at the Coffee House to direct the company to Myrtle Dale; great curiosity was aboil to know what could be honored with such a pretty name.—For a week before the day arrived men were employed in erecting arches all over the place here, from that old red gate that opens into the lane that leads up to the foot of the mountain, was one arch covered with boughs interwoven with flowers; near that great flat rock at the foot of the mountain was a large bower, under which was tables loaded with everything the heart could wish. I should have said before that up over the old red gate at the entrance of the arch was a beautiful banner waving in the breeze, with the following words, 'Entrance to Myrtle Dale.' I was one of the table attendants, as my employer was one of the guests; the day was a glorious one, and a merrier gathering was never had. You may depend on it, sir, the party enjoyed themselves. They broke up at sundown, and after their dinner, which was at four in the afternoon, they had enough left to give the many hundred spectators a good lunch. Good speeches were made; grand music and singing finished the day's entertainment. This place ever since has been called 'Myrtle Dale.' That gentleman, sir, came here for a number of summers after that, and everybody loved him; at last we heard of his death, and I can assure you, many a tear fell from eyes that knew him only by name. Oh, sir, he was such a gentleman; I don't suppose there was ever a man that came to our place so much respected by all classes of society; oh, sir, I cannot help feeling sad when I think of him. You see, my friend, he was so unlike most men. Come here, Fleeter," said the old gardener. The noble dog made his appearance with much more intelligence upon his pretty face than is seen in some men's.

"This dog," continued the gardener, "is one of the most sagacious creatures of the canine race living. The gentleman I have been telling you about, gave a pretty young pup, to my little Nea; she was then quite young, and this is one of its posterity. This dog is only two years old, but we kept old Fan, its mother, eight long years; when she died I warrant you as many tears were shed, as if we had lost a child; you don't know sir, how we loved that creature, and this dog is as near as a child to us."

Standing before the old gardener he lifted his hat, and bowing gracefully to the aged man, enquired if he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Percy; to which the gardener, rising from his chair, said that was his name, and extended his hard but honest hand to the young stranger.

"I have come, sir," said Ornala, "to return to your daughter the collar of her faithful dog, which he probably lost from his neck this afternoon. I came in possession of it by mere chance, not being the finder, yet I feel it quite a pleasure to be permitted to return it to the owner." The old gardener now called Fleeter, and put the collar on his neck, thanking the young man heartily for his kindness, and asking to whom he should tell his daughter they owed their indebtedness.

Ornala then told him the manner in which he came in possession of it, and that it was not to him, but to two little neighboring lads that the praise was due. Ornala turned to depart, when the old gardener began to converse about the season, and the weather of late. The gardener accompanied Ornala to the gate, and as the latter espied a lovely little plant on the left side of the walk, stooped down to admire its beauty. It was a choice

plant, and one half blown bud was alone the pride of the garden. The old gardener went on to relate the particulars concerning the plant, the manner in which it was cultivated, the care required in order to make it thrive well in this country, &c. Ornala remarked that it must be a plant of rare loveliness, and it would give him great pleasure to see it in full bloom. The old gardener then inquired if he was staying at Myrtle Dale.

"No," said Ornala, "I am on a visit to N——, and expect to remain the summer in this vicinity. Will you tell me," enquired he, "what, or who gave the name of Myrtle Dale to this place?"

"Oh yes sir; it is quite a romantic affair, however. Some ten or twelve years ago, a family from the South came to N—— to pass the warm season; they took great delight in rambling through our forests. I had at that time, where you now see flowers, fine beds of strawberries. The family I speak of were very fond of this part of the country, and one day they espied my strawberries from the road, and came to Judge L.'s, (my employer,) and wanted me to sell them the privilege of coming when they pleased to eat the fresh berries. I readily consented, and every morning some of the family would ride out here to gather and eat the fresh fruit; but since my daughter has grown up I let her have this for a flower garden, and I have a fine strawberry patch back of the house, but I am wandering away from my story. This Southern family remained at N—— until late in September; then, before they went home, they wanted to have a little jubilee with their Northern friends, and having many acquaintances in Boston, they invited all to meet with them on a certain day at Myrtle Dale. No one knew where it was; they knew it was somewhere in the vicinity of N——, yet never had heard of the place before. A porter was stationed at the Coffee House to direct the company to Myrtle Dale; great curiosity was aboil to know what could be honored with such a pretty name.—For a week before the day arrived men were employed in erecting arches all over the place here, from that old red gate that opens into the lane that leads up to the foot of the mountain, was one arch covered with boughs interwoven with flowers; near that great flat rock at the foot of the mountain was a large bower, under which was tables loaded with everything the heart could wish. I should have said before that up over the old red gate at the entrance of the arch was a beautiful banner waving in the breeze, with the following words, 'Entrance to Myrtle Dale.' I was one of the table attendants, as my employer was one of the guests; the day was a glorious one, and a merrier gathering was never had. You may depend on it, sir, the party enjoyed themselves. They broke up at sundown, and after their dinner, which was at four in the afternoon, they had enough left to give the many hundred spectators a good lunch. Good speeches were made; grand music and singing finished the day's entertainment. This place ever since has been called 'Myrtle Dale.' That gentleman, sir, came here for a number of summers after that, and everybody loved him; at last we heard of his death, and I can assure you, many a tear fell from eyes that knew him only by name. Oh, sir, he was such a gentleman; I don't suppose there was ever a man that came to our place so much respected by all classes of society; oh, sir, I cannot help feeling sad when I think of him. You see, my friend, he was so unlike most men. Come here, Fleeter," said the old gardener. The noble dog made his appearance with much more intelligence upon his pretty face than is seen in some men's.

"This dog," continued the gardener, "is one of the most sagacious creatures of the canine race living. The gentleman I have been telling you about, gave a pretty young pup, to my little Nea; she was then quite young, and this is one of its posterity. This dog is only two years old, but we kept old Fan, its mother, eight long years; when she died I warrant you as many tears were shed, as if we had lost a child; you don't know sir, how we loved that creature, and this dog is as near as a child to us."

The morning wore away, Mrs. J., instead of going to Amherst, as she said she was, went directly across the river, stopped at the Holystone House, slipped a dollar in the landlord's hand, and took a room for the day, informing the landlord she wished to pen a few thoughts, and wished to be left alone for some hours. From the window in her room she could see the gardener's cot, and all that moved about the streets, together with a good view of all the passengers that should stray to the mountain.

About two in the afternoon, Ornala was seen on the opposite side of the street, and walked toward the residence of the gardener. Mrs. J. scanned every movement, until Ornala was seen turning into the little gate, that opened into the gardener's garden. Nea saw Ornala coming and herself and Fleeter ran out to welcome him. Mrs. Jones saw all this, and in a few moments more, Ornala, Nea, and Fleeter, were on the road to the mountain. Mrs. J. waited no longer, her anger was kindled, that old affair of Susan's now came up for revenge, mad with rage she hastened home to do her fiendish work.

This was of a Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. J. had an engagement at the minister's that evening. The Sunday following being communion day the minister had invited the members of his church at his house to have a season of prayer, in order to have the mind in a better state for the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Ornala arrived at his aunt's about sunset, and found his aunt as pleased and devout as one could, to outward appearance, be. "I have judged her wrong," said Ornala to himself; "She's been to A——, I know, otherwise she would not meet me with such a smile." The hour of the meeting had come, and Mrs. J. left with her husband to spend an hour of prayer at her minister's.

[Owing to the late receipt of this story, we are obliged to omit the remainder till our next paper.—Eu.]

■■■■■ A blind-manufacturer at the South, the gardener made bold to enquire the name of the young and interesting stranger.

"My name is Ornala Beaumont sir, I am from the city of Boston, I should have intro-

Written for the Journal. INCIDENTS OF THE PAST.

Copied from my Note-Book.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.

Teachers.—"In the latter part of a cold, cheerless day in midwinter, I am impatiently awaiting the arrival of a few friends who have been invited to take tea and pass the evening at my 'childhood's home.' Among the number expected is a young gentleman by the name of Fred, and a young lady called Frank; they are teachers. Both teach in the same district and in one building. Fred has charge of the more advanced scholars, and Frank of the less; both are excellent teachers, and are much beloved by their pupils. Fred is from the University at Andover, at which place he intends to return at the close of the winter term, to again resume his studies. He is handsome, and has an exceedingly youthful appearance, for scarcely twenty summers have winged their flight over his fair broad brow of genius. In him we behold not only the scholar, but the orator; the kind-hearted and faithful teacher—the social companion of an evening—the devoted friend of a life-time.—Frank is also handsome; she belongs in the same town where she is at present teaching. She was my school-mate in days gone by; of late we have been separated from each other. We were educated for teachers in different seminaries, consequently we seldom, if ever, met. Now a chance presents itself for us to renew our former acquaintance, of which I am very grateful.

* * * * *

The hour, (the much wished for hour,) has at length come. Part of the guests have arrived, among whom is Fred and Frank. Frank is the same joyous, affectionate being of former days. I am glad that she remains unchanged—she's not with us a day of late; it's rarely he asks us to accompany him at all on his walks. I saw him the day before yesterday shaking hands with Percy, the old gardener, at Judge L.'s. I wonder if he's fallen in love with that Nea, Judge L.'s wife so much admires."

"Well, if he attempts to be intimate with her, I will spend half my possessions but I will put a stop to it. Yes," said Mrs. J., "I will have an excuse to be absent to-morrow, and I'll find his hiding place."

The next morning found Mrs. Jones preparing to go to A—— to spend the day. She left the house at an early hour, and though she tried to appear calm, yet her looks were deceitful in the eyes of Ornala that he at times thought she might be plotting some mischief, as Nea had told him how desperate she felt toward her.

* * * * *

We're seated round a table that is covered with books and journals. The eloquent Fred is reading aloud to us. How the intonations of his voice fill our souls with admiration!

* * * * *

We're in the refreshment-room. The bright open fire from the old-fashioned fireplace curls its red and blue folds about the fuel and brickwork, and then goes roaring up the wide, open chimney. This recalls the past to our memory, and as we partake of the viands before us, we each in turn relate some incident connected with the days of yore—that will return no more.

* * * * *

We're again in the parlor, where we anticipated having Fred read to us again, but our anticipations were cut short by his informing us that he was suddenly attacked with a severe toothache, his pleasure for the evening was at an end. He soon took his departure, accompanied by the kind-hearted Frank. We felt sad to have it terminate thus, and should have felt unpleasant during the remainder of the evening, but for the arrival of the remainder of our guests who had been unavoidably detained until now from coming. We felt obliged to exert our spirits to render them happy, and in so doing for our own sadness.

* * * * *

I am alone; the clock has chimed the hour of midnight. The company of the evening have either gone to their homes, or retired to their apartments to rest. I'm thinking of the past—the June of the teachers of my acquaintance; where are they? One is far away from her home, teaching the heathen at the true God. Another, aye, another and another at the end of that sleep the long sleep of death! Others have become missionaries—wives—husbands. All save Fred and Frank, have changed their situations in life, and have moved far away; but this is a changing world! Soon it will be said of them—of me, "they are dead, changed, or gone to a distant land. May we all be prepared for whatever is in store for us."

CHAPTER II.

The Beautiful Sewing Girl.

It has been a long, dreary storm. I wonder how widow Siba and daughter have fared during this long spell of snowy weather. Tis a pity that one delicately beautiful as Mary Siba should be forced to toil day and night for the subsistence of herself and invalid mother. And then, too, there's their landlord! how exacting of every mill. Oppressor of the oppressed! how my blood boils at such inhuman treatment! But he does this to force Mary to wed him. If I were in her stead, I would sooner die than become his wife! But there is her poor invalid mother—she thinks of her. Well, 'tis a hard case. God direct her how to act.

* * * * *

The storm has so much abated, I think I will don my bonnet and shawl and call upon widow Siba and daughter.

"Tis very cold, yet I'm almost there and therefore will keep on. I'm there. But where are they? Gone, gone! but where? "I don't know, or care;" replies a surly old woman who tenanted the same room, formerly occupied by the widow and daughter. Sadly I turned my steps homeward, wondering what

had become of those whom I had been in quest of.

* * * * *

Well, there, shouldnt have known her she has become so much altered. She knew me, and spoke; then told me the following interesting bit of news concerning herself.

One day the landlord came in and demanded the rent. T. ey could not pay it, then, but would in the course of a few weeks. He said he sh—— I allow them but three days to pay it in. They did not at the expiration of that time, he should have them turned out of door. The time specified expired, and the unfeeling landlord came to execute his threat. The widow plead with him. Mary wept. Going up to the latter, he said:—

"Promise to become my wife, and you shall remain. You shall have everything heart could desire, and your poor invalid mother shall be properly cared for. Say that you will and all shall be well."

"I cannot love you," replied Mary, "for my heart has long since been given to another, and—"

"I care not for that—say that you will be mine," interrupted her hearer, and he gazed admiringly upon the weeping beauty beside him.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. agents for this paper.
WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BROOKHAM.—MR. G. W. DIRE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"B. B."—Is it possible that what you state is true? If so, measures should be taken to stop so great an evil. There is a law against profanity, and we hope it will be put in force, and these young men had better take warning, as our citizens are determined to make an effort at reformation.

"B. P."—Very acceptable; our table is overstocked with favors. They will all receive attention in due time.

"JUNIOR."—You ask us to point you out an honest man as a model, but as you have taken "Diogenes' lamp," and are in search for your object, we shall not interfere. In searching for a truly honest man, it may result like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"VISITOR."—We were not at that levee—it must have been a fine affair, successful, of course, for when did ladies ever fail in these affairs? They throw around these levees a perfect charm, and even the most incorrigible bachelors are drawn in and hoodwinked they look on such occasions, the odd half of a pair of scissors. The object of this levee is a capital one, and we hope the Rev. gentleman will use his new tools to advantage.

"MUTUAL FRIENDS."—Those interested will notice your remarks.

"HARRY."—It is not so easy a matter to become a writer as many think it is; in writing poetry the task is the hardest. You will improve, because you are desirous of acquiring the knowledge, and it is our wish and aim to encourage this desire. Your poetry is delicate in rhyme and meter, two very important items to be corrected; the lines are too long for our columns, and could not be set up without spoiling the piece; try again. Study well your subject, meter and rhyme—short lines and brief.

EDITORIAL.

March Meetings.

The first Monday in March is one of the old established days for town meetings, which remains untouched by the hand of modern improvement. We honor the day, and the importance of its results, not only for its antiquity, but also for the free gathering of a free people to exercise the great privilege left us by our fathers. There is no other country in the face of the globe where the people enjoy the rights and privileges, the freedom and security to exercise them, as the people of the old and reverend Commonwealth of Massachusetts will enjoy on Monday next.

These meetings are intimately connected with our own homes and should be more highly valued, and conducted on neighborly intercourse; they are confined to the limits of our own town, and our actions and deliberations should tend to harmony and general interest. We should come together free from all party bias or personal enmity, hear the reports of our town officers, and give them credit for all the good they have done,—and in selecting others be sure to take who are the tried friends of order and good government. The officers to be chosen are the immediate protectors of our homes and our individual interests, and as we are all neighbors, we can come to these gatherings with a full knowledge of each other.

We are not to enquire about the political opinions of any candidate for town officers, and therefore there will be no difficulty in making the selection. Every citizen is deeply interested in these town meetings.

Our schools are to be provided for—they must be fully sustained, for the strength and duration of the Union depends on the education of the masses. The poor claim our attention, and must not be neglected. The improvements of our town are an important item. The cause of temperance, we hope, will receive full attention; the return of the sales of rum sh. w. a bad state of morals; we regret to see it. The engine and fire companies should receive attention.

We hope some measures will be taken to stop the evil of profanity and indecent language in our streets; if there is a law against it, let the officers put it in force. We have received several communications from citizens on this subject, and also smoking cigars in the public streets; both should be subjected to a heavy fine. Strangers leave our town with bad impressions from these public nuisances.

The receipts and expenditures of the town for the last year have been printed and distributed, and our citizens will agree with us in giving our town officers credit for discharging their duties faithfully and honestly, and they deserve the thanks of the Town.

We must all feel gratified in looking at the present position of Woburn,—prosperous in manufacturing,—progressing in agriculture,—steady increase in population,—light taxes,—a good town government, with a long list of "solid men"; she will continue to improve and prosper.

While our paper is going to press there are great and important movements going on in Washington, a complete change in the administration of our government. The peaceful retirement of a President of this great Republic with his Cabinet, and the inauguration of his successor, what can be more beautiful and at the same time so grand, as the spectacle of one individual of the twenty millions of freemen, who inhabit these states, elevated to preside over us, peacefully taking the Chair of State, as his successor retires, without pomp or show, and guarded only by the affections of the people. What a country, and what a happy people.

What has become of our "Tree Society"? It is time they were looking up trees and customers; we ought to set out a large lot of trees this spring.

THE LECTURE next Tuesday evening, before our Lyceum, will be given by Dr. O. W. Holmes, of Boston, and we hardly need say that those who attend will have an intellectual treat; the lecture will commence at 8 o'clock on that evening.

Last Tuesday evening Rev. Mr. Masters lectured upon "St. Bernard," in place of Mr. Champney, who is to give the closing lecture; the lecture was very interesting, and it was unfortunate that the evening was so stormy, preventing the usual large attendance.

The doings of the Legislature present but few items of interest, the last few weeks have been spent on the repeal of the secret ballot law, one party urging, and the opposition endeavoring to stop the repeal, it might as well have passed on the first day, which would have saved time and money. Mr. Wiggin of Boston, has given notice that on next Friday, he shall ask leave to introduce a bill for the repeal of the Liquor Law, and will make it a test vote. We hope the friends of Temperance will not neglect their duty; numerous petitions are being presented against the repeal.

The insurrection in Milan is said to have been quelled by the Austrian soldiers. It may be smothered for a time, only to break out with a greater force. Europe, at the present moment, is full of volcanic matter. Italy, Lombardy, and Switzerland are filled with matches ready to be applied.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Descends from patriot site to son."

France is in her glory; the recent speech of the Emperor has satisfied the people for the present. Trade is prosperous, the revenue increasing, and the Emperor says they are more prosperous than for the last twenty years; he promises peace, and a reduction of the army. The Emperor is popular.

England keeps along in the same old tract, constantly talking about relieving the masses, but never finds time to do it; all her departments are prosperous, and we find no indications of interruptions. People talk of France invading England—all stuff.

The late snow storm has proved disastrous to shipping; several vessels were driven on Scituate beach. One large ship, the Forest Queen, of 900 tons, entirely destroyed with a valuable cargo, and several lives lost. The storm was very severe on the coast; amount of damage we were unable to learn.

THE FREE BALLOT LAW.—This law allows voters to deposit their ballots in envelopes, or not, as they choose, and it goes into effect immediately. In the election of Delegates to the Convention, therefore, voters can vote as they please.

We have received the "British North American," published at Halifax, in which we find a notice of a meeting of the Diocesan Church Society, in which our friend, Major B. H. Norton, American consul, made quite a good speech in behalf of the Societies in the United States. We like the speech and wish we had room for it. This is a reciprocity of feeling, and much good comes from these interchanges of cordial sentiments, and our consuls are very happy in creating this good will with our British neighbors.

P. S. The Telegraph from Washington brings us the new President's Cabinet. Wm. L. Marcy, James Guthrie, Robert McLellan, Caleb Cushing, James C. Dobbin, James C. Campbell. The address of President Pierce, reads well.

The Spanish authorities at Havana, have again opened the mail bags, on board the Crescent City Steamer; these folks won't be still, till Uncle Sam takes them under his protection.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN LOWELL.—We are indebted to Sargent's Express for a slip from the office of the "Vox Populi," containing an account of a fire in Lowell, which occurred this morning, and by which were burnt a small wooden store occupied by J. Whitley, a boot and shoe store; a lace goods store occupied by C. J. W. Maynard; a millinery shop occupied by the Misses Maynard; a variety store occupied by Miss Hawley; a dry goods store occupied by M. Brennan; the newspaper and periodical depot and patent medicine shop of J. W. Davis. The buildings, which were "ten footers," were old and not valuable.—Mr. Whitley lost in stock \$4,000—insured \$1,000; Mr. Maynard \$10,000—insured \$6,000 in Hartford; Misses Maynard \$2,000—insured \$1,000; Mr. Brennan \$2,000—insured \$1,000; Mr. Davis, and Miss Hawley lost most of their stock.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—We have received the back numbers of the last volume of this popular magazine; it is really wonderful at what perfection the art of steel engraving has arrived at, the plates in Graham's Magazine cannot be surpassed; the reading matter is varied and interesting, it is one of the best magazines of the day; our readers will get a rich treat by subscribing for Graham's; it can be had at Fowle's.

GRIESEN'S PICTORIAL is capital this week: the blustering head for March looks like a storm. President Pierce's carriage and horses look well; the horses had not quite such a gay look when we saw them. The heads of the United States Senators are good looking; some look as though they had lost their wisdom teeth. Reader, buy the Pictorial; it is worth reading.

LIVING AGE.—We always enjoy a treat when we get the Age, and we are sure to get it at the day; it never fails.

CARVER BAG.—It's a very handy bag, and contains a great variety; this week's is spicy.

What has become of our "Tree Society"? It is time they were looking up trees and customers; we ought to set out a large lot of trees this spring.

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The past week has been an important one, a change in the government of the greatest country in the world, without excitement, noise or strife, and all things now are as usual.

Another Cuban exedition is on foot, some 1500 men are said to be enlisted under command of a Colonel of the late Hungarian army, and organized in New Orleans.

Two little girls strayed into a stable in Boston, last week, and finding a bottle, as they thought contained oil, applied some to their heads; the contents proved a deadly poison, and their heads and faces began to swell in a frightful manner, and may prove fatal; it is strange people will be so careless with poison.

President Fillmore gave a parting dinner on Wednesday, which was attended by Gen. Pierce, the Cabinet Ministers, with other distinguished men. Mr. Fillmore retires from office with much dignity, and the respect of his countrymen.

The navigation of the upper Lakes is open, boats left Chicago, on March 2d; the weather was very mild.

A widow lady in New Orleans possesses two letters, one from Washington, the other from Lafayette, which she proposes to put up at a raffle, fifty chances, at two dollars each; vain to find one. I have, like Diogenes, with lamp in hand and in broad day light, searched and searched, but have not found him, and my lamp is still burning.

I thought that in my rambles about Boston that I should find my object. State street is a busy mart,—it is filled with living beings who seem to carry honest faces; smiles and nods are plenty, and one would think that amongst so large a number who assemble there, that you could find honest and good men, who act from pure motives who have sufficient of this world's goods to place them beyond the intrigues and hypocrisy which govern the majority of mankind, but my station for years has fully convinced me, that human nature is never satisfied, the more we get the more we want, and every man who is recognized on change is always ripe for a bargain.

The man who finds his neighbor in a strait is very ready to assist him; there is a kind of friendly look which carries the idea that he is sorry, very sorry he cannot make out the amount by 2 P. M.; matters are hard. Offer him a bribe, and the amount is ready.—

Gold continues to arrive from California in great abundance, and it is said more of the precious dust will be gathered the ensuing season than ever has been before.

Living is very high in California, flour has been selling at \$35 per bbl., and provisions of all kinds in proportion; it must take a great share of the diggings to pay for food.

The Shoe store of N. L. Hadley, and Provision store of J. C. Bunnaken, in Cambridge, were entered and robbed, last week.

The Barque Aaron L. Harvey, sailed from Philadelphia, last week, loaded with provisions for the sufferers on the Island of Madeira; the citizens of the U. S. States are always ready to relieve the distressed.

Rich Silver mines have been discovered on the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso, causing great excitement. We remember in our young days, of hunting for a gold mine, in Braintree, it was said a man had seen once, but could not find the spot, nor could we.

A party of hunters in Virginia, in digging after a fox, discovered a vein of gold; what an age of discovery, we shall keep our eyes open, if we ever get a ramble amongst these lucky spots.

The Industrial Palace in New York, is progressing fast; contributions are arriving from Europe, and there is every prospect of a grand exhibition, we hope it may prove so, for the honor of our country.

The Legislature of Rhode Island, have adjourned; they passed a ten hour law, and also a law prohibiting minors under 12 years of age, from being employed in factories.

Serious charges of corruption have been made against the city government of New York, some of Aldermen have received large sums of money, as bribes; this is but a trifling of the corruption in that city, the laws are powerless, bribes and purses carry the day.

The speculators in wool, now control about three million pounds, which could be sold at an advance of 15 cents per pound on first cost.

The Metropolitan Railroad from Roxbury to Boston, is receiving the support of the most influential men in the two cities, and the prospect of its success is good.

Joseph H. Crossman, and Thomas Burns, were drowned at Portland, Me., by upsetting of a boat.

At the United States Hotel, Boston, a little boy aged 13, while attempting to slide down the banisters, missed his hold, fell 25 feet upon a marble floor, killing him instantly.

A large fire in Lynn, destroyed a number of buildings, occupied as stores; losses heavy.

The East Boston Tree Association, have just elected officers for the season; this looks like work, the funds received the past year, were \$595.32. Trees set out, about 225, with the exception of 3 or 4, all look healthy; when does the Woburn Tree Society meet? the time for setting out trees is coming.

The horse of Mr. T. B. Hall, in Brookline, was broken open and robbed of goods, and silver ware, last Saturday night.

Attorney General Crittenden, was married to the widow of General Ashley, in Washington, last week; a nine days wonder.

78 deaths in Boston last week.

The printers of Baltimore have struck for 35 cents per 1000 ebs, on all news papers; the price was promptly given.

The Baptist Church in Canterbury, N. H., took fire on the 19th, and was entirely consumed.

The yield of gold in Australia, amounts to one million of pounds sterling per month.

The American Colonization Society, will send a vessel from Norfolk, in May next, for Liberia; 178 applications for passage have been made.

There is a pottery in Stamford, Ct., where some 60,000 spittoons are made annually.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I read in your last *Journal* a short communication upon profane swearing.

Now, sir, this evil is spreading to an alarming extent among the youth. It is certainly time that parents should use their influence to counteract this worst of sins. It is truly astonishing that young men will persist in using such language. What, let me ask, is more disgusting or disgraceful than to have a company of young men try to outdo each other, and see which can use the most profane language? and such is the fact.

I have good evidence that we have young men that congregate for no other purpose. Now such proceedings are disgusting in the extreme, and parents should investigate this subject, and lay facts before the people, and warn them of the consequences.

Woburn, Feb. 1853. BEN BOLT.

Written for the Journal.

BOSTON, Feb. 1853.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish you would point out to me, if you can, some really good and honest man, now in full action on the political and civil stage of the present day. I want him for a model whom I can refer to when I wish to prove an argument.

I have tried in vain to find one. I have, like Diogenes, with lamp in hand and in broad day light, searched and searched, but have not found him, and my lamp is still burning.

I thought that in my rambles about Boston that I should find my object. State street is a busy mart,—it is filled with living beings who seem to carry honest faces; smiles and nods are plenty, and one would think that amongst so large a number who assemble there, that you could find honest and good men, who act from pure motives who have sufficient of this world's goods to place them beyond the intrigues and hypocrisy which govern the majority of mankind, but my station for years has fully convinced me, that human nature is never satisfied, the more we get the more we want, and every man who is recognized on change is always ripe for a bargain.

The man who finds his neighbor in a strait is very ready to assist him; there is a kind of friendly look which carries the idea that he is sorry, very sorry he cannot make out the amount by 2 P. M.; matters are hard.

Offer him a bribe, and the amount is ready.—

I know men who for years have practiced the game of enticement a poor riddle to near the fatal hour of 2, and then bleeding him to cure his necessity. I have watched these men as they left their victim standing on tiptoe, and under the impression that they had gone to borrow the amount, and seen them take the bills from their pocket when out of sight, then, coming in great haste tell him they were just in time to serve him. These men are a kind of walking statues; they can always be found near the curbstone at certain hours, watching the old clock; they have eagle eyes, and know a man's wants by his countenance. Amongst these men that lamp will burn forever.

The shrewd merchant knows the seller's wants; State street is the spot to find him, and I know men who, for years, have been accumulating riches by screwing them out of the necessities of others. Your general daily business men say these matters are all fair; if one man has money he has a right to get the best bargain he can, and even though he knows the seller must sell, he is justified in keeping him till near that dreaded two, and thereby naming his own terms, and thereby taking advantage of his necessity; my lamp will never go out there.

Your curbstone broker is a nimble and active man; he is always on the move, with his hands full of papers; it looks like business. I know them well; they have no money, but their friends have a supply; bank directors often rejecting good paper, give these men a broad hint, and they very soon run down the applicant for discount, and oblige him, by a shave before dinner. Bank directors are a privileged set on change. I know them well, and know how many of them have been saved by checks in the cash drawer, counted as cash on hand; there are more secrets

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

and arming themselves with billets of wood, were proceeding to sets of violence, when the riot act was read by the mayor, and through the vigilance of the police a number of the ring leaders were arrested. The arrival of two military companies about the same moment undoubtedly saved the city from a scene of bloodshed, and the crowd began gradually to disperse. As soon, however, as the mob found that there would be no trifling with them, an attempt was made to get up an alarm of fire, and a rush was made for Rev. Mr. Ellis's church, where some of the glass was broken, and other demonstrations of mischief were made. Fearing lest this diversion might lead to something still more serious, a request was sent to Boston, for additional police force—in addition to fifty already on duty—which was promptly granted. At 11 o'clock, the crowd had nearly left Richmond street, and everything indicated that the riot had been checked. Of thirteen persons under arrest, eleven are said to be from Boston—one of them was armed with a loaded pistol.

LET The Square and Main street, in Charlestown, were lighted with gas for the first time, last Saturday evening; our Charlestown friends are growing lighter.

Cambridge Cattle Market.

Wednesday, March 3d, 1853.

84 Cars came over the Fitchburg Railroad; 62 Cars came over the Boston and Lowell Railroad, bringing 775 cattle, consisting of working oxen, cows and calves, &c.

173 Sheep and Lambs at market.

Beef, extra—\$7.25 to \$7.50 per cwt.

First quality—\$7.

Second quality—\$6 to \$6.50.

Third quality—\$5.

Barreling Cattle—\$5.25 to \$5.50.

Working Oxen—\$7 to \$13.

Cows and Calves—\$24 to \$45.

Sheep and Lambs, extra—\$5.50 to \$8.

" " by lot—\$3.25 to \$5.50.

Swine—None in market.

The supply is equal to the demand; market well attended, but buyers contest present prices. The trains to-day were behind their time, owing to accidents on the upper routes.

Boston Boot & Shoe Market.

Saturday, March 5th, 1853.

Not much change in the Boot and Shoe Market the last week. Buyers are daily arriving from the South and West, and purchasing their usual supplies. Boston should be the great boot and shoe market for the United States, and could be, if rightly managed. The transactions of the week have been fair, and at full previous prices. The market is well supplied with seasonable goods, and buyers find no difficulty in getting such goods as they want. The exports of the week are small; we hear of 312 cases from New York.

Cotton Goods.

The demand for cotton goods is improving, and holders manifest the same firmness and confidence noticed in previous reports. Broad sheets continue scarce—bleached goods are in demand, and some styles very scarce. The stocks are moderate, and market very firm for all kinds of cotton goods.

Coal Trade.

The Philadelphia coal trade bids fair to be heavy this coming season. Arrangements are being made with different railroads for transporting large amounts from the mines; an increased supply for the North will bring forward large supplies. Antennae tonnage of shipping is employed in the coal trade.

Special Notices.

Rev. J. M. Waters will preach in the Unitarian Church to-morrow, March 6th.

PHALANX—ATTENTION.
A adjourned meeting of the Phalanx will be held on Saturday evening, March 5th, at 7 P.M.
A punctual attendance is requested.
For Order, A. S. WOOD, Clerk.
Woburn, Feb. 25th, 1853.

WANTED.

The following numbers of the *Journal*, are wanted at this office. Vol. 1, Nos. 2, 12, 18, 22, 25, 26, 27, 29, 37—Vol. 2, No. 9.

MARRIAGES.

There are moments in this fleeting life
When every pulse beats low, and the soft air
Is full of fragrance from a pure chime."

At Marshfield, Mass., on the 3d of March, by the Rev. Sumner Clark, Warner, Cladon Tidd, from of Thompson & Tidd of Woburn, to Miss Aurelia Lane of Scarsdale, N.Y.

DEATHS.

" And what's life? the floating spray,
Or the short summer bloom, while it may?
Wears her green plash, and is tomorrow hay?"

In this town, March 2, Mrs. Clara T. Colcord, aged 44 yrs. 10 months.

In Bedford, Feb. 20th, Mrs. Amatil Simonds, relict of the late Mr. Zebulon Simonds, aged 63 years.

DOCTOR SCALES,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

As removed to the house of Mr. Roundy, corner of Main and Railroad streets, (the tenant removed of the R.R. Depot). Grateful for past patronage, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, at his former place of business, one mile, 50 cents each, until after 9 o'clock, P.M.

Woburn, March 5th, 1853.

3m.

Boots!!

P. CALF BOOTS, a serviceable article adapted to the season. For sale by AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

Newball's Unrivalled WATER-PROOF BLACKING.

This Blacking is acknowledged by those who have used it, to be the best article they have ever found for the purpose intended, as it renders the leather perfectly impervious to either Fresh or Salt Water, and at the same time preserves its original Ductility, and Elasticity. Prepared only by G. CHALLIS, Woburn, Mass.

CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used the above-named Blacking, and give our names in testimony of its excellent qualities.

John Flinders, B. F. Flanders, Charles Choate, Nathan Richardson, Simeon Waymouth.

This Blacking can be had of the subscriber at wholesale, or at retail, of the stores by the single box.

March 5th, 1853. G. CHALLIS.

BOYS and Children's Kip and Calf Boots. For sale by AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

Corner of Main & R.R. st.

Kip Boots.

1m. double upper and double sole Kip Boots, at the Shoe Store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

CURTAIN Bands, Fixtures, Rolls and Sticks; various kinds for sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, JR.

April 17th.

NOTICE,

I hereby give that Division 178, New England Privateer, having been the owner of a stock of goods and business to H. E. STANTON, who will from time to time, on this date, be alone responsible for all debts contracted in the name of the Division, and no other person is authorized to act in the name of the Division. All persons having debts against the said Division are requested to present them to said Stanton for adjustment, and all persons indebted to the Division will please make payment to him.

A. R. S. will continue the business, on the same principles as heretofore at the old stand, Lyceum Building, where he will endeavor to serve all his customers on the most reasonable terms.

L. I. STANTON, *Secretary of the Division.*

Woburn, Feb. 16th, 1853.

To the Honorable S. P. P. Fay, Esq., Judge of the Court of Probate, in and for the County of Middlesex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:—

THE petition of OLIVER W. RICHARDSON, of Stoneham, in said County, administrator of the estate of Middley, widow, deceased, intestate. *Humble* shows that the just debts, which the said deceased owed at the time of his death, together with charges of administration, and for the expenses of his funeral, amounted to three hundred and sixty-eight dollars; that the value of the personal estate of the said deceased by the inventory thereof duly exhibited in the Probate Office, is seventy-five dollars and sixty cents; and that the value of the town debt to the Poor, and Surveyors of Highways, is twenty dollars.

Art. 5th. To hear and act on the report of the Overseers of the Poor, and Surveyors of Highways.

Art. 6th. To hear and act on the report of the Selectmen.

Art. 7th. To hear and act on the report of the Engineers.

Art. 8th. To hear what sum or sums of money the town will raise for the support of Highways and Bridges, and for the payment of the debts of the town, the ensuing year.

Art. 9th. To hear what sum or sums of money the town will raise for the support of schools, the ensuing year, and how much of the same will be paid into the State Fund.

Art. 10th. To see what sum or sums of money the town will raise to support the Poor, town debts, and defray incidental expenses, the ensuing year.

Art. 11th. To see what the town will do in aid of the sick and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 12th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 13th. To see what the town will do in aid of the aged, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 14th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 15th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 16th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 17th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 18th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 19th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 20th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 21st. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 22nd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 23rd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 24th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 25th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 26th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 27th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 28th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 29th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 30th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 31st. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 32nd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 33rd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 34th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 35th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 36th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 37th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 38th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 39th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 40th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 41st. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 42nd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 43rd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 44th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 45th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 46th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 47th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 48th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 49th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 50th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 51st. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 52nd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 53rd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 54th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 55th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 56th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 57th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 58th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 59th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 60th. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 61st. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 62nd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor, the sick, and infirm, the ensuing year.

Art. 63rd. To see what the town will do in aid of the poor

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.
GIVE TO THE POOR.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

Give, give to the poor, nor expect reward,
Ye possessors of money and land;
For want and suffering are both abroad;
Then give, give with a liberal hand.

Give, give to the poor that the child of need,
May have something to gladden his breast;
Give, give to the poor—the orphan's cry need—
Heed also the lone widow's request.

Give, give to the poor! Stern winter a broad—
Bastow a part of your gaudy store!
A smile and a tear will be your reward,
Haste with aid to the home of the poor!

Give, give to the poor! Hear ye their cry?
They perish in borders for want of bread;
Give, give to the poor in death they lie,
Then give, give for the poor shall be fed.

Woburn, February, 1853.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

OUR CLIMATE.—A full climate is ours, and it seems to grow more and more every year. Some ten or fifteen years ago only, we reckoned upon such and such sorts of weather, at certain periods of the year, especially during the fall and winter, with considerable certainty. We were able, in advance, to shape our course and trim our sail to suit the season of the year, and we were rarely disappointed. But latterly our calculations are all at fault, and we begin to feel that although we have studied our climate long and closely, we know very little about it, or that the little we do know affords us but a very uncertain guide in providing for the future.

This, the 10th day of January, 1853, is mild and sunny as the first day in April. The Christmas Rose, (*Helleborus niger*) is in full bloom in the border; pansies are turning their cheerful faces to the sun, and if such weather continues, we shall expect the crocuses to come. A gentleman told us he saw robins in his garden hopping joyously around, apparently cheered into the belief that winter was over, or rather that it had forgotten to come. Draining, trenching, planting, and other out-door work, has been carried on to this time, with a few slight interruptions.

How different from last winter! It took us all by surprise. November had not fairly closed before we northerners were fairly ice-bound. Many of our tender plants were unhooked and unprotected; our autumn work was not more than half done. For a while people consoled themselves with the hope that it was only a squall and would soon break up; but it remained steadfast and grew more and more severe, until we were all exclaiming—"The coldest winter within our recollection!" We are all apt to profit by experience, and especially by *dearly bought* experience. Hence last autumn, along about the middle of November, there was such a preparation for winter as was never seen before. Plants were snugly housed; not a flaw in the glass, nor a crevice in the walls, but was securely stopped. Half hardy trees, unacclimated foreigners, were to be seen muffled up as though they were bound on a visit to the regions of eternal snow.

These variations of climate, although attended with some difficulties, and frequently blight some favorite project, are not without their good. They arouse our energies, compel us to study, reflect and observe, with a spirit of perseverance that cannot fail to increase our stock of knowledge and multiply our resources. The memorably hard winter of 1851-2 taught us some lessons in horticulture that will not soon be forgotten. If the present winter continues as mild as it so far has been, or comparatively so, it will also teach us something. We have found that extremes of either heat or cold, rain or drought, cloud or sunshine, are great teachers to those who cultivate the earth. Let us keep our eyes open and profit by what Providence wisely ordains to teach us wisdom, humility and patience.—*Horticulturist.*

THE DAHLIA.—We do not know of one single genus in Flora's diadem more exquisitely beautiful than the Dahlia; and there is nothing easier of culture and propagation, and a thing that continues longer in bloom. The wonder is, that it is not more generally cultivated at the South. Our Dahlias, this season, commenced blooming in April, and they have been one dense mass of bloom ever since, with a prospect of continuing so until frost. The forms range from the exquisite double cup to the open petal. Some are singularly unique and beautiful; for instance, a deep crimson, with a single white petal, scarlet and white, yellow and red, variegated, and all the thousand fancy forms and colors which Flora, in her wildest, gayest freaks, could possibly assume. The Dahlia thrives best in a sandy soil—too rich a soil making it too bushy. Where the soil is naturally rich, a shovelful of sand put around the tuber will be of great service; and when it is naturally poor, a shovelful of well-rotted manure will be the same. But the Dahlia loves water, and when the season is not reasonably wet, it must have artificial watering. We recommend its culture to all lovers of the beautiful.

Many who cultivate the Dahlia are not aware of the ease with which the plant may be obtained from the seed. These may be gathered in sufficient quantities at the season of the year from almost any plant which has blossomed freely during the summer. If sown in the spring, in a rich warm soil, with a southern exposure, they will, without any extra care produce plants which will blossom abundantly during the same season. The practice of keeping the tubers through the winter is quite unnecessary, except for the preservation of choice varieties. Those ob-

tained from the seed will commence blossoming somewhat later in the season than the others, but early enough to mature seed, while the varieties which can be thus secured are almost endless.—*Southern Cultivator.*

SPECIAL MANURE FOR GRAPE.—The wine committee, at the exhibition of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, reported that of two specimens of wine, one from grapes to which a special manuring of potash had been given, the wine from the manured grapes was "bright, clear, and mellow, like an old wine." The other was declared to be less matured in all its qualities, nor was it clear. The grapes themselves, from the two portions of ground, were also presented to the committee. Both were delicious and well ripened, but it was considered that those from the manured land were sweeter, and that the pulp was softer.

Give, give to the poor! Hear ye their cry?
They perish in borders for want of bread;

Give, give to the poor—in death they lie,
Then give, give for the poor shall be fed.

Woburn, February, 1853.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Tare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Powle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,

JOB PRINTER.
Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

Gage & Fowle,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
No. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE on hand a complete stock of Overcoatings,
choice Pantaloony, Vests and rich Furnishing
Goods.

G. R. GAGE. J. L. FOWLE,
Woburn, December 4, 1852.

N. WYMAN, JR.,
DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wade's Building,
WOBURN.

oct 18 1852

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,
BOSTON.

oct 18 1852

M. A. STEVENS,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,
No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.
(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)

dec 6 1852

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
25 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.

mar 27 1852

THOMPSON & TIDD,
NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,
COOKERY and GLASS Ware,
PAINTINGS, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and
Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

oct 18 1852

O T I S & B A I L E Y .
DEALERS IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
371 Washington Street,
Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.
G. W. OTIS, B. A. BAILEY.

jan 24 1852

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,
C O M M I S S I O N M E R C H A N T S
Foster's Wharf, BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Book Store, Woburn, will receive attention.

NOV 15 1852

M E N Z E S & W H I T E .
DEALERS IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
371 Washington Street,
Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.
G. W. WHITE.

One Price, All Representations Guaranteed.

jan 24 1852

**NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL
DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,
Cambridgeport, Mass.**

Orders left at Ames' Waite's, 43 Brattle St., Boston,
Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.

Oct 29 1852

CALVIN A. WYMAN,
L I C E N S E D A U C T I O N E E R ,
WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Oct 25 1852

E. SANDERSON'S
WINCHESTER & BOSTON
DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves at 2 o'clock, A. M. Leaves from A. M. & Son's
Post Office, Boston—Thayer, Hoye, and Homer's,
2 & 4 Second Post-Mt. Hall, Hill, Candler, & Co's,
27 Franklin Street.

jan 17 1852

EDWARD E. COOPER,
DEALER IN—
FANCY GOODS,
Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs

No. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,
WOBURN.

Medicines delivered, at all hours of the day and night.
Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh for
sign Leeches constantly on hand.

mar 27 1852

FISK & CUSHING,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
96 Washington Street,
ELIJAH F. FISK, ISAAC CUSHING.

Oct 18 1852

HARRIS JOHNSON,
L I C E N S E D A U C T I O N E E R .

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Jan 26 1852

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Festings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS)

No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Feb 21

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
L I C E N S E D A U C T I O N E E R ,
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.

Oct 18

MARY A. GATON,
C A R P E T M A K E R .

BOSTON.

Orders left at this office, or at 223 Washington, opposite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to.

Jan 21

EATRS & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,

—AND—

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

No. 135 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parcels, &c.

Oct 18

BENJ. F. WYER,
MANUFACTURER and DEALER IN

Books, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bag, Kit, and Findings.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. —WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

N. B. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots and Shoes neatly Repaired.

Oct 25

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.

Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.

Paints, Oil and Glass, of the best quality.

Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot, cb 14. Max St., WOBURN.

May 15 1852

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
AND FANCY GOODS,

AND FANCY GOODS,

UPON the sale of New England Gold Pens, we have now in New England Gold Pens, upon the sale of which we have sold upwards of 100,000 pieces, and the number is continually increasing.

We have a large stock of Gold Pens, and

also a complete assortment of Books and Stationery.

Also, a complete

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

NO. 22.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THEY WILL BE DONE.

Affectionately inscribed to Mr. & Mrs. Nichols,
on the death of their only daughter.

She has gone to fairer climes on high,
Where death or sorrow ne'er can come!
Weep not for her, thy little one,
But humbly say "God's will be done."

But three short days ago that little form,
Now cold in death, was full of life and glee;
A merry, loving (only cherished) one,
'Tis hard, but say "They will be done."

Mother, thou hast fondly wished long years,
To spend with thine only daughter here below;
But God has taken her—the victory's won,
O meekly say "They will be done."

Father, another of thy household band is gone,
Thrice are this thou'st felt the chastening rod;
Little Lizzie's gone; her earthly course is run,
Yet calmly say "They will be done."

Brothers, then no more thy sister'll see,
O, absent one, sad the news for thee;
She's with her Saviour now, a spirit one,
Though hard, yet say "They will be done."

O wish her not back, she's happy now,
In her Saviour's arms she's safely folded;
But prepare to meet the cherub one,
In heaven, where God's will is done.

CORA OF THE VALLEY.

Woburn, February 25th, 1853.

ORIGINAL

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER:

OR THE

Lily of Myrtle Dale.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT HOLYOKE.

BY PRAIRIE BIRD.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next morning Ornala and his aunt were up at an early hour, and Mrs. J——, taking Ornala aside, insisted upon his telling her what made him so melancholy of late, assuring him if it was in her power he should have whatever he desired. Her many and repeated promises to keep all secret, let what would come, induced Ornala to trust her with his heart; Ornala told her all. She, with a serpent's tongue, poured into his ear her flattering words, assuring him she would see that Nea was received as a daughter by his mother.

While these words were uttered, her heart was filled with the most fiendish thoughts toward Ornala and the beautful Nea.

Soon the church bells sounded, and Mr. Jones being somewhat indisposed, remained at home, while Ornala, with his aunt upon his arm, sought the temple that's erected for the worship of the creator. Mrs. J—— renewed her conversation on the road, and did not stop from extracting from Ornala every particular concerning Nea until the service commenced, by which Ornala felt greatly relieved.

Mrs. J—— requested Ornala to remain and accompany her home, after the communion service was over. Ornala not being a communicant, sat gazing with much solemnity upon the group as one after another partook of the emblems of the body and blood of our Divine Redeemer. Ornala could not but drop a tear as his mind wandered away to the scenes of Calvary; and oh! he thought to himself, would I could feel worthy to eat and drink with the group before me; and as his aunt Jones covered her face with her handkerchief and appeared so very humble, he felt he had sinned in ever thinking her capable of doing wrong intentionally. Poor Ornala! he had yet to learn that under the cloak of religion deeds of darkness, of deep and bloody dye, were concealed. The service being over, Mrs. J—— took Ornala's arm, and left the church. On her way home she renewed the morning's conversation, held Nea up as a pattern of virtue to her sex, and gave her the praise of being the best, the sweetest-tempered girl around. Did Ornala know the thoughts of that woman's heart—had he thought her to have been such a fiend, how quickly would he have dropped his arm by his side, and prefer to have had it paled rather than it should have been touched by so false, so vile an imposter to God and man as was his aunt Jones. Having arrived at home, Mrs. J—— complained of having a violent headache, and did not go to church the afternoon. Ornala returned to church; his aunt went to her room, took pen and paper, and wrote to Mrs. Beaumont in regard to her son's conduct at N——.

Mrs. J—— stated she had been delaying the subject in hopes Ornala would reform; told his mother and sisters he was keeping company with a girl of no reputation, daughter of a day laborer; that the whole town was in a state of excitement upon the same; that she, Mrs. Beaumont, must stop his mad career, or she could not have him in her family. Mrs. J—— closed by saying Ornala was keeping company with a low bred girl, not capable of making a common man a wife, much less the wife of a gentleman. Mrs. J—— then wrote three or four anonymous notes, purporting to be from men in N——, who were astonished at Ornala's conduct; and one she wrote Nea, telling her Ornala was trifling with her feelings, and that he was engaged to a rich young lady in N——, who would confirm this statement, if necessary. Mrs. J—— altered her style of writing in each, but a careful eye would easily detect her writing at once. Mrs. J—— had all these malicious notes dropped in office on Monday morning. The returning

mail from Boston brought letters from Ornala's mother and sisters.

Ornala went to the office on Wednesday morning, and was greatly surprised in finding so many letters from B——, and also three dropped notes. He hurried back to his aunts, and passing Gardener Percy's he noticed the sad countenance of the aged man, and wondered exceedingly what had so come over his mind to throw that veil of anguish over his once cheerful countenance. Ornala went to his room with a hurried tread; he could not but notice the guilty looks of his aunt as he passed her in the hall. The blood rushed to her face, and to look at the face of Ornala seemed impossible, at first; soon a flaxen thought ran through her mind, and she stood before Ornala as though innocence were her twin sister. Ornala opened his letters, read that from his mother first, nor could he read more. His mother had forbade him to own her as mother; she told him he was unworthy to be called her son, and expressed her surprise at his conduct at such a time of life, when his young days had been passed so virtuous. She forbade a word of excuse in reply, informed him she would open no letter from him, neither would she see his face until he had repented and regained his former standing in society. His heart failed him, he could read no more, the light in his room was changed to darkness, and with a loud groan he fell senseless upon the chamber floor. Mr. Jones being in his library under Ornala's room, heard the groan and the fall, which jarred the whole house, rushed to Ornala's chamber, and found the young man in a state of insensibility. He tried to raise him, but all in vain; he ran to the parlor for help. Mrs. J—— made her appearance, and bringing cologne, began to apply it to his nostrils, and to chafe his temples; at the touch of that wicked woman's hand Ornala sprang to his feet, and with a countenance more like the dead than living, stood with arms folded across his breast, looking steadily and searching into the deceitful face of Mrs. Jones. The wicked woman made some excuse, and went below. Mr. Jones was thunderstruck; Ornala did not explain a word, but collecting his scattered papers, put 'em he had at his aunt's in his trunk, went to the street, called a coachman, and removed to the village inn. Mr. Jones sought in vain to see him. Mrs. J—— took her oath she was ignorant of Ornala's conduct, and though Mr. Jones had to check her as she went on in her rage declaring her innocence, he knew her too well to hear her repeated declarations of innocence.

Ornala being in his new abode, composed his mind and read each note, which he found to be the same handwriting, disguised a little. That afternoon he went to Gardner Percy's, and found the old gentleman, with Anna, his wife, and their lovely Nea, weeping in each other's arms. Ornala spoke not, but clasping Nea in his arms, burst forth in the agony of his soul, and the sweet happy home was for the first time the abode of sorrow. After an half hour of mingled tears, Ornala requested the household then to listen to the words of one who loved them, and to know for a certain that He who loves the children of obedience will not forsake such as are true of heart. "I will," continued the young man, "be obedient to God in this hour. I will not sin, though the world with its cruelty drive me to despair." The old gardener then informed Ornala of what had happened; that lawyer C—— had sent him a letter, stating that in consequence of Ornala Beaumont's intimacy with his family, Mrs. B——, mother of Ornala, was about to put a guardian over him, for fear he would run off, and become penniless in a short time.

This was new grief to Ornala. He had thought on the wry to the cottage that if his mother, after being rightly informed of the case, remained unconciled, one thing he could do; he was of age, and could command his property at any time, but now all hope was over. He could scarce refrain from cursing the instigator of so much falsehood and misery. Ornala then told the family all that had happened, showed his letters to the gardener, and soon after the gardener, with all his letters and notes, proceeded to Judge L——'s. Ornala and Nea went into a little summer house at the one end of the garden, where Ornala endeavored to prevail upon Nea to unite fortunes with him, be married, and go to a distant city, where he could readily obtain a salary sufficient for a maintenance. But Nea was too noble a girl to do this. Not but that she loved Ornala—not but that she would have been the happiest of women to be called his wife, but her heart forbade such a union amidst scenes of cruelty and strife. Ornala, she perceived, was losing his better judgment; so overcome by such a dastardly act as his aunt was guilty of, he had in a great measure lost control of his thoughts. He appeared wild, at times would rave like a madman, then laugh out like a maniac, when he thought of his aunts deception. The old gardener soon returned, and brought cheering word to his family. Ornala regarded it not; flight with his lovely Nea was uppermost in his mind. Not tried to convince him of the error he labored under, but to no purpose. Before her parents she told him of her love to him, that it was not an idle passion; that her heart's purest affections were his; that time nor circumstances would ever change her feelings,—that if aught befell him, her now tried spirit would soon leave its earthly ten-

ple. The prayers of the good gardener, the consoling words of his dear wife, the tears and entreaties of the gentle Nea, were all in vain. Ornala remained with death-like hue stamped upon his noble brow, urging the flight from a place he had first felt the poisoned arrow of death, shot from the bow of deception, by the hand of a pretended friend.

The silvery moon was silently stealing up the eastern sky, when a young man might have been seen rushing from the gardener's cottage, and making rapid strides toward the mountain. His looks were that of a man escaped from confinement. His dress was that of a gentleman, having on his arm a clew of black broadcloth that well corresponded with the black suit he wore. Could one have heard the broken sighs that escaped his tortured, his lacerated heart, and mingled with the night wind that played through the branches of the old pines above his head, as hurriedly he trod the stony path up the mountain; could one have seen the eye that had refused to weep, and heard the sobs from the depth of his soul ring out upon the night air, they would have been touched at the heart by the sad spectacle, and no pains would have been spared in order to relieve the wretched condition of one so distressed in body and mind.

Ornala folded his arms upon his breast, and looking up into the blue heavens, said with a calm voice:—"But for one, who is the most lovely of her race, whose image is still before me, even in this hour of anguish, whose heart is as pure as the flowers her hand waters; but for her"—here Ornala raised his voice, and fixing his glassy eyes upon the woman before him, "but for her who is too pure for earth, I would curse the sex and die."

The woman now commenced talking to him, and Ornala became overcome with exertion sat down upon the rock and laid his head upon his hands, while the woman approached him, and began to wipe the cold damp sweat from his brow.

He raised his head—he was about to start to his feet, when the woman found she could hold him as easily as a little child, so exhausted had he become.

"Look at me, Ornala; see I'm not thy enemy; see I have come to offer thee relief—Arise, Ornala; my carriage is at the foot of the mountain; I have good news for thee."

"Torture me not with flattery; I am past recovery," sadly answered the young man.

"See, Ornala, the moon has begun to go down in the West; the night is far spent; let us go from here; thou art too feeble to be here, child."

"Then tell me who thou art," said Ornala; "I will hear thee now."

"I am the gardener's mistress; he has been my help for years; Nea is as my child; know you how fondly I have loved her, and it is for her sake I have come to save you."

The Judge's lady led Ornala down the mountain, placed him in her carriage and was soon at home. Ornala was put into a fine chamber, and after having a day or two of good nursing, appeared quite like himself again. Mrs. L. thought if one woman could do acts darker than the shades of death, another could do acts worthy the name of an angel of light. Mrs. Jones, then, it seems, would be one to poison the sweets of life with her pestilential breath, while Judge L's lady would be one to lift the crushed flower from the earth, and revive, if possible, the drooping plant.

In a few days Ornala was with Judge L's on a tour through Pennsylvania. The Judge's lady was very busy in preparing her wardrobe, for a departure from N——, to spend a few weeks at a watering place. Mrs. L. did not intend to go alone; oh no, a sick young lady was to be under her care. The day of departure came. The gardener was seen at an early hour to go from home, accompanied by Nea. They halted at the residence of Judge L's, and Mrs. L. and her baggage was put aboard the same carriage. The old gardener drove to Wilbraham, where the Judge's lady and Nea took public conveyance to Boston.—Arriving at B., Mrs. L. found Nea quite feeble; and as some of Mrs. L.'s friends were about to visit Nahant, Mrs. L. concluded she would make that her stopping place for a while.—Mrs. L. took rooms at a public house at Nahant, and made everything comfortable for Nea, and felt in hopes a few weeks at this place would be sufficient; for Nea to recover her usual strength, and resume her former cheerfulness. Nea could not sit up more than part of each day, and a stranger would have taken her for a victim to consumption. The Judge's lady became acquainted with many of the visitors at Nahant, and all loved to sit and converse with Nea and hear her sweet low voice as she expressed her admiration for the beautiful flowers that were brought to her sick chamber daily, by the young ladies who boarded at N., and many a little bouquet was sent from Lynn to this fair girl, from some unknown friend.

Mrs. L. had been but two weeks at Nahant, when a fine looking lady with two daughters, took their abode near by the Hotel, with a private family. Mrs. L. for reasons best known to herself, had not given her place of residence to the Nahant people, so none knew in what light to regard Nea, whether daughter or niece. Many thought Mrs. L. did not like to converse upon the subject, and imagined Nea had met with some great disappointment.

Mrs. L. received a note one day from Boston, informing her of the name and character of the lady, and the two daughters, that had lately come to Nahant. Mrs. L. now appeared as if she had triumphed in her understandings, and her face wore a smile, that had been hid for many weeks. It was evening, a tap was heard at the door of Mrs. L.'s room, an acquaintance of Mrs. L.'s wished to speak with her in the hall. Mrs. L. left the room, and a middle aged woman, with a daughter on either side of her, stood in the hall. Mrs. L. liked their appearance well, and invited them to enter her room and see a sick young girl.

Ornala, be calm; thou art indeed desperate; I fear thee, Ornala; I am thy friend—all alone I have come to this lone place to save thee. Then will he be kind to who is unprotected. Thou wouldst not harm a lone woman at this late hour of night—one who

would do for thee all a mother could for a dear son."

"A woman! ha! ha! ha! ha!" and again his maniacal laugh pierced the night air. Then his brow was fired, and all the past rushed to mind.

"See—hear me then, whoever thou art; I will dash thee to the earth, if you dare to move toward me another step. Thou had no need of that disguise; thou art not a female. And, hear me; I will, if thou wilt assure me thou art a man, talk with thee; but remember I fear her not, but if thou art what thou seem to be, a woman, I would take thy life as readily as that of a serpent's."

Then Ornala folded his arms upon his breast, and looking up into the blue heavens, said with a calm voice:—"But for one, who is the most lovely of her race, whose image is still before me, even in this hour of anguish, whose heart is as pure as the flowers her hand waters; but for her"—here Ornala raised his voice, and fixing his glassy eyes upon the woman before him, "but for her who is too pure for earth, I would curse the sex and die."

The young ladies buried their faces in their handkerchiefs, and sobbed aloud. The mother's lip trembled as she said, "Oh! that I knew that young man's mother, how would I plead for that young heart that is early crushed with the monster calumny!" Mrs. L. then turned to the lady, and said, "It is in your power, madam, to restore that fair girl to health, and call back a wandering son to the arms of his mother."

"What mean you, lady?" enquired the stranger.

"Thee hast a son, madam, I have been told."

"Heavens!" cried the astonished woman, "tell me, oh! tell me, what has become of him; I am of all women most miserable. I see it now, oh, I've been too hasty. Thou art one that thou should have so deceived me."

Mrs. L. then spoke to Nea, who was about waking from her sleep, and the young ladies and their mother fell upon her neck and kissed her. Mrs. L. then related all, she told Nea to be calm as possible, and know that Ornala's mother and sisters had been deceived. Mrs. L. then told the ladies all, who wept again with delight to know their son, and brother, was still the same, that all the sin rested upon Mrs. Jones, who was looked upon with an eye of contempt.

The next week the Beaumont family and Lady L. left Nahant and returned to their homes. Mrs. B. and daughters were to visit N., in a few days. The following week the widow and her daughters were at Judge L's; they arrived one day previous to Ornala's return with the Judge. They remained at N. until Ornala and Nea were married, and then returned home.

Happiness is again in the gardener's cottage, the old Judge was so pleased with Ornala, he offered him a place as son in his heart, and home. Ornala is often seen wending his way to Mt. Holyoke, while Flecter is frolicking by his side, and his rambles are made pleasant by the sweet presence of Nea, THE LILY OF MYRTLE DALE.

North Woburn, 1853

Written for the Journal.

LIFE—SOME OF ITS ASPIRATIONS.

There is a strangeness about this life of ours; ever changing, ever shifting; we puzzle our poor brains about it in vain; there is something in it we cannot comprehend, an unfathomable mystery that we seek to know, but cannot. We can sit down and calmly contemplate the past if we will; the present is ours and that we can improve. But it is of the future we wish to know. Whether shadows and darkness rest upon it, or all now appears bright and fair; we wish to be assured whether our ideal of it is to be realized or not.

Such is the aspiring nature of man, that he is hardly ever satisfied with the present or its possessions, he is ever seeking after the unattained, trying to solve the great mystery of the future; the present of to-day soon becomes the past of yesterday.

We look back upon a joy that is passed and revel in the remembrance of it for a moment, and then turn again to the all engrossing cares of the future, and it is forgotten. We chase with pleasure phantoms which, could they be realized as a substance, would be to us sources of misery. There never yet lived a man who was satisfied with his lot.

We may sit down and contemplate the past; we may weep over its misdeeds and its sorrows, but the restless spirit looks on through all this to something yet beyond. Action is the life of man; take from him this and he droops and dies; he must be doing, attaining something more or greater than that he has, or is.

This would be a sad world if we were satisfied with what we have and sought for no more; if we were contented with what we have attained, and were not longing for something that we have not. This spirit is the propelling power that urges us on to perfection; the only means of attaining true goodness. We may sit down and contemplate the past and perhaps derive some profit from it; but that has been and is gone; we cannot recall it; we may weep over its misdeeds and its sorrows, but the restless spirit looks on through all this to something yet beyond. Action is the life of man; take from him this and he droops and dies; he must be doing, attaining something more or greater than that he has, or is.

We are all striving for something where with to be content. Some seek it in the pursuit of riches, through toil, suffering, and sometimes crime; on they go, until, in point

of wealth, their most sanguine expectations are realized; and even then is there not something that the unsatisfied spirit still longs for? The student, who, at the silent hour of midnight seeks to shake his burning thirst at the fountain of knowledge, fondly hoping that here on earth the book of mysteries will be opened to him, and that there he can find content, that his soul will be filled; but in vain he has perilled life and health; his brow is paled, his cheek is flushed with the excitement of the strife, yet the inner spirit is craving more.

We may have friends every where around us; there may be fond and trusting hearts beating in unison with our own; our worldly prospects may be bright and fair; men may honor and respect us. We may have enough of all that this world can give, yet there is something beyond that we would have; we are not contented.

We have reason to be thankful for that imagination which leads us to desire something more than that which is discoverable to the senses; that makes us hope with faith for something beyond this world, for a realization of the soul's brightest visions. "Dust thou art

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO., agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CORN OF THE VALLEY."—Received, and very acceptable.

"S.—We are much pleased with this letter from California; it will be read with double interest, coming as it does from a former resident of our town. We hope to hear from you again; it will appear next week.

"O. J. P.—Your lines are hardly intelligible—they are written with a pen. A moment's reflection would have taught you that it is not possible for printers to set up type from such manuscripts. The subject is good, and the poetry fair, (as far as we can read it.) Put it in plain writing with ink, and it would then be accepted.

Woburn.—A letter from our old correspondent; it is a good one, but we have no room this week.

"S. T.—Cannot possibly comply with your request.

"W.—Thank you for your good opinion of the *Journal*; we will remember what you remark about noting the deficiency in some of the sidewalks; when the season arrives & repairs we shall note them. That in front of the Railroad Depot is, as you say, "shocking bad."

"Mirrava."—Your interesting description of the "Tea Party" is very acceptable. The moral of the story excellent; it will receive an early insertion. We are pleased to add your name to our list of contributors.

Board of Education.

We have read a part only of the sixteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education and Secretary of the Board; the document is large, and contains a vast amount of information on the subject of education. It gives reports from every town in the State, with the number of teachers, scholars, and amount of money expended the past year for schools, all of which is valuable and interesting to every citizen of Massachusetts.

New England has a world-wide fame for her schools, and for the liberal provision made for educating her children, and there is no country on the face of the globe where the masses are so intelligent, and generally so well educated as in New England. It is all well that it should be so, for our seminaries and schools are the ornaments of every town, and we boast of one of the best systems of education of the present day.

We have only to look through the report to be satisfied with the labors and success of the Board of Education, and with the noble energy and persevering industry of the Secretary of the Board, Rev. Barnabas Sears. It would be gratifying to us, and no doubt to our readers, to give liberal extracts from this report, and we intend occasionally to do so, for we consider the Common Schools of New England to be the main root from which spring all those vigorous branches spreading through society, and bearing the improvement of the mind, which is made to unfold its beauties as it progresses to maturity, and drawing around the homes of New England the charms of mental cultivation, intelligence, and love of home. The report says:—

"The means of improving and extending our public system of education, now under the control of the Board, are the Normal Schools, Teachers' Institutes, and the system of Agencies authorized by the Act of April 24th, 1851.

The Normal Schools have been visited during the past year by the Secretary of the Board, and by the usual committees appointed for that purpose, and the Board are gratified in being able to speak of their prosperous State, and bearing testimony to the skill and faithfulness of those employed in their instruction."

The Teacher's Institutes are prosperous, and seldom has one of them been held in a place without exciting a fresh feeling of interest and professional ardor in the mind of teachers, and of producing an immediate improvement in the schools under their charge. The number of those who attend the Teachers' Institutes as members, is rapidly increasing in all parts of the State. The popular mind is imbued with the same spirit. Such occasions are now regarded, not merely as a scene of professional interest, but as an intellectual and moral festival, in the neighborhood where they occur. Of the ordinary class of Teachers' Institutes, ten have been held during the year with great success."

The number of public schools in this State is 4050, with 432 teachers in summer and 4558 in winter. The whole number of scholars of all ages attending school in summer is 155,742, and in winter 199,183. The number of scholars under 5 years is 18,260, and the number over 15 years is 21,695, making in the total number near 20,000 children of our glorio Commonwealth daily attending our common schools, receiving moral impressions and acquiring learning and principles which have enabled thousands who have gone abroad from us to spread the influence of New England education, and making the wilderness "blossom like the rose." The amount of money raised by taxes for the support of schools, including only the wages of teachers, board and fuel, \$910,216.

The returns for Middlesex County shows the number of scholars attending schools in summer 33,361, and in winter 34,010, with 268 male teachers, and 666 female teachers.

The number of scholars in Woburn is 707 in summer, and 717 in winter, with 1 male and 13 female teachers in summer, and 4 males and 10 females in winter, and 12 public schools.

Woburn is set down in population 3954, and in valuation \$1,962,577, taken in 1850.

Winchester population 1353, and in valuation in 1850, \$649,346; 8 public schools and 260 scholars in summer, and 271 in winter; 2 male and 6 female teachers in summer, the same in winter.

Stonham population 2085, and valuation in 1850 \$481,862. 10 public schools and 382 scholars in summer, and 379 in winter; 8 female teachers in summer, and 1 male and 6 males in winter.

Wilmington population 876, and valuation \$399,643 in 1850; 5 public schools and 154 scholars in summer, and 178 in winter; 5 female teachers in summer, and 3 males and 2 female teachers in winter.

Burlington population 547, and valuation \$287,808, in 1850; 5 public schools and 97 scholars in summer, and 90 in winter; 2 female teachers in summer, and 2 male teachers in winter.

We make these extracts for the benefit of the inhabitants of our neighboring towns, and hope they may prove interesting. We shall find other items, of interest from this valuable document for a future day.

Dr. O. W. Holmes of Boston, gave last Tuesday evening, his lecture on "Lectures and Lectures," before our Lyceum; it was full of wit and fun, and the audience for an hour were kept in most excellent humor. The Dr. has a most happy way of saying a great many sensible things.

Next Tuesday evening we are to listen to Mr. Geo. M. Champney, who was announced in our paper a fortnight since, this will be the closing lecture of the course, and we hope to see a large audience present.

The Phalanx Assembly Wednesday evening, at the Central House, passed off to the satisfaction of all parties. There were 80 couples present including delegates from military companies of Boston, Lowell, Salem, and other places. They are to have another, one fortnight from that evening at the same place.

Matters at Washington, are moving easy; the new President acts as though he meant to be independent in his appointments; there will be many disappointments, and no doubt some grumbling. This is to be expected, and in the result of our free institutions, all having an equal claim to offices, makes the scramble somewhat desperate, and requires a firm hand and prompt decision on the subject of appointments. There is a satisfaction in being in a private station. You don't have those foolish hopes and constant fears; it is a terrible position to be placed in; this office expectancy, with the last dollar left from the pile spent in supporting our candidate, and being left in the rear at last. Too bad, certainly.

The New England Baptist Educational Convention is in session, in Boston, attended by a large number of eminent men of the Baptist persuasion. One of the prime objects is the establishment of a "Baptist Historical Society," for the collection of pamphlets, books, &c., illustrating the history of Baptists. Many interesting remarks were made, urging the necessity of forming an Historical Society and a Committee appointed for that purpose. This progressive age is constantly starting up objects of usefulness, which have lain dormant for ages, every movement made for the improvement of the human mind, should be sustained. The true history of the Baptist Church, would be no doubt interesting and valuable.

Several of the Charlestown rioters have been arrested, and examined before Justice Warren of Charlestown, some were discharged as mere lookers on, others fined and bound over to keep the peace, the excitement does not appear to be ended, some fears are entertained for the safety of the Catholic Church, but the efficient measures of the mayor, will soon put down all disturbance. It is to be hoped the affair will peacefully subside, now the "missing girl" has returned.

The New York *Mirror* says Professor Anderson has received a letter from Napoleon III, enclosing a check for £30, which he borrowed from him while in London, accompanied with a valuable diamond ring, and an invitation to visit Paris; this argues honesty.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Court of Common Pleas of Maryland, has decided that Railroad Companies are not liable for personal injuries, when they occur to passengers while standing on the platform of the cars, against the warning of the Conductors, although the accident may have resulted from carelessness, or neglect on the part of the agent of the Company. Passengers should take warning, and not stand on the platform, or put their heads or arms out of windows, while the cars are in motion.

FIRE IN WORCESTER.—The Whi & Boyden Factory, at South Worcester, was destroyed by fire last Tuesday, only a small part of the stock or machinery being saved.

The factory or main building was four stories and an adjoining building, formerly occupied by White & Boyden, as a machine shop, was two stories, and both were owned by Messrs. Jonas Bartlett and John Boyden, of Worcester, who were not insured. These buildings in connection were occupied by Bigelow & Bartlett, satinet manufacturers; Woodbury & Co., shuttle manufacturers; Benjamin Prentiss, spindle manufacturer; Chase & Read, shoe manufacturers; and Cox & Co., needle manufacturers. The first three named firms were insured. A boarding house, also owned by Bartlett & Warden, was nearly destroyed. It was occupied by M. M. Aldrich. Most of the furniture saved. The total loss is variously estimated from \$18,000 to \$20,000. The origin of the fire is unknown. From 40 to 50 hands are turned out of employment.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—We commend this number to our readers as an extra one; the portraits of President Pierce and Vice President King, will pay for the purchase, then the Empress of France, in her bridal dress, is what all our fair readers will admire. Gleason is deserving of full patronage.

PATHFINDER AND RAILWAY GUIDE.—The number for March is received, this is a valuable pocket companion for travellers, and useful to all. Published by Geo. K. Snow, 5 Washington st., Boston.

CARPET BAG.—That tremendous rush in Washington will make an impression. The publisher gives notice of transforming the bag, on the first of April, to a monthly publication. We wish it success.

LIVING AGE.—An excellent number. The articles well selected, and worth double the cost of it.

Woburn.—This beautiful town is going ahead rapidly. In addition to an excellent local newspaper, they are now to have a Bank, of which the Journal says—"The capital stock in the Woburn Bank has all been taken up, and is now waiting the action of the Legislature for a charter."—*Clinton Courant*.

There is much truth in the above remarks. Woburn is going ahead, and the determination of our friend Bynner, is proof of his good judgment. We have no reference to the "local newspaper." We are anticipating a trip to Clinton, as soon as our horse and carriage is in order, when we may form our judgment of its position; if we form it now, from our impressions of the Courant, it will be of a higher standard than towns in general arrive at.

Stoneham population 2085, and valuation in 1850 \$481,862. 10 public schools and 382 scholars in summer, and 379 in winter; 8 female teachers in summer, and 1 male and 6 males in winter.

Wilmington population 876, and valuation \$399,643 in 1850; 5 public schools and 154 scholars in summer, and 178 in winter; 5 female teachers in summer, and 3 males and 2 female teachers in winter.

Burlington population 547, and valuation \$287,808, in 1850; 5 public schools and 97 scholars in summer, and 90 in winter; 2 female teachers in summer, and 2 male teachers in winter.

As polished steel receives a stain From drops at random flung, So does the child when words profane Drop from a parent's tongue.

We cut the above gem from an exchange paper, and commend it to every parent who needs it truth, the lines are beautiful, and conveys a lesson, which we regret to say there is a great neglect in learning. These lines should be framed, and placed like a mirror before the face of every parent, who indulges in profane and vulgar language, before his family or in public.

The accommodation at the Railroad Depot in Woburn, are getting behind the times, the increase of passengers require an enlargement. We are entitled to equal accommodations with Winchester, and we again protest against horses and carriages blocking up the entrance to the Depot, we have heard many strangers speak of it, and besides this, it is very inconvenient, there should be a front side-walk or platform.

The election for Delegates to the Convention for revising the Constitution, has resulted in a large majority for the Coalition and Democratic tickets.

The prospects for a fair Spring trade is good; the money market the last week has been rather stringent. There will soon be a surplus on the market, seeking investment. The mines of California and Australia will keep the European and American markets supplied for years to come.

The Governor of Vermont has appointed the 5th of April as a day of humiliation and prayer.

DISCOVERY OF A COMET.—Mr. Chas. W. Tuttle, assistant at the Observatory of Harvard College, discovered a comet last Tuesday evening.

The project for a railroad from Roxbury through Washington street, Dover street, Harrison avenue and Broad street, Boston, is supported by a heavy array of names, and strong efforts are making for a charter.

The New York and Erie Railroad Company are making extensive preparations for the travelling public the coming season.—Some splendid steamers are building, which will be ready early this spring, to run from Dunkirk on Lake Erie to the ports on the upper Lakes. A trip from Boston to Cincinnati, by New York, Erie Railroad, and steamers from Dunkirk, will be a fashionable tour the coming season.

About 100 letters were stolen from the Mail agent's room in steamer Commodore, on her passage from New York to Boston last week, supposed to contain money, and directed to Boston.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Temple and Miss Pendleton, instructors in penmanship, who, we understand, have a peculiar faculty of imparting the beautiful art to others. They will commence Monday, March 14th; we hope our citizens, desirous of the improvement, will give them a full school.

The Temperance Convention in Boston, last Thursday, was a truly triumphant meeting; the friends of the cause came in vast numbers to sustain, by their influence and determined perseverance, the holy cause of temperance; it was a glorious gathering of men and women, seeking the best interests of society, and the public good. We have not time to notice proceedings this week.

Publications Received.

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.—We have received the March number of this Magazine, published by J. H. Pratt, & Co., 36 Nassau st., N. Y.; the reading matter of the purest kind, and well worthy a place on the shelves of parents.

The Emperor of Austria, narrowly escaped assassination by a tailor, the assassin was caught; how pleasant the life of an Emperor.

An extensive conspiracy has been discovered in Hungary; that country is very unsettled.

They had a large Municipal Reform meeting in New York, for taking measures to reform the city authorities; kicking against the pricks.

Capt. Ericsson is going to Australia with his caloric ship.

Railroad accidents plenty, as usual.

The last snow storm was a severe one, several vessels went ashore, it extended as far south as Washington; the snow was 12 inches deep in Providence; all the steamers on the Sound were delayed.

The scarlet fever is very prevalent in the neighboring towns; we regret to learn that the Hon. N. Y. Banks has lost his only two children in Waltham last week, by this dreadful disease.

Gov. Seymour of Connecticut has appointed Thursday the 26th inst. as Fast Day.

Bridge Droyer died in New York, last week, from slow starvation, during a sea voyage, in ship Antarctic; the body was reduced to a perfect skeleton.

A convention of deaf and dumb persons to the number of 70, met last week in Montpelier, Vt., the object to raise funds for a monument to the memory of their old teacher, Rev. Mr. Gallaudet.

83 deaths in Boston last week.

A firemen's riot occurred in Cincinnati last week, several persons seriously injured; one fatally.

\$1604 were contributed to the Washington Monument during the month of February.

Late news from Europe is peaceable; the outbreak in Milan and Italy is suppressed, and all is for the present quiet.

Late news from the gold mines is favorable, all doing well, gold plenty, and plenty of people to gather it.

Nothing new in our own vicinity; we hear of several buildings to be erected this spring in Woburn, houses are scarce; some enquiries from Boston for dwellings.

Living Age.—An excellent number. The articles well selected, and worth double the cost of it.

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

We have indications of an early spring, the snow has disappeared, and March winds and April showers, will soon prepare the earth for seed time.

A disastrous fire occurred in New Orleans last week, destroying a large amount of property, with 20,000 bales of cotton; several negroes perished in the flames; the property mostly insured.

Vice President King is in Matanzas, his health is slightly improved.

George Manners, formerly British Consul at Boston, died at Coburg, Upper Canada, on the 18th ult.

Hon. Jonathan Phillips of Boston, has presented to the U. S. Agricultural Society, \$600.

Our neighbors in Nova Scotia, cannot agree on the subject of the Great Trunk Railway, and in consequence of which, nothing will be done during the present session of the Legislature, this is bad policy, and is sure to act against their best interest.

There is a Shansi rooster in Carline, Pa., measuring 35 inches in height; where is Barnum?

A Temperance bill has passed both houses of the Delaware Legislature.

The city of Boston have purchased the estate in Somerset street, lately owned by Caleb Loring, Esq., as a site for a free Public Library.

Seventy thousand tons of ice, are being taken from Rockwood pond in New Hampshire, to Troy, N. Y., by a Boston house.

Judge Merrick, at Cambridge, last Friday, decided that the authorities of Watertown had no right to search the Spring Hotel, and seize liquors therein, and that the bar keeper had a right to resist the officers, and protect the property.

A stranger fell from the top of the Washington Monument, in Washington, on the 4th inst., and was taken up lifeless.

Butter is selling in Baltimore market at 17 cts. per lb., for roll,

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

Written for the Journal.
OLD AGE.

BY MARY RITCHIE.

The old have many claims upon our regard. Where should many of us have been, were it not for the timely counsels of the age! I tremble at the thought!—A young man has been early thrown upon the world. Temptations environ him. He is about yielding to the baneful temptor, when, of a sudden, the advice of some good old friend comes to his mind. Mark the result! he is saved. Treasure up, young man, treasure up, young woman the counsels of the age! Experience has taught them a lesson. They see the path that you should walk in. Permit them to point it out to you. Learn a lesson from them. Gray hair should command respect, and the head that has survived the "frosts of many winters," is deserving of the greatest honor. Oh, youth, impetuous youth! pay all the reverence due old age!

THE WEATHER.

Thursday March 3.—Morning overcast; nearly clear through the forenoon; afternoon rainy, with a mingling of snow and sleet; wind in the morning N. N. E., then East and S. E.; thermometer 7 A. M., 29°; 2 P. M., 41°; 10 P. M., 30.

Friday, March 4.—Partly cloudy in the morning; after 8 o'clock generally clear and pleasant until late in the P. M., afterward cloudy; wind westerly most of the day; about 5 P. M., changed to N. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 25°; 2 P. M., 41°; 10 P. M., 31.

Saturday, March 5.—Snow began to fall about midnight, and continued until noon, it came very fast for a few hours; the ground was covered six or seven inches; evening clear; wind in the morning N. N. E. then N. and N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 30°; 2 P. M., 33°; 10 P. M., 27.

Sunday, March 6.—Generally clear and very pleasant through the forenoon; afternoon nearly overcast; evening again clear; wind light from N. to N. W.; thermometer 7 A. M., 20°; 2 P. M., 40°; 10 P. M., 29.

Monday, March 7.—Pleasant, mild, and sky nearly clear; snow melting fast; sloppy and disagreeable travelling; wind W. to W. S. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 21°; 2 P. M., 40°; 10 P. M., 34.

Tuesday, March 8.—Clear and very fine; wind in the morning S. and gradually came round to N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 33°; 2 P. M., 49°; 10 P. M., 30. Snow rapidly disappearing. In the evening the aurora was more brilliant than at any time in some months.

Wednesday, March 9.—Cloudy, rain fell with some intervals, through the day; travelling bad; snow nearly gone; wind S. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 35°; 2 P. M., 40°; 10 P. M., 37.

The past week has been mild, but rather stormy. The pleasant days have been much marred by the bad condition of the streets. We cannot hope for a much different state of things however for a month to come.

FRANKLIN.

CONVICTED.—George Palmer, of Bath, and Samuel Allen, of Wirt, N. Y., were tried and convicted at the late term of the Allegany County court, on a charge of obstructing the track of the New York and Erie Railroad, at Andover, last Fall. They were sentenced to state prison five years each, being at the extent of the law. One of the prisoners, after conviction, confessed their object to be plunder; the obstruction being on a high embankment, they expected many of the passengers would be killed, and thus enable them to rob their bodies.

Our statutes are not severe enough for such wholesale murder cases as this, and the public should demand a change to imprisonment for life.—*Dunkirk Journal*.

THE INMATES OF THE CHARLESTOWN STATE PRISON, are 313 Americans, 170 foreigners, 35 negroes, and 12 mulattoes, 21 are in for life; the earnings of the prisoners for the last 8 months have paid all expenses, and left nearly \$7000 surplus; a profitable State Institution.

CAMBRIDGE CATTLE MARKET.

Wednesday, March 9th, 1853. 25 Carts came over the Pittsburgh Railroad; 74 Carts came over the Boston and Lowell Railroad, bringing 837 cattle, consisting of working oxen, cows and calves, &c. 119 Sheep and Lambs at market.

Beef, extra—\$7.25 to \$7.75 per cwt.

First quality—\$7.

Second quality—\$6 to \$6.75.

Third quality—\$5 to \$5.50.

Barreling Cattle—\$6 to \$5.50.

Working Oxen—\$8 to \$1.14.

Cows and Calves—\$2 to \$5.50.

" " by lot—\$3.75 to \$5.50.

207 Sheep in market. Wholesale at 6¢; retail 7¢, 10¢ per lb.

The market is lightly stocked. Sales quick, and quotations duly maintained. Stocks excellent, both in size and quality.

Special Notices.

Ex-Governor GEO. S. BOUTWELL will deliver the seventeenth Lecture of the Course before the Literary Association of Stoneham, on Thursday evening, March 17th, 1853. Lecture commences at 7 o'clock.

WANTED.

The following numbers of the *Journal*, are wanted at this office. Vol. 1, Nos. 2, 12, 18, 22, 26, 27, 29, 47.—Vol. 2, No. 9.

DEATHS.

" And what's a life? the flourishing array Of the broad summer meadow, which to day Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay."

March 7th. Fremont Wood, son of James and Eliza Wood, aged 2 yrs. and 3 mos.

Feb. 25th. Mary E. Nichols, daughter of William and Sally Nichols, aged 10 yrs. and 2 mos.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

Mrs. TEMPLE & MISS PENNELLTON, at the request of many of the citizens of Woburn, have concluded to remain and give a second course of lessons in Pennington. It is to be hoped that all who are desirous of improving their minds will avail themselves of the opportunity now offered. First lesson in the course commences on Monday evening, March 14th.

Woburn, March 12th, 1853.

Cottage House for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a Cottage House in Woburn, situated on Franklin Avenue, containing two rooms, with well-kept poultry-house, one brought into the kitchen—rain water brought into contagious room; cellar bottom cemented.—About 13,000 feet of land of the best quality, set with choice Fruit Trees, including Apple, Pear, Apricot, and Cherry, in bearing, stations, also grape vine, Quince, Raspberry, and Dutch Cranberry bushes. The house is nearly new, thoroughly built and blinded, and within four minutes walk from the Woburn Railroad Station, and the best of Free Schools. Terms of payment made out. For further particulars enquire of EZRA C. INGALLS, near the premises, or EDWIN PIERCE, Woburn, March 12, 1853. Lowell, Mass.

DOCTOR SCALES, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

Has been to the house of Mr. R. R. Conner, corner of Main and Elm Streets, (the tenement of the late R. R. Dept.) Gratified with his estimation, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, at former prices. Ordinary visits, within one mile, 50 cents each, until after 9 o'clock, P. M.

Woburn, March 5th, 1853. 3m.

Boots!!

P. CALF BOOTS, a serviceable article adapted to the season. For sale by AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

Newball's Unrivalled WATER-PROOF BLACKING.

THIS Blacking is acknowledged by those who have used it, to be the best article they have ever found for the purpose intended, and renders leather perfectly impervious to water. Fresh or Salt Water, the same time imparts *Heaviness, Durability, and Elasticity*. Prepared only by G. CHALIS, Woburn, Mass.

CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used the above-named Blacking, and give our names in testimony of its excellent qualities.

BENJ. FLANDERS, B. T. FLANDERS, Charles Clouett, Nathan RICHARDSON, Silas Weyman.

This Blacking is to be had at the subscriber at wholesale, or at most of the stores by the single box. March 5th. G. CHALIS.

BOYS and Children's Kid and Calf Boots. For sale by AUGUSTUS ROUNDY. Corner of Main & R. R. sts.

Kip Boots.

GENTS double upper and double sole Kip Boots, at the Shoe Store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

SHOWING THE AVAILABLE FUNDS EXCLUSIVE OF DEPOSIT NOTES.

Amount in force, Dec. 31, 1851, \$10,299.41 Expenses in 1852, \$639.88. Interest paid, \$510.99.

SECOND CLASS.

PROPERTY AT RISK.

Amount at risk, Dec. 31, 1851, \$30,608.40 Amount issued since, 313,889.

Amount terminated in 1852, 8,355.09

Amount in force, Dec. 31, 1852, 188,816.28 Losses paid, and Claims, \$2,736.74

The Liabilities of 1st Class are for Cash borrowed of 2nd Class, \$9,657.41

For Notes and bills payable and losses unpaid, 1,342.82

From which deduct the amount of Cash on hand, and balance due from Agents, 600.79

Showing the indebtess of First Class, Dec. 31, 1852, to be, \$10,299.41 Expenses in 1852, \$639.88. Interest paid, \$510.99.

THIRD CLASS.

PROPERTY AT RISK.

Amount at risk, Dec. 31, 1851, \$30,608.40 Amount issued since, 313,889.

Amount terminated in 1852, 8,355.09

Amount in force, Dec. 31, 1852, 188,816.28 Losses paid, and claims, 2,694.91

For Notes and bills payable and losses unpaid, \$10,890.64

Liabilities for Losses paid, and unpaid bills, \$1,545.82—Dividends on expired Policies, \$721.01.

Showing the available funds exclusive of Deposit Notes to be, \$8,623.81 Being an increase since December 31, 1851, of \$3,429.29.

Amounts paid and paid the past year on policy expired, \$1,545.82—Dividends on \$1,545.82—Cash Premiums received \$7,008.81—Expenses paid, \$903.05.

By this above it will be seen that the Second Class, has paid its expenses. Expenses paid and provided for the payment of dividends to the amount of \$2,222.07, and has no available funds amounting to \$8,623.81 exclusive of Premiums. A Dividend of 39 per cent has been upon all yearly policies, and has been paid for the last two years, and the same is now payable on those that are existing.

At the annual meeting of the company, held January 11th, 1852, it was voted to provide for the payment of dividends on the stock of the company, and to make a dividend of 39 per cent annually, and to pay dividends quarterly.

W. COOPER, Esq., President.

EDWARD C. SPARHAWK, President.

A. C. COBB, Secretary.

E. HINCKLEY, Agent for Woburn and vicinity. Brighton, January, 1853.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON, of Middlesex, in and for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, filed a petition in the Probate Court of Middlesex, on the first day of March, 1853, against G. W. RICHARDSON, of Woburn, for the removal of his wife, Susanna Richardson, of Woburn, in and county of Middlesex, widow, deceased, intestate. *Humble* shows that the just debts, which the said deceased owed at the time of death, together with charges of administration, and future probable expenses, amount to three hundred and sixty-six dollars; that the value of the personal estate of the said deceased by the inventory thereto exhibited in the Probate Office, is seventy-five dollars and sixty cents, and the value of the real estate owned by the said deceased, is fifteen hundred and sixteen dollars; that the said inventory of the personal estate of the said deceased consists of land, dwelling house and barn thereon, situated in Woburn, and a number of household articles, and furniture, and personal effects, the value of which is three hundred and sixty-six dollars; that the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate of the said deceased, less the value of the real estate, is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

That the said deceased died intestate, and the value of the personal estate

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

TO ANN MARY.

I've seen the bright sun in his course ascending,
Crowning the hill-tops with a golden sheen;
At eve I've seen him, his gay brightness bending,
To beautify earth's rich attire of green.

But thy gay smiles have been to me more cheering,
Eased in beauty's circle proudly gay;—
The words have been to me far more endearing,
Than is to earth the splendid "king of day."

Reading, March, 1853. B. P.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

FARM WORK FOR MARCH.

The first of the spring months is at hand, and farmers must be preparing for spring work.

It is now generally conceded that gravel is the right article to cover roads with. No other kind of earth is worth carting a single rod to coat a road. But gravel is not so easily dug and shoveled as loam and mellow soil. Therefore highway surveyors who incline to make a show in their districts, are much inclined to make use of a soft covering, in preference to gravel.

They will plow up the rich wash which has accumulated in the gutters by the roadside, and instead of using it in their corn fields, make a muddy road of it. They would not practice this so generally, could they have ready access to good gravel. But gravel must be plowed up, or otherwise moved quite early in the spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

Towns therefore should not only provide gravel pits where the article may be procured, but they should direct the surveyors to see that the gravel is moved quite early, before it is so hard as to require a pick axe.

It would be well to make the highway taxes quite early. Roads may be made or mend in many places before it is proper to plough fields for sowing or planting. Farmers have more leisure immediately after the frost is out of gravel pits, than at any time before haying, and this is the best time to remove gravel.

March is not a month for ploughing fields in this quarter, though we sometimes begin to stir dry ground, and we have sown acres before April, in very early seasons. The days are now longer and more work may be done at the wood pile. All should be cut and split that it may be well dried for the stoves.

Cattle require more attention now, and better hay is wanted than in the coldest weather. Cows which are to calve soon, need particular attention. They must never be left over night in their bows or chains, but should have a pen where they may lie loose. Meal is better for them than roots at this time, and their flow of milk need not be increased.

Cattle should be examined in March, and if any lice are found on them, they should be exterminated as soon as possible. Young cattle are more likely to be troubled with them than old ones. Snuff is the most convenient article to apply to their hides, and snuff will not be likely to injure the cattle as tobacco will. A card is used with good effect at the time of sitting in the snuff.

Take up the steers now and make them handy by the time you will want them on the plough. Card them and let not the whip be used so freely as to make them hate the sight of you.—Miss. Ploughman.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.

The season for setting trees is near at hand. We take from the Horticulturist, the following on trees:

The AMERICAN WEEPING ELM (White Elm) is the first on your list, and on some accounts it is worthy of pre-eminence. It is truly a noble tree—a magnificent tree—in the stateliness of its trunk, its gracefully curved branches and delicate drooping spray. What can equal it? Taken altogether, we must regard it as the finest of its genus in either hemisphere.

For avenues it has no equal, where it has sufficient space for the free and full development of its natural form; but for narrow streets and side walks, where the houses are edging on them, does it not spread and droop too much for convenience? We think it does; and on that account would only recommend it for streets and avenues of extraordinary dimensions, with spacious sidewalks, and the houses well set back. For ordinary streets, we think the more compact headed species, such as the English elm, and its varieties, better adapted. The English elm has smaller leaves than ours, but they remain green much longer in the autumn.

The HORSE CHESTNUT is one of the most extensively planted and well known of all foreign trees. For common street planting, it possesses probably as many qualifications as any in the whole catalogue—easily propagated and grown, transplanted successfully at all ages, clean and healthy, with large foliage and superb flowers. Its head is compact and roundish, inclining to the pyramidal. When in full bloom, it presents a gorgeous sight. Those who have planted this tree will have no good reason to regret it.

The RED MAPLE and WHITE, or SILVER MAPLES, are both good street trees; rapid in growth—extremely so—regular and symmetrical in form, and cleanly. There is, however, a sort of leanness, that strikes us even in the finest of its specimens; owing to a thinness of foliage that compares badly with the rich, luxuriant, tufted leafage of the silver maple. The silver maple bids fair to become the most extensively planted, on account of its rapid growth, in new, treeless streets and villages, rapid growth is an argument too powerful to be resisted, especially in a community where there exists an active rivalry as to who shall produce the greatest results in the shortest period of time.

Villages spring up and acquire importance in a year or two; and trees to correspond, must be none of those that grow by inches.

NEW SEDDING GRAPE.—C. M. Hovey states in his *Magazine of Horticulture*, that a new seedling grape has been produced from a native vine, fully equal to the Isabella, and ripening at least one month earlier than that variety. He received specimens of the fruit as early as the middle of September, which were the very last of the crop. The berries were round, black, and covered with a dense bloom; bunches as large as those of the Isabella; skin thin; flesh tender, with scarcely any pulp, "exceedingly sweet and delicious." The vine is hardy, vigorous, and productive. The name of the originator is not given, as it would, if known, subject him to a flood of orders. The vine will probably be secured in the hands of a few, and in due time be offered to the public, who will of course make some allowance for the charms which novelty throws around every new horticultural production. Should this prove nearly so valuable as is hoped, and the same result be verified of Dr. Valk's new seedling, and Longworth's newly discovered hardy foreigner, we shall soon have quite an addition to our list of valuable varieties.

CURE FOR A COLD.—The following excellent recipe for a cold is going the rounds of the papers:—"Take three cents' worth of liquorice, and three cents' worth of gum arabic; put them into a quart of warm water, simmer them till thoroughly dissolved; then add three cents worth of peregoric, and a like quantity of antimonial wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap and good. Its cost is fifteen cents."

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,

JOB PRINTER.
Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

Gage & Fowle,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Nos. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE on hand a complete stock of Overcoatings, Choice Pantaloony, Vestings and rich Furnishing Goods.

G. R. GAGE, Woburn, December 4, 1852. If

N. WYMAN, JR.,
DEALER IN—
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS, HATS, CAPS,
Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings, &c., WADDE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

N. B. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots and Shoes neatly Repaired.

Oct 25 If

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,
BOSTON. If

M. A. STEVENS,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,
No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.
(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.) If

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
75 Nassau Street,
Mar 27 If NEW YORK.

THOMPSON & TIDD,
NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS; Crockery and Glass Ware.

Paper Hanging, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

Oct 18 If

O TIS & BAILEY.
HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS,
GLAZIERS AND PAINTER HANGERS,
DEALERS IN—
Stabes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass,
Geo. H. OTIS, JAMES B. BAILEY.

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCIFSTER & BOSTON
DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leaves for New York, P. M.

WINSCHIFSTER order boxes at the Union Store, and A. Taylor's Store, BOSTON—Thayer, Hovey, and Home's & 3 & 4 South Faunell Hall, Hill, Candler, & Co.'s, 20th Street Market Street.

Jan 17 If

MENZIES & WHITE.

—DEALERS IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street,

Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.

G. MENZIES, H. H. WHITE.

One Price... All Representations Warranted.

Jan 24 If

NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL

DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,

Cambridgeport, MASS.

Orders left at Amos Waite's, 43 Brattle St., Boston,

and Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.

If Ladders, &c., always on hand.

6 mos

EDWARD E. COOPER,

—DEALER IN—

Pancy Goods, Perfumery, Dyed Stuffs

No. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,

WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night

Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh & green Leeches constantly on hand.

Jan 27 If

W. M. WESTON,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Gold and Silver Pencils, Table, Tea, Salt, and Mustard Spoons, Cream Ladles, Butter Knives &c.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE OF ALL

KINDS, MADE TO ORDER.

Silver Combs, Spectacles, Fans, Steel Umbrellas and Beads. Also, a variety of

Musical Instruments,

such as VIOLINS, MELODIANS, ACCORDIONS, and MUSIC BOXES.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, repaired in the best possible manner.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

ALSO,—MELODIANS TO LET.

April 3 If

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will be sent to us by mail.

Nov 15 If

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will be sent to us by mail.

Nov 15 If

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will be sent to us by mail.

Nov 15 If

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will be sent to us by mail.

Nov 15 If

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will be sent to us by mail.

Nov 15 If

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will be sent to us by mail.

Nov 15 If

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will be sent to us by mail.

Nov 15 If

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foster's Wharf,... BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will be sent to us by mail.

Nov 15 If

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

NO. 23

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

The Spirit of Progress is taking her course,
'O'er the earth with a mighty speed,
Ye may know her track by the lightning-lines,
By the tramp of the Iron Steel;
By the laurels of triumph she daily twines,
'Round the shrines of Science and Learning;
By the watch fires of Freedom, that, lit by her hand,
Throughout the wide world are burning.

At one light wave of magic wand,
The wastes and the forests bloom;
And the rivers that wandered idly along,
Toll at the gulf and loom.
Where yesterday sought but the wilderness stood,
And wild beasts reposed 'neath its shade,
To-day fair cities are springing up,
Foundations of empires are laid.

'O'er the earth a web of magic wiles
Is woven by her skillful hands,
And states and nations are firmly bound
Together with iron bands,
And steam fed monsters over every sea,
From every port move forth,
And the shouts from their iron lungs resound,
To the farthest corners of earth.

On spiritual tasks with vigorous blows,
The Spirit of Progress is rapping,
And is sternly upon their devoted heads,
Keeping up a continual tapping;
And the poisonous streams that boulder forth,
Redden only the soil with its flow,
And rescued men breathe freely again,
As they find the spoiler laid low.

Humanity springs into life again,
And justice comes forth at her call,
And reeling beneath her sturdy blows,
Oppression and tyranny fall;
She thunders death in the despot's ear,
She whispers hope to the slave,
By her aid over every land and sea,
The banners of freedom shall wave.

Already in the orient skies,
There rises a glorious light,
And a fearless champion issues forth,
To combat the minions of might;
Tyrants shall tremble, vassals shall hope,
And the down-trodden millions rejoice,
The world—the broad world shall shake,
At the mighty Magan's voice.

Oppressors! your day, or rather your night,
Is now disappearing fast,
And ye never can smother the fires that burn,
To illuminate the world at last;
Ye may sooner seek to chain the wind,
Or to still the ocean's waves,
When the fierce tornado sweeps madly forth,
Or the tempest in fury raves.

North Woburn, 1853.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

mingled with pain. Fortunately I espied at a little distance south, a rising, which I knew commanded a good view of the south window of the cottage, from whence the harp sent forth its heaven-like strains. I tripped softly round through the bushes, and reaching the spot, found a huge rock which lay behind a clump of tall cedars, and which gave me a good seat, where I could sit unobserved by the inmates of the cottage. The sun threw its retiring rays upon the wall in the cottage, I gazed intently to discover, if possible, a human face. I turned my eyes to the easterly part of the room, and a figure met my gaze. An aged pilgrim, with his arms folded across his breast, sat in a large arm-chair, listening to the tones of his harp. His cheek, though furrowed, was yet useful to gaze upon. His intelligent countenance spoke the depth of mind. His white hair lay quiet upon his temples; his eyes were closed, and the harp breathed forth its plaintive notes, I saw a tear fall from his eye, and course down his furrowed cheek. Ah! thought I, he's thinking of past hours, when those that now sleep in the cold grave shared his joys, and whose voices were no less sweet to him, than the pleasant tones of his harp, as it moved in the evening breeze. I started—a sudden light broke in upon my mind. I had read of the Hermit, had heard his home was just such a lovely, such a delightful place as the one before me. I had read how death had taken all the dear ones away, and he was left alone. That his companions were birds and flowers, and his harp served to call up all the holy and pure affections of the heart; that ere long he expected to die, and leave all the beautiful things of earth. I gazed with a feeling, almost devotional, upon the aged Hermit, and as the sweet flowers were shedding their odors around, I felt a prayer was being offered up from off the alter of that pilgrim's heart, and no worldly tumult to break the air; but there, in the deep still forest, it was offered up amidst the perfume of flowers, and the angelic strains of the murmuring harp. How many times, thought I, had my desire been to see this aged man. I gave the pilgrim a parting look, left him communing with God, and glided as noiselessly as possible from the Hermit's Cottage.

North Woburn.

In almost every department of industry we see men tasking their brain in trying to develop a system of operation that shall require less expense of capital and labor; and these endeavors are in many cases laudable.—In the republic of letters, it is said, there is no royal highway to learning. The temple of science must be reached by a steep and rugged acclivity, and they who would enter it and approach the shrine of the goddess, must be wide awake, and take advantage of the protuding rocks and twigs, which are often of much service in the ascent. Diligence and constant attention alone will secure large success.

The sources of knowledge are various, and almost every one is predisposed to seek for it at some particular source. It may be gleaned from the pages of printed lore; truths of science, facts of history, gems of sentiment and wit, may be seized and appropriated as they emanate from the lips of the orator. Attentive observations of men and things may afford data, from which may be drawn lessons of wisdom and truth.

Now he who delves for the precious bits of mineral wealth that lie buried beneath the sod, must be attentive to his work, or many particles, which in the aggregate would be quite an item, will be cast off unnoticed. So he who is laboring to cull from the world's rubbish its intellectual stores, should not pursue his occupation with listless drowsiness.—The subtleties of philosophy, or the keen edge of satire, can be apprehended only by the sharpest attention.

The value of books consists chiefly in the manner in which they are read; of course some have more inherent interest than others. But no book, whatever be its character, should be carelessly perused; read whatever you undertake carefully and thoroughly. A heedless perusal of one book is apt to engender a general stupidity and inattention. If a book is worthy of being read at all, it deserves a close and careful examination. If a book seems at first dry and meagre, by close attention we are gradually enabled to discern a drift of argument, or hints of instruction, which our indifference had not reached.

No habit, perhaps, yields a more ample harvest of pleasure and information than that of giving undivided attention to public addresses and speeches. It being more difficult to fasten the attention on an oral argument than on a written one, we are required to make an extra effort; a lecture may be listened to, and yet impart few lasting impressions. Learn to direct the attention to the theme of discussion, and there confine it. Few speeches are so unfruitful as to furnish no instruction; and if no other advantage were gained, the discipline thereby acquired is sufficient reward. The ability to follow intelligently the threads of a discourse, from beginning to end, is highly available in developing, originally, the discussion of any subject. In communities where public lectures are so numerous as among us, much valuable information may be obtained by being wide awake. When facts and sentiments,—the product of many hours' study and research,—are present-

ed in lectures, be wide awake, and seize whatever of value comes from the speaker's mouth.

On all occasions, be awake! Casual remarks are often valuable; it costs us nothing to maintain a quick attention to whatever is said around us. Be wide awake, and many a suggestion will be spoken in your ear that shall assist you greatly in your warfare with the world. Be wide awake, and you will discover many gems of wisdom among the paltry sayings of men, which will enrich the mind, and lend a lustre to various acquisitions.

Reading, February 1853. B. P.

Written for the Journal.

MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

It was midnight, and all was stillness. The little birds had ceased their tuneful notes of praise,—the cattle of a thousand hills their lowing, and yielded to nature's claim. The low hum of business discord and commotion was hushed,—the streets thronged with people going to and fro, each intent upon their own interest, (little regarding that of the others,) are now reposing in the quietness of sleep. The moon, "pale empress of the night," is just emerging above the eastern horizon, in all her glory, spreading faint gleams of light upon the surrounding darkness, now riding forth majestically among those myriads of shining orbs that lie in her pathway thro' the canopy spread out before her.

Oh! how lovely, thought a lone girl who was beholding the scene. As she sat gazing her mind wandered far above those sparkling gems, to their Creator, and at whose command they all respond. Oh! thought she, all, all but man, made after his own image, obey.—How solemn the thought, and yet how true! We, who so far exceed all other of His works, are alone guilty.

He has given us this beautiful world, adorned with everything to make it lovely and agreeable, and minds capable of appreciating the greatness of His power—wisdom to discern the right from the wrong—the organ of speech by which we can communicate our ideas from one to the other, and in short everything that could be devised to add to our happiness. He has ordained. But more; he condescended to leave the realms of glory, and enter this fallen world to teach by example and precept His Father's will, altho' despised and rejected, He done His work, and what is more, even died for us. Yes! for us, who have so cruelly treated and rejected Him.

As she thus grieved she became amazed, as onished at such love and self-denial, and all this for man—poor, thoughtless man, who is so ungrateful, so unworthy of the least notice.

She was about to despair at the thought, when suddenly a voice from Heaven seemed to say, "Fear not, (still another proof of His love,) but come unto me, and I will give you rest."

MARINA.

February 14th, 1853.

Written for the Journal.

A TRUE FRIEND.

BY MARY RITCHIE.

In almost every department of industry we see men tasking their brain in trying to develop a system of operation that shall require less expense of capital and labor; and these endeavors are in many cases laudable.—In the republic of letters, it is said, there is no royal highway to learning. The temple of science must be reached by a steep and rugged acclivity, and they who would enter it and approach the shrine of the goddess, must be wide awake, and take advantage of the protuding rocks and twigs, which are often of much service in the ascent. Diligence and constant attention alone will secure large success.

The sources of knowledge are various, and almost every one is predisposed to seek for it at some particular source. It may be gleaned from the pages of printed lore; truths of science, facts of history, gems of sentiment and wit, may be seized and appropriated as they emanate from the lips of the orator. Attentive observations of men and things may afford data, from which may be drawn lessons of wisdom and truth.

Now he who delves for the precious bits of mineral wealth that lie buried beneath the sod, must be attentive to his work, or many particles, which in the aggregate would be quite an item, will be cast off unnoticed. So he who is laboring to cull from the world's rubbish its intellectual stores, should not pursue his occupation with listless drowsiness.—The subtleties of philosophy, or the keen edge of satire, can be apprehended only by the sharpest attention.

The value of books consists chiefly in the manner in which they are read; of course some have more inherent interest than others. But no book, whatever be its character, should be carelessly perused; read whatever you undertake carefully and thoroughly. A heedless perusal of one book is apt to engender a general stupidity and inattention. If a book is worthy of being read at all, it deserves a close and careful examination. If a book seems at first dry and meagre, by close attention we are gradually enabled to discern a drift of argument, or hints of instruction, which our indifference had not reached.

No habit, perhaps, yields a more ample harvest of pleasure and information than that of giving undivided attention to public addresses and speeches. It being more difficult to fasten the attention on an oral argument than on a written one, we are required to make an extra effort; a lecture may be listened to, and yet impart few lasting impressions. Learn to direct the attention to the theme of discussion, and there confine it. Few speeches are so unfruitful as to furnish no instruction; and if no other advantage were gained, the discipline thereby acquired is sufficient reward.

The ability to follow intelligently the threads of a discourse, from beginning to end, is highly available in developing, originally, the discussion of any subject. In communities where public lectures are so numerous as among us, much valuable information may be obtained by being wide awake. When facts and sentiments,—the product of many hours' study and research,—are present-

ed in lectures, be wide awake, and seize whatever of value comes from the speaker's mouth.

On all occasions, be awake! Casual remarks are often valuable; it costs us nothing to maintain a quick attention to whatever is said around us. Be wide awake, and many a suggestion will be spoken in your ear that shall assist you greatly in your warfare with the world. Be wide awake, and you will discover many gems of wisdom among the paltry sayings of men, which will enrich the mind, and lend a lustre to various acquisitions.

Reading, February 1853. B. P.

Written for the Journal.

SELECTIONS.

BY MARY RITCHIE.

The sources of knowledge are various, and almost every one is predisposed to seek for it at some particular source. It may be gleaned from the pages of printed lore; truths of science, facts of history, gems of sentiment and wit, may be seized and appropriated as they emanate from the lips of the orator. Attentive observations of men and things may afford data, from which may be drawn lessons of wisdom and truth.

Now he who delves for the precious bits of mineral wealth that lie buried beneath the sod, must be attentive to his work, or many particles, which in the aggregate would be quite an item, will be cast off unnoticed. So he who is laboring to cull from the world's rubbish its intellectual stores, should not pursue his occupation with listless drowsiness.—The subtleties of philosophy, or the keen edge of satire, can be apprehended only by the sharpest attention.

The value of books consists chiefly in the manner in which they are read; of course some have more inherent interest than others. But no book, whatever be its character, should be carelessly perused; read whatever you undertake carefully and thoroughly. A heedless perusal of one book is apt to engender a general stupidity and inattention. If a book is worthy of being read at all, it deserves a close and careful examination. If a book seems at first dry and meagre, by close attention we are gradually enabled to discern a drift of argument, or hints of instruction, which our indifference had not reached.

No habit, perhaps, yields a more ample harvest of pleasure and information than that of giving undivided attention to public addresses and speeches. It being more difficult to fasten the attention on an oral argument than on a written one, we are required to make an extra effort; a lecture may be listened to, and yet impart few lasting impressions. Learn to direct the attention to the theme of discussion, and there confine it. Few speeches are so unfruitful as to furnish no instruction; and if no other advantage were gained, the discipline thereby acquired is sufficient reward.

The ability to follow intelligently the threads of a discourse, from beginning to end, is highly available in developing, originally, the discussion of any subject. In communities where public lectures are so numerous as among us, much valuable information may be obtained by being wide awake. When facts and sentiments,—the product of many hours' study and research,—are present-

CAMP OF BUNKER HILL, MAY 16, 1775.

A Muster Roll for the pay due to the Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers in Captain Jesse Wyman's Company, in the Regiment of Guards, in the service of the United States of North America, doing duty on Bunker Hill, commanded by Col. Jacob Gerrish, from the State of Massachusetts Bay, at the rate of 40s per month, from the eighteenth day of February, 1778, to the eighteenth day of May, both days exclusive.

OFFICERS NO.	MEN'S NAMES	WHEN ENLISTED	MONTHS	DAYS	WHOLE PAY.
Sergeant 1	Joseph Parker,.....	February 23,	do. 2	do. 25	6 16 1
Sergeant 2	Kendal Emerson,.....	do. 21	do. 27	6 19 3	
Sergeant 3	Joseph Winn,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .4	
Sergeant 4	Samuel Winn,.....	do. 18	do. 3	7 .4	
Corporal 5	Ebenezer Buckman,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 12 .	
Corporal 6	Samuel Eaton,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 12 .	
Corporal 7	Samuel Flint,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 12 .	
Corporal 8	William Gould,.....	do. 21	do. 2	27 6 .7 74	
Lie.t. 10	Edmund Richardson,.....	do. 21	do. 3	6 12 .	
Sergeant 11	John Russel,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 12	Seth Cutler,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 13	Cornelius Perry,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 14	Hiram Flagg,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 15	Jack Joy,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 16	Richard Mason,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 17	Timothy Wakefield,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 18	Benjamin Pratt,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 19	John Pratt,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 20	Samuel Ellwood,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 21	John Bachelor,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 22	David Jones,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 23	Jeremiah Winn,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 24	William Butters,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 25	Gershon Flagg,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 26	John Quaith,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 27	Jonathan Eames,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 28	Jonathan Buck,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 29	Jonathan Lock,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 30	Jacob Brown,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 31	Daniel Hay,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 32	Ralph Doyle,.....	do. 18	do. 3	6 .	
Sergeant 33	Ezra Wyman,.....	do. 19	do. 2	29 5 18 8	
Sergeant 34	Eleazar Flagg Pool,.....	do. 19	do. 2	29 5 18 8	
Sergeant 35	Luis Bruce,.....	do. 20	do. 2	28	

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO agents for this paper.

WINCHERSTON.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"COLES."—Our young correspondent seems to be turning his attention to gathering relicts of the past, instead of preparing for the future. We shall publish these letters as we can find room; we have several on hand, which will receive due attention.

"M. W. WELLMAN."—William Henry: A Tale of Woburn, is very acceptable. We like those local stories—they must be interesting to our readers. You are deserving of much credit for your production; they convey good moral, and are not starched up with egotism and trifling.

"MRS. MYRTLE."—The Web of Life is well written,—the poetry is good. We shall place it on file, and add your name to our long list.

"P.P."—Just such articles as we are pleased to receive; it is instructive and interesting. Our Composers speak of your plain and perfect writing. We hope to hear from you on other subjects.

"W.M."—We cannot give you the information you ask for.

"S.L."—We have laid your communication on the table for a second reading. We cannot as yet comprehend your meaning.

"O.J.F."—Your article needs correction. We will endeavor to correct it, and publish it when we have room.

EDITORIAL.

INCIDENT AT MOUNT VERNON.

Every incident relative to Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, is interesting to Americans. The first time we visited Washington, was soon after the close of the last war with England, the city was in ruins. In company with several naval officers, we paid a visit to Mount Vernon. We were met at its entrance by the aid and faithful servant of Washington, who showed us over this hallowed spot. We distinctly remember the tomb, and coffin containing the remains of Washington. His old servants came out to bid us adieu. We have been reminded of this scene in our early life by the following incident, which we find in an exchange paper. It contains a world of thought, and is related by a visitor.

"We had passed a pleasant hour in surveying the curiosities of the mansion, which was the resting-place of the "Father of his Country," and had just taken a lingering, we trust, not a last look, at the cemetery where sleeps the hallowed remains of the chiefian and patriot, and were approaching the inner gate to make our egress, when we were struck by the sight of an aged and decrepit negro woman seated on the grass, apparently talking to herself. As we passed she raised her voice and addressed us with "Are you rich? young massa?" Our conscience smote us. We had just parted with our last levi to "Uncle Phil," the talkative and importunate Cicerone of the place, and had not the wherewithal to make her the customary present. "No!" we answered, "we are poorer than you are Aunty! we have not a cent to give you, and feel very sorry."

"Oh! young massa! I don't mean are you rich in dis world's good, in gold and silver and precious stones; but are you rich in saving grace? Is your soul fill'd with the unspeakable treasures of Jesus Christ? "This was a poser! we were religious as the world goes. We went to church regularly, said our prayers occasionally, and put our mite into the purse on Sunday, but beyond that, ne plus ultra, we considered ourselves a ver' respectable and exemplary individual, this question to us was "mal a propos." We were seriously at fault, and not knowing what to reply, we stammered, "well, really! I don't know, we believe not much richer in that respect than the others."

"Do you pray, Massa?"

"Yes, sometimes!"

"Pray without ceasing! young gen'l'men don't sink when dry ride about, taking deir pleusy, dat de time will come when dey be ols and nobdy care for dem."

"Have you any children? Aunty," we asked, wishing to change the subject, some low or other, feeling a little disagreeable at this unexpected sermon.

"All dead! children! fader! moder! brother! all gone! But de Lor' be praised! he has been good to his servant! Misus very kind to her poor old nigger and I lub her, O! very much! but den I lub the Lor' more, dere is no such frien' as he. Dis poor ole bl'r nigger hab no such kin' Mass! Bless de Lor'! I am happy! de blessed! Saviour make me happy! I so glad!" She clapped her hands and turned her sightless eyes to heaven. We turned to bid her good bye and as we left, she gave us a parting benediction.

"Gor A'mighty bless you, young Massa!"

Our friend remarked that he had heard sermons of every species of eloquence, but he had never heard one which made a stronger or more lasting impression than the single exhortation recorded above by this poor blind negro. "Are you rich, young Massa?"

We may have seen that aged negro woman amongst the group of servants who assembled at our departure, but she was younger than,

Stoneham is taking hold of the Ornamental Tree business in earnest; we recommend these Societies to get the Horticulturist for January, 1853, they will find an article on "Trees for Streets and Avenues," which will be valuable as a guide. The Horticulturist is published in Rochester, New York.

Hon. Chas. Sumner, will please relieve our thanks for public documents received from him.

"We have received the returns of the Jails, and Houses of Correction, and the Poor, made to the Legislature. The whole number of prisoners during the year, including debtors and omitting those transferred to the House of Correction, is 7,688. The number confined for debt is 1,363; in the Houses of Correction the number of prisoners is 3,187. Middlesex County has sent 419 prisoners to Jail, and 646 to the House of Correction. Dukes County takes the palm,—it reports "No Prisoners." 4,471 paupers have been supported in Middlesex County, at an expense of \$74,257,—of which Woburn has 27 paupers, at an expense of \$863.32. There is a large amount of information in these documents; the accuracy with which they are compiled is a credit to the late Secretary of State, Amasa Walker, Esq. They exhibit sad accounts of degenerated human beings. Intemperance, that curse of our land, sends its victims by hundreds and thousands to our jails and houses of correction, and men who profess to be of correction, and men who profess to be friends of humanity refuse to aid in checking this dreadful scourge.

"The Dedication of the Webster School House, in Cambridge, on the 9th inst., was attended by a large concourse of citizens.—The Cambridge Chronicle says it was of an exceeding interesting character; it also gives a glowing description of the re-union festival, at the old Franklin School House, in the evening. Master Amos Baker, now the Principal of the Chapman Hall School, in Boston, taught the Franklin School in Cambridge, 25 years ago, and his old scholars took the occasion, to the number of one hundred and twenty, to greet their teacher at the old school house, and talk over the reminiscences of school boy days. A beautiful gold watch and chain was presented to Master Baker, "as a tribute of their esteem for him as a man, and their gratitude and love for him as their early teachers."

There is a beautiful moral in the gathering of scholars, after the lapse of a quarter of a century. The Schoolmaster must have conducted his school upon principles of kindness and persuasion, which always gain the love and esteem of pupils; the impressions made on the youthful mind are lasting. We know something of Master Bakers mode of teaching, and we feel assured that the tribute of respect from his old Cambridge scholars was a deserving one.

The Chapman Hall School, now kept by master Baker, in Boston, ranks high as a school for learning, and many a young man has left it with a certificate which placed him amongst the first merchants of Boston.

"The Eastern Bank, at West Killingly, and the Bank of Woodbury, in Connecticut, have failed. These banks were controlled by parties in New York, who, we suppose, began to quarrel about the spoils, which hastened their failure. Their circulation is large.

"Two or three New York Aldermen have been fined and imprisoned for contempt of Court, growing out of the application for the Broadway Railroad. The citizens of New York are used to excitements; it will soon pass over.

DEPUTY SHERIFFS.—Sheriff Keyes, of Middlesex County, has appointed the following gentlemen as deputy sheriffs:—Ephraim Wheelock, of Framingham; Moses Pritchard, of Concord; Perez R. Jacobs, of Charlestown; Luther Lawrence Parker, of East Cambridge.

MEN BY STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.—The Cleveland Herald says that on the 1st instant, some thirty women, well backed by gentlemen, proceeded to the grocery of Anthony Jacobs, in Ashland, and asked him to discontinue the sale of liquor and the use of bagatelle board, which had enticed many of the youth, and some of the married men from their homes. He refused, and the ladies chopped his bagatelle table into kindling-wood, and emptied his liquors into the street. They then visited another grocery and tavern, both of which capitulated.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.—Josiah Rutter of Walham, Commissioner of Insolvency, in place of Bradford Russell, removed.

Isaac S. Morse of Lowell, Commissioner of Insolvency, in place of Shubel P. Adams, removed.

John S. Keyes of Concord, Sheriff, in place of Fisher A. Hildreth, removed.

Alfred A. Prescott of Reading, Register of Probate, in place of Alonzo V. Lynde, removed.

"Our readers will not fail to notice on our first page, the old pay roll of Capt. Wyman's Company, it will be interesting to our citizens as a relic of the past, and will call up to the aged, recollections of the times when Woburn sent forth her sons to battle, in the glorious cause of Independence. Capt. Wyman, was grandfather of Col. L. Thompson, and father of Randall Wyman of North Woburn. We are indebted to Mr. F. E. Russell, for the document.

"Gor A'mighty bless you, young Massa!"

Our friend remarked that he had heard sermons of every species of eloquence, but he had never heard one which made a stronger or more lasting impression than the single exhortation recorded above by this poor blind negro. "Are you rich, young Massa?"

We may have seen that aged negro woman amongst the group of servants who assembled at our departure, but she was younger than,

Stoneham is taking hold of the Ornamental Tree business in earnest; we recommend these Societies to get the Horticulturist for January, 1853, they will find an article on "Trees for Streets and Avenues," which will be valuable as a guide. The Horticulturist is published in Rochester, New York.

Hon. Chas. Sumner, will please relieve our thanks for public documents received from him.

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

"The past week has been a remarkable cold one for March. The Thermometer in Montreal, last Tuesday, was 10 degrees below zero. Spring will soon be here, and farmers should be prepared for it.

"The State of Iowa has a stringent law against tippling shops; principal clerks, barkeepers, or others, are subject to heavy penalties, provided in law, and covers the act of business, or rather *letter carrying*, is done in some parts of the El Dorado.

"A decision in England makes Railroad Companies liable for injuries sustained by passengers at a dangerous and inconvenient place. The Court held "that the neglect of the Railroad Company to carry the passenger to a safe and proper landing, rendered them liable for the injury; the Jury gave a verdict of \$1000; the passenger being in the last car but one, he had to get down upon the ground, by which his ankle was injured.

"Gold has been discovered in the Cherokee Nation; a great excitement exists there, of course; the yield is said to be \$12,00 per day per man; large numbers of diggers are on the move.

"The New York Crystal Palace is progressing rapidly; the glass will be put in by the 1st of April; it covers less than two acres of ground, and will not hold more than half the articles which will be received.

"The Steamers on the lines from Boston to New York are being put in complete repair for the coming season.

"The fare from Boston to New York has been raised to \$4.00.

"A Grand Jury in New York indicted W. A. Allen for passing a bill on the Lehigh Bank, as counterfeiter; he was arrested, and on trial the bill proved to be a *good one*. Who pays for the injury to character in such hasty work?

"The French courts do not allow milkmen to sell water for milk; a farmer who had sent milk to Paris, one third of which was water, was fined a hundred francs and one month imprisonment.

"A convict in the New York State Prison has just received information that he is to be held for \$90,000; he has five years to remain in prison; the interest will pay for waiting.

"Within a radius of 15 miles from London, there are two hundred thousand acres of land in the hands of gardeners, all laboring for the London market.

"The town of Concord, N. H., has accepted a City Charter.

"Two women-sisters, were found murdered in their own house in Philadelphia, on the 11th inst.; the house had been robbed.

"The New Hampshire election last week resulted in favor of the Democratic party by a large majority; Gov. Martin was re-elected.

"Joseph Kneeland, employed by the Fitchburg Railroad Co., committed suicide at the Middlesex House, in Charlestown, last week.

"Mrs. Hayden, from Boston, is holding spiritual rappings in London; her rooms are crowded with visitors at a guinea a head.

"A large mass meeting of the friends of Agriculture, in Middlesex County, was held at Concord, Mass., last week, under the auspices of the Farmers' Club in that town.

"5308 births were registered in Boston in 1852; also 2686 actual marriages; 3736 deaths. The oldest bridegroom was 76 years; the youngest, 18 years; two Italian girls, aged 14 and 15 years, the youngest brides; 631 died from consumption; 239 from scarlet fever.

"The increase of livered footmen in New York creates remarks about reckless speculations, and a reaction as the result. New York is well off.

"A large mass meeting of the friends of Agriculture, in Middlesex County, was held at Concord, Mass., last week, under the auspices of the Farmers' Club in that town.

"5308 births were registered in Boston in 1852; also 2686 actual marriages; 3736 deaths. The oldest bridegroom was 76 years; the youngest, 18 years; two Italian girls, aged 14 and 15 years, the youngest brides; 631 died from consumption; 239 from scarlet fever.

"Capt. Hosen Merrill, a Revolutionary soldier, died at Pittsfield on the 3d inst., aged 63. He was one of the soldiers dictated to guard Major Andre after his capture.

"A strong Maine Law Convention has been held in Georgia; the ball is still moving.

"Indiana has a Maine Liquor Law Bill passed to its third reading by a handsome majority.

"George Estee, the wounded fireman, is now lying dangerously ill of the typhoid fever, and his physicians think he will live but a short time.

"The last accounts from Havana represent Mr. King's health as failing; it was considered doubtful if he ever would be able to leave Cuba.

"The daily news from Washington, is watched with much anxiety. The President is exercising his high prerogative, sending in his appointments, which thus far are not bad. We have no room for names.

"The Committee having charge of the Liquor Law, are having a hearing before them of the petitions for and against its repeal, and we may expect their report shortly. The Banking Law sprints some sharp shooting amongst the Boston members. We hope they may not end like the Kilkenny cats."

"Australia continues to yield gold in astonishing abundance.

"A man has been sentenced in Paris to three years imprisonment for selling quack medicines. How would the law operate in this country?

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

EXPRESS RIDING IN CALIFORNIA.

MR. EDITOR:—The following letter from a young man who has recently gone from Woburn to California, may serve to give you some idea of the manner in which the express business, or rather *letter carrying*, is done in some parts of the El Dorado.

Chinese Camp, Dec. 27, 1852.

Dear — :—An account of my last express journey may interest you, as it will serve to show some of our habits in the land of gold. I left the Chinese Camp on Monday last, about 6 o'clock in the morning, with letters and papers which had recently arrived from Stockton. These were intended for the miners in the surrounding country, who had no other means of obtaining them, and could be carried in no other way except on horseback. For the letters we charge one dollar, and for the papers fifty cents apiece, and they are considered cheap at that.

I directed my way in the first place to Red Mountain Bar, distant some six miles from the Camp. Just before reaching this Bar, I was obliged to dismount and lead my horse down a very steep mountain, at the foot of which runs the Tuolumne river. I forded this stream with the water up to my saddle girth, and stopped at a tent on the banks of the river, which we use for an express station. Leaving some letters and papers here, I followed the river about two miles to what is called Hawkins Bar, and here made another deposit; and did the same at Sweet's Bar, also, some two miles further on. Between this and the next bar the trail was very poor. We have no roads in these "diggins," and follow a mere bridle path, or trail, which is sometimes very faint and difficult to keep; so I found it here, but I could not help it, so I pushed on. It was impossible for me to ride, and I was therefore compelled to lead my horse the whole distance. In many places the trail passed over large rocks, down which my horse had to slide on his haunches, a fact which only a California animal could accomplish in perfect safety. Sometimes the trail was completely hidden by the sand, which the river, during the recent freshet, had washed over the rocks. On such occasions I placed a heavy stone upon the bridle, (there was no other mode of fastening the horse,) and went on ahead, in order to prospect for a passage-way. After picking out the path, I would return and lead the horse forward. This I did repeatedly, but as I was not Indian enough to *squall* out the trail, so that I could go neither backward nor forward. In this dilemma I hardly knew what to do; with the river on one side, and a mountain almost perpendicular on the other, quagmires and slippery rocks before and behind, I was in a worse condition than the pilgrim himself, when in the valley of the shadow of death. At length, after considering a while, I determined to scale the mountain, as that seemed the only feasible mode of escape. But it was no easy matter to climb a perpendicular ascent, especially as there was not the least trace of a path. Still, *nil desperandum* was my motto, and up I started. It was tough work, but by dint of hard labor, and stopping every few rods to breathe, we, (me and myself) managed to get about half way up the mountain, where, by good fortune, I found a trail which ran along the hill-side. I had never been along here before, and had no idea where it would lead, but it was better to venture than to remain here all night. From Indian Bar I went on to Morgan's Bar, crossing another mountain on the road, but this time without any difficulty; thence I went on to Don Pedro's Bar, which I reached about sundown. As it was too late to go further, I remained here overnight. In the morning I continued my travels, and went on to Coulterville, 15 miles distant, which I reached in two hours or more. Soon after a cold drizzling rain commenced, which compelled me to stop all night, and to defer my trip to Horse Shoe Bend till the next morning. But matters were not mended the next day, as the ground was covered with a coat of ice, which rendered the trail too bad for anything but a mule to follow. Horse Shoe Bend is situated on the Mersey river, and is a very difficult place to reach at any time, but much more so now, when a sheet of ice rendered the trail tenfold worse. However, I could not procure a mule, so I turned off in another direction, where it was easier travelling. Big Oak Flat, 17 miles from Coulterville, formed my next stopping place, and thither I started. But the fate seemed to pursue me, for after I had gone about three miles it began to snow, and the higher up the mountains I got, the more snow I found and the faster it fell. I pushed on, however, determined to try Tam O'Shanter's method, neck or nothing. A short distance further I came upon a large camp of Indians, who were pitched upon the mountain's side. I rode up to them, and found about a dozen lutes, in

WOBURN JOURNAL, SAURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

chool at Alexandria, appears to have been only a compilation of the views then generally received, and those previously entertained, respecting, of course, the theory of Pythagoras.

enjoyed, however, the advantages of instruments for measuring angles, and trigonometrical calculations to aid the naked powers of observation. Hipparchus was the ablest scholar of this school, and was distinguished for his great accuracy in calculation. He determined the length of the year within six minutes of the truth. The Ptolemaic system was a great advance in the science of astronomy. But quite distant in years, though near approaching in all that elevates the mind of man, there was a vastly greater advance to be made, a new light was to break forth, surpassing all other luminaries of the then scientific world. Copernicus of Thorn was to present to the world a harmonious and true system—that of Pythagoras in the main, enlarged and revised, and stereotyped.

But when this luminary had been far up in the heavens, and had shed its light over all Europe, there was one Tycho Brahe, the great observer, who rejected the new theory, and advocated the Ptolemaic with his own modifications, though with stronger reasons, it is hoped, than many at the present day may entertain, who, roused by their continuance in some old round of thought, deem all proposed reforms as revolutions disastrous to our whole social fabric—rejecting a new idea because it is new—obstinately adhering to ancient customs because of their antiquity. But Brahe's numerous observations became so many stubborn facts, in the hands of Kepler and Galileo, for the defence of the Copernican system. The discoveries which Kepler with his mathematics, and Galileo with his improved telescopes, as well as the system which they defended, met with great opposition from the superstition of the age. The whole theory was declared as infidel in tendency, destructive to society, and as contradicting the Bible; but the strongest opposition came from the Church. She made Galileo recant his views, when recantation with him meant affirmation. Here the lecturer remarked that the Church should always be first and foremost in all true reforms, but he regreted to say, she had not always been true to her mission. Truth is mighty and must prevail. The establishment of the Copernican system, opened a new world of thought, stimulated intellect, encouraged the study of mathematics and kindred sciences, and greatly, though indirectly, assisted in advancing the great Reformation. It was advanced however for Newton and La Place at a later day to lay the cap stone of Astronomy. Yet the very recent discoveries, together with the new and enormous telescopes now in use, are no slight accession.

The lecturer described the construction of several large telescopes, giving their dimensions, cost, and an estimate of their great power. By them the milky-way and the distant hazy nebulae, are separated into distinct stars. A contemplation of the simplest facts of astronomy, said he, would fill one's mind with the sublimest conceptions of distance, velocity and magnitude. The star Sirius is distant from us one hundred thousand times the sun's distance, and yet compared with other stars is in our very neighborhood. A ray of light moves at the rate of one hundred and ninety-three thousand miles a second. The familiar planet Saturn is eleven hundred times the volume of our earth. The lecturer here introduced some bold and pleasing speculations upon the uncounted numbers of worlds and systems, and their probable inhabitants. Amongst this host the earth is but the merest atom; and should it be blotted out, the effect would be but a very weak herald to inform other worlds of the catastrophe. But all these things are as nought compared with Him who guides and governs them. It was the design of the lecturer to direct the mind from the sublimity of the great system of worlds—this universe and biverse—to the majesty of their All-wise Creator. It was a profitable lecture in thought, fact, and imagery. P.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The April number is before us, and we have been much gratified in its perusal. The "Pilgrims of St. Bernard" is very attractive; "a morning at Waterloo" is worth the year's subscription. It contains 144 pages of reading matter. It can be had at Fowle's.

HORTICULTURIST.—The March number of this valuable work for farmers, is before us. We think every farmer in the land should possess this "Journal of rural art;" we have never seen its equal. Joseph Breck & Co., 51 North Market street, Boston, are the Agents.

LIVING AGE.—We were particularly pleased with the article on "Christmas Fires," in this No., 442. The next number will begin a new series, enlarged and improved—a good time to subscribers, and no better value received for his money. Fowle has it.

PARLOR ANNUAL.—The March number, and the beginning of a new volume, is received. The steel plate of the "Disappointed Bride" is very beautiful; the reading is excellent, and we recommend it to our readers. Fowle has it.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—The circulation of the Pictorial is getting very large; the last number is worth reading.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS. We have received a small volume of 54 pages, by Rev. James Porter, A. M., purporting to expose the spirit rappings, mesmerism, &c. It appears to do up its work pretty thoroughly. To those who are interested in these rappings, this book will be worth perusing. It is published by J. P. Magee, No. 5 Cornhill, Boston, and is for sale at Fowle's depot; price 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

DOCTOR SCALES,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

THE WEATHER.

Thursday March 10.—Fine and clear; wind in the forenoon W. to N. W.; afternoon East-erly and quite chilly; thermometer at 7 A. M., 25°; 2 P. M., 38°; 10 P. M., 28°.

Friday, March 11.—Cloudy, and occasional mist, through the day; commenced raining towards night, which in the evening was mingled with snow; wind East; thermometer at 7 A. M., 30°; 2 P. M., 35°; 10 P. M., 32°.

Saturday, March 12.—Cloudy through the day, and somewhat misty; evening partially clear; wind through the night and during the forenoon quite brisk from N. E.; afternoon N. to N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 31°; 2 P. M., 34°; 10 P. M., 34°.

Sunday, March 13.—Nearly clear until about noon; afternoon generally cloudy; evening clear; wind brisk from W. to N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 34°; 2 P. M., 44°; 10 P. M., 32°; weather mild and the quad disappearing.

Monday, March 14.—Clear, excepting some squally looking clouds about mid-day; wind W. to N. W.; in the P. M., and evening it blew very fresh and cold; thermometer at 7 A. M., 27°; 2 P. M., 29°; 10 P. M., 16°.

Tuesday, March 15.—Very clear, but cold and blustering; wind strong from N. W.; it was the coldest morning since Feb. 20; thermometer at 7 A. M., 9°; 2 P. M., 22°; 10 P. M., 12°.

Wednesday, March 16.—Clear, wind fresh from N. W., but not so boisterous as Monday afternoon, and night, and Tuesday; thermometer at 7 A. M., 9°; 2 P. M., 23°; 10 P. M., 18°.

Until the 14th inst., the weather in March, had been mild, and compared favorably with the same season in 1851 and 1852. Since then the cold has been as severe as is generally experienced so late in the month. Blue birds appeared on the 12th of March last year. It is said they were heard in this vicinity on the 13th inst. I did not hear them. The ground is frozen hard, and the travelling is quite rough.

FRANKLIN.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WANTED.

The following numbers of the *Journal*, are wanted in this office, Vol. 2, Nos. 9, 12, 22.

PHALANX.—ATTENTION.

A N adjourned meeting of the Phalanx will be held on Saturday evening, March 19th, at 7 P. M. An attendance is requested.

Per Order. A. S. WOOD, Clerk.

Woburn, March 19th, 1853.

CAUCUS!

THE Democrats of Woburn are requested to meet at the home of Dr. Jonathan Chapman, on Saturday evening, March 19th, for the purpose of electing Delegates to attend the Convention, to be held at Holbrook's Hotel, in Concord, on Tuesday, March 22d, 1853.

Per Order of Democratic Town Committee.

Woburn, March 14th, 1853.

DEATHS.

And what a life! the flourishing array of the proudest meadow, which to day Wows for green plumb, and is tomorrow hay."

In this town, March 14th, Wm. Holden, aged 85 years.

WARREN ACADEMY.

THE former Term, in this Institution, will commence on the 1st of April, and the new term, on the 1st of May, A. D., will continue at the head of the School, and have the charge of the Classical Department, and a portion of the English Department, as heretofore.

For further particulars see circulars, which may be obtained of the Subscribers, Benjamin C. Utter, Secretary.

March 19. 36. Secretary Board of Trustees.

GENUINE MOORE'S ESSENCE OF LIFE.

THE Subscribers have received Dr. Jonathan Moore's (of Boston) Medicine, prepared from the original recipe of his father, Mrs. Moore, from the 19th of March, 1852.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A COTTAGE-HOUSE, containing six rooms, with 13,000 feet of good land, well stocked with sheep, &c. Price \$1,000. Terms 10% down, and 10% annually, for four years.

As we receive our Papers direct from the Manufacturer, and at the very lowest prices, we have the assurance to say, they cannot be surpassed for beauty and cheapness.

March 19. SW. THOMPSON & TIDWELL.

FOR SALE.

A ONE AND A HALF STORY Dwelling House, situated in North Woburn on School Street, and now occupied by James McFeeley, a tailor, contains a parlor, sitting-room, bed-room, kitchen, sink-room, and wood-room on the first floor, and three chambers, two of which are large, and one small, with a back room to bearing stairs. For terms, which will be left in full, apply to Col. LEONARD THOMPSON, of Woburn, or of the Subscribers, the premises.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A COTTAGE-HOUSE, containing seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new street leading out of Lowell street near Franklin, and commanding a fine view of the Merrimack River, and the surrounding country. The house is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of first rate quality, and covered with a variety of young timber. There are two acres of land, with a fine building of excellent stone. Further particular concerning the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTYRE, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

CHARLES L. MOORE,

FOR SALE.

A THE Subscribers offer for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand square feet

WOBBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

POETRY!

LITTLE THINGS.
Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Howe though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors,
Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue,
On us to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

MANAGEMENT OF SOILS.

We find a short article under the above caption in the *Cottage Gardener*. The suggestions which it contains are important. The writer says:—

A soil would never get exhausted, if managed with skill, but would continue to improve in depth and fertility, in proportion to the industry bestowed upon it. The food of the plants, it is true, may be exhausted from the soil by a repetition of cropping with any family of plants, if we neglect the application of such fertilizers as may have been taken from the soil by that family; but no part of the growing time is required for the soil to rest, or to fallow, if judiciously managed by a successive varying of the crops, or by supplying such food as may be a compensation for what has been taken off by the previous crop. The first object to be attained for securing a profitable return of produce from the soil must be thorough drainage; the next object is breakage into the subsoil to the desired depth—not wout first considering whether it is proper and profitable to sift or turn up the subsoil at once to the influence of the atmosphere, and then, at the trenching, a portion of the subsoil may be safely stirred up and mixed with the surface soil; this practice, continued for every succeeding crop, will establish a healthy fertilizing soil to any desired depth.

By constantly sacrificing hoeing and forkings the surface soil, not only of noxious insects and their larvae are expelled, but weeds would never make their appearance, much less have a chance of committing their accustomed robbery of the soil and crops. Besides, by such repeated stirring, the soil is always prepared for succeeding crops. The application of manure is most essential, and may be applied most beneficially when the soil is established in a healthy condition, and maintained thus by a constant attention to surface stirring. Yet the application of manure is a secondary consideration; for though it may be liberally applied, and with considerable expense, yet without first insuring the healthiness of the soil, much property and labor are thus sacrificed."

From the New England Farmer.

MUSIC OF THE CORN SHELLER.
MESSRS. EDITORS.—I have usually got out my corn by shelling by hand, (*a slow process*.) Last fall, I purchased a corn sheller, and have used it thus far through the winter, and I am well pleased with it; not only on account of the dispatch of business, but for the effect of the music it creates when in operation. I have been much troubled for years past, by rats and mice in my corn house destroying the corn; and it seemed almost impossible to keep them out of the house; but since I have used the sheller, which is placed in my corn house, I have not discovered a rat, or the mark of one, in the house. In case it will have a similar effect in other places, I would advise all my brother farmers, who have not a sheller, to purchase one without delay. F. KYLE,
Chester Village, 1853.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

To S. W. Jr., North Wayne, Mo. What is the best food to keep hens on, and will it answer to keep them in building which is partly under ground?

Corn, barley, oats, wheat, potatoes boiled and mixed with meat, oats of fresh meat and scraps occasionally, and cob meal sealed in winter, are all excellent for fowls. All of them may not be necessary, though they like a variety of food. To this must be added, always, access to gravel; and if they can have lime, mortar, old bones, broken and pounded oyster-shells, they will like it so much the better. All this, however, will fail to make them profitable layers unless you furnish them with a warm, dry place, for shelter. They dislike cold and snow. If the shelter is dry and warm, admitting the sun through the middle of the day, it will not be disagreeable to the fowls, even though partly under ground.

BITS OF THOUGHT.

To raise a good cattle a farm should be in such a state that it would produce good corn, good cabbages, or good clover.

An increase of farm products lessens the market price, and the consumer is more benefited than the producer. Therefore the encouragement of agriculture is the interest of the whole people. It is the first duty of States to encourage agricultural improvement.

The brightness of the plow-share will prove a better security to our republican institutions than all the windy patriotism of long speeches in Congress.

He who encourages young men in the pursuit of agriculture is doing a good work for the morals of society a hundred years hence.

The lady who treats the husbandman with scorn, because he is a farmer, contributes something towards increasing the number of candidates for the State prison and the gallows.

All the true honor or happiness there is in this world follows labor. Were it not for working-men, there could be no progress in either science or art. Working-men are earth's true nobility. Those who live without work are all paupers.

For the community to honor one who spends life in gentle idleness, is like dressing a hog in silk stockings.

Mirth and vanity are known like a bottle of beer; but wisdom and virtue by their abundant products for lasting good. It is not the most show that does the most service. Still water often runs deep.

A. G. C.—*Gratuit Farmer.*

PAINTING FARM VEHICLES.

The reasons for painting farm vehicles as well as housing them are many and obvious. Paint affords a present shelter. You are sometimes necessarily out in the rain. Your well painted wheel will be injured but little. Paint closes up the pores and keeps in that of the wood, which is its whole strength. Besides, a man will work more cheerfully and accomplish more when things are a "little decent" about him. The appearance of good, convenient, respectable vehicles about a farm is always agreeable to the stranger. Their influence, too, upon the laborer's spirit and temper, is worthy of consideration.

A word as to the colors most suitable to use in painting. As your vehicles will have to be out in the hot sun, while in service, the lighter the color the less will the wood shrink. A wheel painted black will become as hot in the sun as the hand can bear; while another painted a light lead color, which is the cheapest, will be cold to the touch. Of course in the former case the wood will shrink, loosening the tire, while in the latter all will remain firm.

M. D. B.

Concord, 1853.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER
AND
JOB PRINTER.
Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

Gage & Fowle,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Nos. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

NAVE ON hand a complete stock of Overcoatings, Gossamer, Tailors' Vestings and rich Furnishings.

G. R. GAGE, J. L. FOWLE,
Woburn, December 4, 1852.

N. W. WYMAN, JR.,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 5 WADE'S BUILDINGS,
oct 18 ff WOBURN.

Orders left at Amos Waite's, 43 Brattle St., Boston, and Powle's Book Store, Woburn.

FF Ladders, &c., always on hand.

oct 25 6 mos

A. L. SHATTUCK,
(Successor to T. J. Porter.)

Woburn & Boston Express.

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 13 CONGRESS STREET,
BOSTON.

oct 18 ff

M. A. STEVENS,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,
No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.
Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.

dec 6

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
75 Nassau Street,
mar 27 ff NEW YORK.

THOMPSON & TIDD,
NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

oct 18 ff

O. T. S. & B. A. L. Y.
HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS,
GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,
DEALERS IN—
Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass,
Geo. H. OTIS, WOBURN. JAMES B. BAILEY.

E. SANDERSON'S
WINCHESTER & BOSTON
DAILY EXPRESS.

Leave a copy at 9 o'clock, A. M. Leaves Boston at 10 o'clock, P.M.

WICHES—order boxes at the Union Stores, and Taylor's Store, BOSTON—Thayer, Howe, and Homel's, 3 & South Fauchill Hall, Hill, Candler, & Co's, 27 South Market Street.

jan 17 ff

MENZIES & WHITE,
—DEALERS IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
371 Washington Street,

Next door to the Adams House, BOSTON.

o. M. MENZIES. M. H. WHITE.

One Price...All Representations Warranted.

jan 24

B. MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF

BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haweill St., BOSTON.

Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or made to order at short notice. Also Repair all kinds of the above wares.

R. H. OBER { Dealers are invited to call and examine

oct 18 ff 1 year

HITS OF THOUGHT.

To raise a good cattle a farm should be in such a state that it would produce good corn, good cabbages, or good clover.

An increase of farm products lessens the market price, and the consumer is more benefited than the producer. Therefore the encouragement of agriculture is the interest of the whole people. It is the first duty of States to encourage agricultural improvement.

The brightness of the plow-share will prove a better security to our republican institutions than all the windy patriotism of long speeches in Congress.

He who encourages young men in the pursuit of agriculture is doing a good work for the morals of society a hundred years hence.

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—

Drugs,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Fancy Goods,
Perfumery,
Dye Staffs

NOS. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,
WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.

Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For each Leeches constantly on hand.

mar 27 ff

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOSTER'S WHARF,...BOSTON.

Books, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, nov 15 ff

FISK & CUSHING,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

96 WASHINGTON STREET,

ELIJAH F. FISK,
ISAAC CUSHING.

oct 18 ff

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reso

able terms.

jan 31 ff

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reso

nable terms.

oct 25 ff

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

CARPETINGS,

Brocade, Cassimere, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMING)

No. 45 WASHINGTON STREET,.....BOSTON

feb 21 ff

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reso

nable terms.

oct 18 ff

MARY A. EATON,

CARPET MAKER.

BOSTON.

25 Orders left at this office, or at 223 Washington, opposite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to, jan 31 ff

EATRS & FAIRBANKS,

STATIONERS,

AND—

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

Importers of English and French Writing Paper and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parcels, &c.

oct 18 ff

BENJ. F. WYER,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps,

Umbrellas, Trunks, Falsies, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Goods, and Findings,.....WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

NO. 24.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

A child is at play by his mother's knee,
And it recks not of care or strife;
For no tear dimmed threads are woven,
In his silvery web of life.

But golden threads are woven,
By angel fingers there;
And the radiant web is glowing,
In the light of a mother's prayer.

The child is a youth reclining,
At noon by a shaded stream;
And his web of life seems brightened,
By many a golden dream.

But if closer you heed to trace it,
You will find there oft a stain;
Some threads by sin are darkened,
And some by tears are pain.

But lo! it is evening now,
And the youth with age is bowed;
His web of life is finished,
He hath woven himself a shroud.

He hath wrapped it about his form,
To rest in the quiet grave;
But its threads were long since brightened,
By Him who died to save.

Each tear hath become a gem,
To gleam on his sainted brow;
And the darkness of earth is merged,
In the glory around him no.

MYRA MYRTLE.

Written for the Journal.

THE PARTY.

"I was at Mrs. B.'s party last evening, aunt Sarah," said a laughing, bright-eyed girl, who had seen but sixteen summers, as she bounded into the room, where her aunt was busily engaged in sewing. "Slightly did she step that she seemed scarcely to touch the floor, so full of life and vivacity was Annie Talbot.

"Well, my dear, did you pass your time agreeably while there?" inquired her aunt.

"Yes, indeed; we had a most splendid time," answered Annie.

"But, child, you are not so ignorant of the meaning of words as to think you rightly apply the word splendid to an evening's entertainment. You mean you enjoyed yourself, and the time passed pleasantly away. Let us hear of your pastimes, the thought of which causes your cheeks to glow with so much animation."

"Well, in the first place, everybody was there," said Annie.

"Stop," said her aunt, "do you realize what you are saying? how thoughtless you are in making such an assertion."

"Why, aunt, I mean everybody that is anybody," replied Annie.

"I want you to explain what you mean by that declaration."

"I mean, aunt Sarah, that all that were there were fashionable people."

"Then you think that unfashionable people are nobodies," said her aunt, smiling.

"Every individual who lives and moves has a being, of course; but they are not thought anything of, now-a-days, if they do not keep up with the times," said Annie.

"What do you call keeping up with the times?" inquired aunt Sarah.

"To dress fashionably, to behave genteelly, to dance gracefully, to sing and play the piano, and to visit the most fashionable places of amusement, to be sure," replied Annie."

"I think you add two or three more qualifications, such as to look pensively, to sigh sentimentally, and to read all the fashionable novels of the day," said the aunt.

"Why, aunt Sarah, I am in sober earnest, while I really believe you are joking!"

"Well, Annie, I want to perfectly understand what requirements are necessary to make an individual be considered as some body. You say we must dress fashionably, behave genteelly, dance gracefully, &c., we must do this, whether our purse will allow it or no; whether we feel inclined to go through with a set of formal motions for the sake of being genteel, or no; although we know that our time may be more profitably employed than in learning to dance, yet we must do all this in order to be worthy of notice; it is not necessary to be respectful, or even civil to the laborer, who, by the sweat of his brow, helps to pour into our laps the necessities and luxuries of life; 'tis not necessary to lift our hearts in thankfulness, to the Author of every good and perfect gift; 'tis not necessary to instill into the youthful mind lessons of humility, wisdom, and contentment, the only sources from whence true happiness is derived; those who commit such offences as those against fashionable life, do not deserve a passing notice even. These are your sentiments, are they not, Annie?"

"I must confess, aunt Sarah, it should not be exactly so; but who wants to associate with servants, or with the rude and uncultivated."

"My dear Annie, let me ask you one question: are those persons whose minds are the most highly cultivated, the most fashionable in their dress and manners? On the contrary, if you observe men and manners as closely as you should, you will find that an individual, with a cultivated mind well stored with useful and valuable information, will not be very particular whether a gem sparkles outside his bosom, or not,—or whether a broad ring encircles his finger, or no; such things he con-

siders as trifles beneath his notice. But the party, Annie; since, then, no one is deserving of notice but fashionable people, and since this party was composed entirely of that class, I shall not be deemed too inquisitive, I trust, if I express a wish to be informed of the sayings and doings of the party in question; perhaps you can give your humble aunt some information which may prove of utility to her. I should like to know who the *somebodies* are."

"Why, aunt, there is Mr. and Mrs. A., Mr. and Mrs. B., Mr. and Mrs. C., Mr. and Mrs. D., and I might go through the alphabet,—they were all there except X. and Y. Indeed, the parlors were so crowded that sitting to rest one's self was not to be thought of. There were two or three smaller rooms open to the company, in one of which was placed a table, and on the table laid a pack of cards."

"And did you have card-playing, there?" asked aunt Sarah, with surprise.

"To be sure," said Annie, "tis a very fashionable amusement to beguile an hour or so."

"And is it possible!" exclaimed her aunt, that there are people whose moments pass so wearily that they have to solicit the aid of something so nearly akin to the gaming-table to while away their time, for my own part my hours and days fly like the weavers shuttle.—I look upon the years and they are gone. What other amusements, Annie?"

"In another room, a few played what they call string."

"That is something new to me, Annie dear," said aunt Sarah, "you must give me some idea of what you call playing the string."

"I have never played it out, therefore I cannot explain it very particularly. A circle of individuals is formed, however, in whose hands is placed a string; then follows touching the hand, kissing and dodging. This is all I know about it."

"Do all join in such amusement, the older as well as the younger members of the party?"

"Certainly that is all the best of it."

"What next, Annie?"

"Up stairs some were playing hide and seek. At about half-past ten the elderly people left, and then we had a dance," Annie's eyes sparkling as she spoke.

"What time did you return home?" inquired aunt Sarah.

"Somewhere about twelve o'clock," answered Annie.

"Weary and worn from over exertion, I've doubt."

"I was fatigued, it is true, but then I enjoyed myself, and what matters it?" replied Annie."

"It is but fair to suppose that at such a gathering, where none but the most fashionable meet, the subjects of discussion were of the highest order,—pure, intellectual, and instructive without; will you give me some of the leading topics, Annie?"

"Literal affairs were discussed, the acts of the Legislature were remarked upon, whether they would repeal the liquor law or not. One gentleman said it was a pity we must be restricted in our drinks; next thing they would pass a law prohibiting the use of tobacco. Others I heard speaking of local matters; some were egotistical enough to intimate, in terms not to be mistaken, if they could be elected they would manage matters much more judiciously than they had been managed for some time past. I must say I was surprised at the greater part of the conversation," said Annie, naively.

"You have only spoken of the gentlemen's conversation. If the ladies were perfectly quiet, it must certainly have been very remarkable; they are generally first and last, so far as conversation is concerned," said aunt Sarah.

"They did their part, I assure you, aunt. Some were complaining of the weather; 'such horrid weather,' I heard a lady say, 'it is too cold or too wet, too stormy or too cloudy,' which had been the cause of her suffering from a cold all winter."

"She was finding fault that the weather did not accommodate itself to her in particular, instead of her endeavoring to make herself contented in any situation wherein she might be placed; was that the fact, Annie?"

"That was the impression left on my mind from what she said," replied Annie. "There were other ladies," she continued, "who were much interested in some late fashions which have appeared within a few days; a particular style of bonnets which they consider unusually becoming. I heard two or three novels spoken of with favor, and highly recommended to the notice of those who had not already been so fortunate as to have read them.—Indeed, aunt Sarah, to be honest abut it, I presume you would have considered in est of the conversation carried on there last evening nothing but fashionable inanition."

"Did you hear the bible mentioned once during the evening?" inquired aunt Sarah.

"Of course not," replied Annie, looking out of the window to avoid meeting the mild, pleasant, intelligent look of her aunt. "That was not the place to think, much less to talk, of anything serious."

"But serious things happen sometimes, even at a fashionable party," said her aunt.

"Trouble comes fast enough without borrowing it. I am determined to let the morrow take care of itself, and to enjoy myself while I can," said she.

"And do you take no thought of the morrow,—what you shall eat, and what you shall drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed?"

"We must of necessity think of those things, but I mean such thoughts as are connected with death, the grave, and a future state, are unwelcome intruders, and I banish them immediately."

"It grieves me to hear you speak thus, Annie; I have lived half a century, age has wrinkled my brow, and silvered my locks, I have seen the lights and shadows of life. I can truly say the hours I devote to reflection on a future state, are the pleasantest I have ever spent during my whole life."

"You have not yet heard all about the party," said Annie, desirous of changing the conversation, "the refreshments, aunt, were perfectly delicious; we had oysters, ice-creams, cake, lemonade and wine. I heard one gentleman say he should like something stronger than wine, when directly a glass of brandy was handed him."

"But, Annie, you surely did not taste of wine last evening, I hope."

"Of course I did; I would not be considered so unfashionable as to refuse a glass of wine in such company."

"And did they all take wine?" inquired her aunt.

"There were but few who drank anything else, so far as I observed."

"I wonder if Mrs. B.—ever read the fifteenth verse of the second chapter of Habakkuk, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.' And again in Isaiah, fifth chapter and twenty-second verse, 'Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink. In Proverbs, twentieth chapter, and first verse, it says, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

"But, aunt," said Annie, "no one would so far violate the rules of etiquette as to drink to excess in company."

"One thing is very certain," replied her aunt, "if a person drinks without hesitation in public, they will drink in private. The entertainer feels sure some of his or her guests have an inclination to use strong drinks, else they would not provide them. You recollect reading the account of the young man who was hung for murder, and the warning he gave to young men, as he stood upon the platform just ready to be launched into eternity. Young men," said he, "shun the social cup, for in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. I can bear testimony to the truth of these words; had it not been for the convivial wine cup, I should at this moment have been as upright and free from crime as you; God above knows that alone was my ruin; had it not been for the wine-cup I should still have lived to be the stay and staff of an aged mother in her declining years, and to have soothed her pathway to the tomb. The thought that I might have averted my fate in times past, gives a pungency to my feelings that is almost insupportable. I warn you, young men, while yet you may, to cease to do evil, and learn to do well; farewell."

You know, Annie, as well as I, that this is only one among a multitude of similar cases; there is no safety except in the old adage, which is as true now as it was the day it was first spoken, touch not, taste not, handle not anything that will intoxicate. Now I want you to tell me candidly, Annie, what real, useful knowledge you have gained by attending this fashionable party at Mrs. B.'s; have you obtained any new ideas which will be of practical utility to you in your future life? recollect here we form our characters for another world."

Annie sat a few moments looking thoughtfully into the fire; at last she said:—"I don't know hardly how to answer you. What I think of importance, you do not."

"Then I may conclude that your happiness depends entirely on the fashions, the amusements, the honors, the flatteries, and the deceptions of the world."

"I like neither flattery nor deceit," said Annie.

"They are so intimately connected that it is impossible to entirely separate them. Let me quote to you the precise words spoken by our Savior just before his ascension: 'For what is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose himself, or be cast away.'

"You know I have just told you that I never allow myself to think of these things. I must go and practice my music lessons; I have staid here so long mother will wonder where I am. Good morning, aunt Sarah; I shall come and see you again to-morrow."

So saying she left the room with the same elastic step with which she entered, as light-hearted and joyous as ever, wishing that dear, good aunt Sarah would think more as she did, and not quote quite so much Scripture.

GORDIAN KNOT.—This was a knot made by Gordian, in one of the cords of his yoke, or as some have it, in the leathers of his chariot harness, which was so very intricately twisted, that it was impossible to discover where it began or ended. The oracle of Apollo having declared, that whosoever should untie the knot should be master of all Asia, many attempted it, but without success, till at last Alexander the Great, after attempting in vain to untie it, cut it asunder with his sword, and so freed the horse.

"Of course," said Annie, looking out of the window to avoid meeting the mild, pleasant, intelligent look of her aunt. "That was not the place to think, much less to talk, of anything serious."

"But serious things happen sometimes, even at a fashionable party," said her aunt.

"Trouble comes fast enough without borrowing it. I am determined to let the morrow take care of itself, and to enjoy myself while I can," said she.

"Did you hear the bible mentioned once during the evening?" inquired aunt Sarah.

"Of course not," replied Annie, looking out of the window to avoid meeting the mild, pleasant, intelligent look of her aunt. "That was not the place to think, much less to talk, of anything serious."

"But serious things happen sometimes, even at a fashionable party," said her aunt.

"Trouble comes fast enough without borrowing it. I am determined to let the morrow take care of itself, and to enjoy myself while I can," said she.

Written for the Journal.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

If there was no past to the mind of man, the enjoyments of life would be few, if any, sweets. The excellence and beauty of things are not observed till they have passed beyond our control. "How blessings brighten as they take their flight." The sweetest moments of life are those spent in contemplation of our early sports and triumphs,—our social enjoyments and labors. A reminiscence of the past calls up many a "thought, word, that bids the warm tear start." It associates in the mind all those scenes rendered dear to the affections by early innocence and love. The fragrant groves, beneath whose shade we used to cool our heated brow, seem to us a truly fit residence for the sylvan deities, such as in imagination peopled the woods of Greece.—How musical to the ear now seems the babbling brook, in whose crystal waters once turned our frenzied wheel,—proud monument of boyish skill and patience! The lilies that spring up in the valley by the brook-side, appear singularly delicate and beautiful. All the scenes of early sports present an enchantment that the heart can scarcely resist.

The social enjoyments of by-gone years—how sweet and hallowed! The friendships of the past with which are entwined the tenderest affections of our nature, are remembered with sad, though sweet concern. Words of confidence and trust, expressions of encouragement and hope, recur to the mind to thrill it with deep and strong emotions. The cheering glance of the eye, the approving smile we received when struggling against difficulties, are still motives to action. Their memory is a kind monitor that urges us to successful effort. Says Fanny Forrester, "What is there in all the gay visions dancing before us, one-half so dearly grateful as a single love-glance, a word, a smile, a tear, a touch of the hand, a kindly embalm'd in the heart when it is young, to keep in dower the spot where it lies, until it has ceased its wearied pulsations? Hope is a butterfly, and imagination loves to chase it from flower to flower, and from glitter to glitter; but memory is an angel, that comes in the holy night-time, and folding its wings beside us, forges silently those golden links, which, as years wear away, connect the spirit, which, however world-worn, with its first freshness."

B. P.

SELECTIONS

A SINGULAR CASE.—*Which is the true Mother?*—On Friday, March 11th, an infant three or four weeks old was left at the door step of John Augustus. The philanthropist took the little stranger in, and kindly cared for it. He gave notice of the event through the newspapers, and made thorough investigation for the paternity of the young waif, which he thinks he has discovered. Yesterday, however, a woman from Stoneham appeared, and claimed to be the mother of the child. She says she gave birth to twins, one died and the other was confined to the care of a woman in Boston. Seeing the account of the child at Mr. Augustus' house, she came to this city, and called at the place where her child was left. The woman could not produce it, but gave her a letter to Mr. Augustus, in which it was stated the bearer was the mother of the child under his care. The letter was signed M. M. E. The Stoneham woman saw the child, and claimed it as her own; she caressed it in true motherly style, but John Augustus was not to be deceived. He had got the track of another mother to his finding, and would not give it up to the Stoneham woman. She went into hysterics, rolled and moaned, cried and threatened, but John was firm. The true mother should have the baby, and only she.

The benignant philanthropist has a singular question to solve, somewhat similar to that which, ages ago, occupied the attention of King Solomon, and he needs the wisdom of that robed judge of Israel to give a sound judgement. The case we refer to is, where there were two children—the living and the dead—each mother claimed the living child, and Solomon, to decide the question, gave forth the dread command: "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other." By this means, through the emotion of the true mother's heart, he was enabled to decide aright, and according to the wisdom of God, which was in him, to do justice.

The whole case, a deeply interesting one, is recorded in the 3d chapter of 1st Kings. We hope that wisdom from

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO agents for this paper.
Winchester.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Stoneham.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

May Rich.—Thank you for your good wishes for the Journal; we shall endeavor to make it acceptable to all. The "Almated Son" is acceptable; will have an early insertion.

P. P.—Your remarks on the Lyceum Lectures just closed, are to the point. If we could get a "Lyceum Hall," it would add much to the growing interest in these lectures; the Hall must be built.

L.—We strongly commend your remarks to our citizens; every person interested should read them, and be prepared to act at the next town meeting.

Reporter.—Your statement of the fire at Winchester, is no doubt the true one. The Boston papers report the fire in all manner of shapes; they are so eager for items that they doubtless about the truth.

J.—You will find a correct account of the fire in Winchester in this day's paper. The account of it in the Boston Times, was an item manufactured without knowing the facts; it won't do any harm.

EDITORIAL.

CHEERFULNESS.

How much brighter and pleasanter our daily duties appear to us when we are in a cheerful and happy temper; each action in our daily rounds wears a sunny side, and the day goes merrily on to its close without a murmur or sigh. Every task in our accustomed duties is accomplished by a pleasing labor, and as the hours roll on their daily course, life is made joyful and happy, if we can find pleasure in our occupations, and with a cheerful spirit a good will perform them.

A large proportion of the interruptions of our good nature are the fruits of our imaginations; we meet the daily crosses in life with a degree of impatience which at once settles into bad feelings, and we imagine everything goes wrong; our tempers become sour, we make ourselves unhappy, and those around us. There is no bright spot to be found when we are in this humor. The labor of life drags heavily on, and this bright world, with all its beauties and bounties of heaven, seem to us a dreary spot, and we retire to our pillow without a silent prayer or aspiration to our Maker for his goodness and mercy extended to us.

It may be true that we cannot always wear the bright smiles of contentment and joy.—The heart knows its own bitterness, the troubles and vexations of life break upon us suddenly, at times, that we find it difficult to bear up against them; still how much better to meet them, in the strong faith of hope, that solid anchor which holds many a shattered bark amidst the storms of life, until the bright sun of prosperity again shines forth as bright as ever. The dark spots in our path through life are not so deep but they may be removed. Many a poor genius has gone from his cradle to the tomb, murmuring at Providence, because he would not discern the difference of viewing the scenes of life, with a jaundiced eye, or with the full and clear bright eye of God's noble image.

Men talk about the troubles of life, and complain of Providence, as though they were entitled to pass through life without these interruptions to their happiness; they do not consider that by meeting them with a cheerful heart, and disposition, they disarm them of half their seeming gloom. By cultivating a happy disposition, and in our daily intercourse with friends and society, meet all with cheerfulness and freedom, which would make life a blessing, and all our labors pleasant.

How much brighter and pleasanter life passes with a cheerful and grateful heart, than it can with a constant murmuring at the will of Providence and making, by imagination, every dark spot in our path, deep and immovable.

The generous heart, the welcome spirit, and the cheerful smile light up our pathway; and life, with its vicissitudes, passes with half its daily ills, and the mountain, built up from an atom by a morbid imagination, is seen only in its primitive state.

The darkest day,
Live but to-morrow,
Will have passed away.

WARREN ACADEMY.—This institution is an honor to Woburn, and should be cherished and encouraged by our citizens. We find a new prospectus issued for the next quarter, and we understand a change of teachers has been made since the close of the winter term. Mr. Johnson still continues at the head of the school; his reputation as a successful teacher is fully established, and parents may confide their children to his care with perfect confidence. We are happy to state that the trustees have made great efforts to give this Academy the highest character for a perfect education in all the useful branches in learning.

The examination at the last quarter gave the highest satisfaction to those present, of the thorough mode of instruction, and the dignified method of conducting all the exercises of the school; and as the Rev. Mr. Dole very justly remarked—"impressing upon all the fact that the pupils were taught not merely to store the memory with facts, but also were taught to think."

A more beautiful location for a school can not be found than Warren Academy, and under its present good management we trust will send abroad its graduates who will not diminish the fair character of our New England schools. A large and well regulated boarding house adjoins the Academy, making everything desirable and pleasant for scholars.

E. The destruction of the church at Winchester, last Sunday, by fire, is a serious loss to the society who worshipped in it. Our citizens deeply sympathize with the Winchester community for their loss. We understand a new church will be speedily erected of brick or stone. At this fire our firemen exerted themselves with those from other towns, with all their strength. The inefficiency of the Woburn engines was very apparent, and we hope our town will unanimously agree to purchase new ones.

The members of fire companies have a hard task to perform, and they cannot succeed in their efforts without the engines are in complete order. We take this occasion to remark we never witnessed a more generous spirit than was promptly put in practice by the citizens of Winchester in the beautiful supply of provisions for the firemen; such examples are well worth following: they encourage our firemen in the performance of their duty, and are a substantial proof of the estimation in which they are held by the people.

E. We understand it is intended to establish an omnibus line across Main street, running from the grave of the *hay scales* to Hart's stable. The difficulty in crossing in wet weather is said to be occasioned by a sad mistake made by the road commissioners, when repairing it. They supposed it was *gravel* which they were dumping on it, but it proved to be *loam*. It is never too late to do good, and gravel can be had. In wet weather there is a complete embargo on crossing this section of Main street.

E. The petition of the Lowell Railroad for the extension of their road to Traverse street, Boston, is meeting with opposition in the House by Boston members. We do not see the consistency of this, for the same party are strongly in favor of the Metropolitan Railroad from Roxbury through Boston. The Lowell Railroad is one of the best conducted roads in the State, and should be allowed privileges equal to any, and we hope they will obtain their object.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,
JOHN H. CLIFFORD,
Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A PROCLAMATION

on
A Day of Public Fasting, Humiliation
and Prayer.

The people of Massachusetts, in all periods of their history, have been accustomed to recognize, by stated religious observances, the overruling Providence of God, and their entire dependence upon him, for the protection and preservation of all the interests of the State. I do, therefore, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the SEVENTH DAY OF APRIL NEXT, to be observed as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

And I would remind the people of the Commonwealth of the usage of their fathers, and of the spirit in which this day of humiliation was proclaimed and kept in early times. I invite them to recall, and to imitate, that simplicity and earnestness of observance, and that religious motive, which connected the prayers of this day with the life of the State, and to which we owe so many elements of our stability, and so many of the supports of our highest interests.

Instead of permitting the day to lose its ancient efficacy by degenerating into an occasion for trifling amusements or hurtful indulgence, may the people of the Commonwealth, while suspending their ordinary labors, and assembling in their several places of worship, respect the religious purpose for which it is hereby proclaimed.

That may lead our thoughts away from the distraction of public and private cares, and fill our hearts with humble acknowledgements of our human weakness, and a reverent and filial recognition of our dependence upon the parental providence of God.

That it may remind us of all those neglected duties wherein we have failed to fulfill the perfect law of righteousness; and that our Divine Master's spirit may be so received into our hearts and exemplified in our lives, as to lift us above all unworthy motives and practices, and keep us devoted to the maintenance of every principle of freedom, charity, and law.

And while we renew our sense of humiliation for every form of vice, or of injustice which may exist amongst us, we strengthen every good purpose, and encourage every sincere effort that shall be prompted by a christian observance of the day hereby set apart for his service, to invoke upon our people the continued favor of Almighty God.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this fourteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the seventy-seventh.

JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

E. M. WRIGHT, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

Publications Received.

GODEY, for APRIL.—A splendid number, rich in drawings and readings. Fowle has it.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—Amongst the many beautiful Magazines of the day, Peterson's holds a prominent station. Whoever wishes to see the impressions of the *first love letter*, get Peterson's Magazine for April, and he will find almost a living expression. The reading matter is excellent. To be had at Fowle's depot.

GLEASON'S CAPITAL NUMBER FOR THIS WEEK. Fowle has it.

LIVING AGE.—One of the most successful publications of the day; always punctual.

EDITORIAL WEEKLY SUMMARY.

E. The past week has been a fair one, for all business people, a few blue birds have appeared, and the grass in the meadows indicate the approach of spring.

E. 1,360,000 pairs of Brogans, are manufactured yearly in the town of Natick. 8,500 women and children, 1,420 men are employed in the business.

E. Boys are like vinegar, the more mother there is in them the sharper they become.

E. A guardian who invests his ward's funds in a new railroad enterprise, is liable for the money and interest, such being considered in law, not the exercise of sound discretion, this is an important decision.

E. A further discharge of hands, at the Charlestown Navy Yard, last week, leaves but a small number at work.

E. An elderly female named Sally Colton, was run over by the cars near Northampton on the 17th, and instantly killed.

E. The Rev. Dr. Sharp of Boston, is dangerously ill at his residence in that city.

E. It was stated at the Baptist Convention in Boston, that there are 4000 Baptist Churches constituting Pastors.

E. Speculators in provisions in Baltimore, have met with heavy losses by the decline in prices, several heavy failures are the results; we don't pity them, nor our butter speculators nearer home.

E. By the census returns, we find twenty-four millions population in the U. S., of which one tenth only are of foreign origin, or in other words ninety persons out of every one hundred are native citizens.

E. For every Roman Catholic church in the U. S. there are thirty-two others dedicated to Protestantism. This is not generally understood.

E. There are 40,000 sewing women in the city of New York, who barely live by their needle.

E. A Shad Tree Society has been organized at South Boston.

E. The trotting horse "Mack," has been sold by his late owner, for \$8,000 to J. Jewell, of Boston; a valuable piece of horse-flesh.

E. Stephen White recovered a verdict last week against the town of Braintree for \$3,200 for injuries received in consequence of a defect in the highway; this is paying dear for the "whistle."

E. A man was killed in Connecticut last week by jumping from the cars while in motion; people seem determined to brave death.

E. Lake Champlain was frozen over last week so that teams crossed for the first time this season.

E. The Hudson river is free of ice. The Connecticut river is free of ice at Hartford, and steamers have commenced running.

E. A large number of counterfeit bills of \$4 on the bank of North Carolina, are in circulation.

E. Sixty ships and barges, are now on their passage to Boston, from various ports in the East Indies, and Pacific.

E. 516 persons were committed to the Boston Jail during the month of January last, of whom 247 were for drunkenness, and being common drunkards; a very moral city.

E. A disastrous fire broke out in Chelsea, last week; a large block of wooden buildings were burned by which 13 families are homeless.

E. Mrs. Bassett, one of the matrons of the female department of the House of Correction in East Cambridge, fell from a flight of stairs in the newly erected prison last week, and was instantly killed.

E. The sleighing in New Hampshire was good on the 12th inst.

E. A man employed in one of the paper mills at Pittsburg, had both of his feet taken off at the ankle by having them caught in a rapidly revolving shaft; he lived but a few days.

E. The news by the last arrivals from California, are encouraging for gold diggers; one man picked out a lump weighing 271 ounces, after which he departed for home.

E. Thirty-four million pounds of maple sugar was made in the U. S., in the year 1850; a good crop.

E. Sewing machines are rapidly coming in use, several establishments in Boston run from 10 to 25 machines each, in sewing all kinds of work.

E. News from Europe, nothing of importance.

E. The gold regions yield as usual, and passengers fill every packet, for California and Australia.

E. County and Special County Commissioners, nominated by the Coalition Conventions, at Concord last Tuesday.

E. Special Commissioners.—P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading; John Fletcher, of Acton. County Commissioners.—Leonard Huntress, of Tewksbury; J. R. Going, of Shirley; L. P. Davis, of Woburn.

E. From Woburn.—Fountain Engine No. 1, volunteered by citizens; Washington No. 3, Capt. Richardson.

E. From North Woburn.—Engine Veto No. 2, Capt. Reed.

E. From Stoneham.—Engine Gen. Worth, Capt. Murphy.

E. From Medford.—Engine Gen. Brooks No. 1, Capt. Gardner; Gen. Jackson No. 2, Capt. Sampson; Gen. Washington No. 2, Capt. Drew.

E. From West Cambridge.—Engine Eureka No. 1, Capt. Letchell; do. Howard No. 2, Capt. Parker.

E. From Winchester.—Engine Excelsior No. 1, Capt. Symmes.

E. The Baptist Society, worshipping in Lyceum Hall, at the close of the afternoon service, voted unanimously, to offer the use of their Hall to their Congregational Brethren, for half of each Sabbath day, and every other Sabbath evening, until they shall have erected another place of worship.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

WOBURN LYCEUM FOR 1852--'3.

The course of Lectures presented to our citizens during the past winter has been protracted through eighteen weeks. It has formed a source of highly rational entertainment, and a source of profit also. Almost every one has been able to find something to please him, and our regular Tuesday night hour of social and intellectual enjoyment will be missed by not a few.

A brief retrospect of the different topics which have been discussed, will recall and fix something of the mental possessions which have been gained:—

Our good and great "New England fathers," of whom we have heard, and read, and talked so much, but whose character and fame always furnish fresh themes for eulogy, were followed most appropriately by a lecture upon the union of "Labor and Study"—a lecture whose beauty, and justness, and general merits have not been surpassed by any in the course.—"Two Poems, and Readings from the Poets," agreeably diversified the range of subjects.—

"Parental Duties and Follies" were dwelt upon earnestly and sharply. Themes pertaining to the "Cultivation of the Mind," were twice handled by our own residents. The great "Reformer of the 16th Century" was summoned before us. We were admitted to an intimate association with one of the most illustrious of "American Painters and Poets," by a kindred spirit who had known him well.

The same hand, too, threw upon the canvas for us, in the most delightful manner, the "Banks and Braes," the "Tower Cities," and castled crags of "Scotia's land." A former resident among us treated us to a pleasing and interesting disquisition upon our various "Temperaments." A distinguished theological savant gave us a critical treatise upon the ancient book of *Jonah*. Then, coming down from the region of Antiquities, we drank in a glowing harangue upon the swiftly ascending "Progress of the Human Race." The birth day of our country's great father, fortunately occurred just in time to be celebrated by a recurrence to the career of the peerless Washington. A brilliant discourse followed, summing back some scenes in the life of the remarkable "Bernard." The prince of humorists, led on to the stage by "Laughter holding both his sides," then let us into the secrets of the whole system of "Lectures and Lecturing." And one of the most popular writers of our time concluded our series with a well digested sketch of the "Sweet Swan of Avon," and some readings from his inimitable works which were so well done as to make us quite proud of our fellow-citizen.

So ends the winter's course. And we are sure that the social benefits of this weekly gathering of all parties, and cliques, and circles, must be highly prized, and heartily welcomed back again when the round of the seasons shall bring us the long evenings of another year.

P. P.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BURNED IN WINCHESTER.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

Cambridge Cattle Market.

Wednesday, March 23d, 1853.
141 Carts came over the Fitchburg Railroad; 74 Cars
came over the Boston and Lowell Railroad, bringing 1033
cattle, consisting of working oxen, cows and calves, &c.
1729 Sheep and Lambs at market.

Beef, extra \$7.50 to \$7.75 per cwt.

First quality—\$7.

Second quality—\$6 to \$6.50.

Third quality—\$5.50.

Barreling Cattle—\$5.75.

Working Oxen—\$5 to \$17.4.

Cows and Calves—\$24 to \$190.

Sheep and Lambs, extra—\$6 to \$10.

" " " by lot—\$1 to \$7.5.

Swine—Wholesale 6¢, to 6¢ per lb.

The market well supplied. Sales of Beef slow; prices
declining. 1 pair of four year old Steers, very superior
raised in New Hampshire, were taken at \$194.00.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

At a Meeting of the Congregational Parish in Woburn, held this evening, a Vote of Thanks was passed to the Engine Companies of Woburn, West Cambridge, Stoneham, Medford, and Winchester, for the efficient aid rendered at the burning of their Church, on the morning of the 29th inst.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,
Winchester, March 21st, 1853. Parish Clerk.

A CARD.

The officers and members of Excelsior Engine Company No. 1, Woburn, take this opportunity to express their thanks to their brethren of the department, the officers and members of the Engine Companies from Woburn, North Woburn, Stoneham, Medford and West Cambridge, for their prompt, efficient and judicious efforts at the burning of the Fire, occasioned by the burning of the Congregational Church on Sunday morning.

By order of the Selectmen,

DAVID YOUNGMAN,
Town Clerk.

A CARD.

The subscriber takes this opportunity to tender his best respects to the citizens of Woburn for their cordial reception and bountiful supply of refreshments at the fire on Sunday morning last. Also, for the use of horses to take him to the Engine Department.

JACOB WEBSTER,
Chief Engineer.

A CAUCUS.

A citizens' caucus is to be held at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening April 2d, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating School Committee, and considering the expediency of establishing the School District System. Woburn, March 23d, 1853.

WANTED.

The following numbers of the Journal, are wanted at this office: Vol. 1, Nos. 2, 13, 21; Vol. 2, No. 9.

MARRIAGES.

There are moments in this drowsy life
When every pulse beats low, and the soft sir
Are full of fragrance from a paper clime."

At Gloucester, Mass., March 2d, by Rev. Nathaniel Hall, Lorin W. Parsons, of Woburn, to Miss. Dora D. Clapp of Gloucester.

DEATHS.

" And what's a life? the dawning army
Of the broad summer meadow, which to day?
Wears her green plun, and is soon to go."

In Gloucester, Mar. 11th, Miss Polly Allen, aged 69 years. [New Haven and New York papers please call.]

Woburn High School.

THE Examination of the Woburn High school will take place Friday, April 2d, in the Grammar School room, in Blairstown, A. M. 6h 11½; and from 2 o'clock, P. M., till 5 o'clock.

By Order of the Examining Committee.

J. P. CONVERSE,
Chairman.

HAMS! HAMS!!

1000 POUNDS just received by
J. S. ELLIS.

New Crop Molasses.

10 HHD'S, new Muscovado molasses. Also, new Havana and Muscovado sugars, just received by
J. S. ELLIS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, &c. To either of the Committees of the Town of Woburn, in said county.

Greeting:

I N the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in elections to meet at the time and place of holding of the Annual Meeting, on the fourth day of April, next, at one of the clock, P. M., to bring in their votes to the Selection, on one ballot for three County and for two special County Commissioners, for the County of Middlesex.

Art. 1st. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To choose all necessary town officers for the ensuing year.

Art. 3. To hear and act on the report of the School Committee.

Art. 4. To hear and act on the report of the Overseers.

Art. 5. To see if the town will make any improvements to the two old Burying Yards, or do anything in relation thereto.

Art. 6. To see if the town will purchase three new Engines, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art. 7. To see what sum or sums of money the town will raise for the support of the Fire Department.

Art. 8. To see if the town will choose a Committee to look after the debts and absences from school, and take such action as may be deemed proper in reference to the subject.

Art. 9. To see if the town will make any improvement in the Summer street and Wyer's court, or do anything in reference thereto.

Art. 10. To see if the town will assume the assets and liabilities of the several school districts, and merge the district system; and, also, to see if the town will give its note in behalf of the town for such debts as the district may now owe, and annual air powers heretofore granted to said district, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art. 11. To see if the town will instruct the Selectmen to meet for the purpose of instituting a more careful enquiry into the object of the purchase; and record the name, object and day of sale, or do anything relating thereto.

Art. 12. To see if the town will instruct the Selectmen to meet for the purpose of the ensuing year, or do anything in relation thereto.

Art. 13. To see if the town will pay Col. John Wade further compensation for the land taken for road on Captain's Hill.

Art. 14. To see if the town will enlarge the Armory of the Woburn Mechanics' Battalion, or do anything relating thereto.

Art. 15. To see what sum or sums of money the town will raise for the support of a High School the ensuing year.

Art. 16. To see if the town will authorize a dis-
count to be made on taxes, or do anything in relation thereto.

And you are directed to serve this warrant, by posting up attended copies thereof at each of the Public Meet-
ings Houses in said town, and causing the same to be
inserted in the Woburn Advertiser, seven days at least
before the trial date, and serving.

HORACE CONNELL, Selectman.

HORACE COLLAMORE, of

A. G. CARTER, Woburn.

A true copy—Attest,

THO'S J. PORTER, Constable.

STRAW MATTINGS.—Plain, checkered, and va-
riag'd Straw Matting, all widths, for sale at
March 19. W. WOODBERRY'S.

WARREN ACADEMY.

THIS Summer Term, in this Institution, will commence April 6th, and continue four weeks. Mr. Johnson A. Bo, will continue at the head of the School, and have the charge of the Classical Department, and a portion of the English Department, as heretofore.

For further particulars see circulars, which may be obtained of the Subcriber.

BENJAMIN CUTTER,
Secretary Board of Trustees.

FOR SALE.

A COBBAGE HOUSE, containing six rooms, with choice Fruit Trees, most of which are in a bearing state. For particular enq'rs, apply to THOMPSON & TIDD, or the Subcriber, the premises, Woburn, March 19. CHARLES L. MOORE.

For Sale.

A COTTAGE HOME, containing six rooms, well stocked with choice Fruit Trees, most of which are in a bearing state. For particular enq'rs, apply to THOMPSON & TIDD, or the Subcriber, the premises, Woburn, March 19. CHARLES L. MOORE.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Cottage House together with about seven thousand nine hundred square feet of land, pleasantly situated in Woburn, on a new road, leading from the village near the junction of D. Hart, without fifteen minutes from the Woburn Branch Railroad Depot. Said House is nearly new, having been built the last season. The land is of the rarest quality, and covered with a variety of thriving young trees, some here and there being of excellent water. For further particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises. RHODA MCINTIER, Feb. 10. 3 mos.

BOYS and Children's Kip and Calf Boots. For sale AUGUSTUS ROUNDY, Corner of Main & R. R. sts.

Kip Boots.

GENTS double upper and double sole Kip Boots, at the Shoe Store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

Health for the Afflicted!



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF LOSS of Health, Disordered Stomach, Indigestion and Determination of Blood to the Head.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. John Lloyd, of Evesham, near Harlech, Merionethshire.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

Sir—I avail myself of the first opportunity informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous giddiness and frequent swimmings in the head, attended with violent fits of pain, and a disposition to faint, which I could not bear to go about without an attendant.

In this melancholy condition I waited personally upon your distinguished friend Dr. HOLLOWAY, consulting him as to what had better done, he kindly recommended your Pills, tried them without delay, and after taking them for a short time I am happy to hear testimony to their wonderful efficacy, and to thank you for the perfect relief they afford me. I am now able to go about without any apprehension, and to resume my usual duties. You are at liberty to publish this letter in any way you think proper.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JOHN LLOYD,

Professor HOLLOWAY.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Edward Rooley,

Esq., of India Walk, Tabay, April 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

Sir—I avail myself of the first opportunity informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous giddiness and frequent swimmings in the head, attended with violent fits of pain, and a disposition to faint, which I could not bear to go about without an attendant.

In this melancholy condition I waited personally upon your distinguished friend Dr. HOLLOWAY, consulting him as to what had better done, he kindly recommended your Pills, tried them without delay, and after taking them for a short time I am happy to hear testimony to their wonderful efficacy, and to thank you for the perfect relief they afford me. I am now able to go about without any apprehension, and to resume my usual duties. You are at liberty to publish this letter in any way you think proper.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

EDWARD ROOLEY,

Professor HOLLOWAY.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Edward Rooley,

Esq., of India Walk, Tabay, April 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

Sir—I avail myself of the first opportunity informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous giddiness and frequent swimmings in the head, attended with violent fits of pain, and a disposition to faint, which I could not bear to go about without an attendant.

In this melancholy condition I waited personally upon your distinguished friend Dr. HOLLOWAY, consulting him as to what had better done, he kindly recommended your Pills, tried them without delay, and after taking them for a short time I am happy to hear testimony to their wonderful efficacy, and to thank you for the perfect relief they afford me. I am now able to go about without any apprehension, and to resume my usual duties. You are at liberty to publish this letter in any way you think proper.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

EDWARD ROOLEY,

Professor HOLLOWAY.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Edward Rooley,

Esq., of India Walk, Tabay, April 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

Sir—I avail myself of the first opportunity informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous giddiness and frequent swimmings in the head, attended with violent fits of pain, and a disposition to faint, which I could not bear to go about without an attendant.

In this melancholy condition I waited personally upon your distinguished friend Dr. HOLLOWAY, consulting him as to what had better done, he kindly recommended your Pills, tried them without delay, and after taking them for a short time I am happy to hear testimony to their wonderful efficacy, and to thank you for the perfect relief they afford me. I am now able to go about without any apprehension, and to resume my usual duties. You are at liberty to publish this letter in any way you think proper.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

EDWARD ROOLEY,

Professor HOLLOWAY.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Edward Rooley,

Esq., of India Walk, Tabay, April 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

Sir—I avail myself of the first opportunity informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous giddiness and frequent swimmings in the head, attended with violent fits of pain, and a disposition to faint, which I could not bear to go about without an attendant.

In this melancholy condition I waited personally upon your distinguished friend Dr. HOLLOWAY, consulting him as to what had better done, he kindly recommended your Pills, tried them without delay, and after taking them for a short time I am happy to hear testimony to their wonderful efficacy, and to thank you for the perfect relief they afford me. I am now able to go about without any apprehension, and to resume my usual duties. You are at liberty to publish this letter in any way you think proper.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

EDWARD ROOLEY,

Professor HOLLOWAY.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Edward Rooley,

Esq., of India Walk, Tabay, April 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

Sir—I avail myself of the first opportunity informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous giddiness and frequent swimmings in the head, attended with violent fits of pain, and a disposition to faint, which I could not bear to go about without an attendant.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

PETRY!

THE HORSE.

What energy and power there is in the following description:—

"But at the clash of arms, his ears afar
Drinks the deep sound and vibrates to the w.
Flames from each nostril roll in a sullen stream;
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam;
O'er his right shoulder, flitting full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane and spreads his pomp of hair;
Swift works his double spine; and earth around
Rings to the solid hoof that wears the ground."

The Bible has several passages of surpassing grandeur in relation to the horse, showing that his speed and power were appreciated in those remote times. A description bordering upon sublimity may be found in Job, chapter 39, to which the reader is referred.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

HOW TO DISTINGUISH GOOD EGGS FOR SETTING.—All those having setting hens would do well to take notice of the following remarks, and they will have a chicken for every egg they set. Take eggs not more than three or four days old, and have a candle or lamp, hold the egg in one hand with the broad end upwards close to the candle, place the edge of the other hand on the top of the egg, and you will immediately perceive the incubation end. Some people can tell a pullet from a rooster. The mark for a rooster is crosswise, and the pullet lengthwise. Another way is to place your tongue on the large end of the egg and you will find a strong heat if fresh and good, and the less heat if old and doubtful. Eggs put by for hatching should never be put in a damp cellar, as the dampness destroys this heat.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER

JOB PRINTER.
Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

Gage & Fowle,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Nos. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

On hand a complete stock of Overcoats, Gads, chace Pantaloony, Vests and rich Furnishing Goods.

G. R. GAGE. J. L. FOWLE.
Woburn, December 4, 1852. ff

N. Wyman, Jr.,
DEALER IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

No. 5 Wade's Building, WOBURN.

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,

No. 15 Congress Street, BOSTON.

Oct 18. ff

M. A. STEVENS,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 53 Myrtle Street, BOSTON.

(Rooms at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn,) ff

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

75 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

Oct 27. ff

THOMPSON & TIDD,
NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, Crockery and Glass Ware,

Paintings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

Oct 18. ff

O T I S & B A I L E Y,

HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS,

GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.

DEALERS IN—

Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass.

Geo. H. OTIS, WOBURN. JAMES B. BAILEY.

Oct 17. ff

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCHESTER & BOSTON DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leaves Boston at 12 o'clock, P. M. Arrives at Woburn at 1 P. M. and at Adams' Hotel at the Union Store, and A. T. Thompson's, Thayer, House, and Home's, 3 & 4 South Side Faneuil Hall, Hill, Candler, & Co., 27 South Market Street. ff

MENZIES & WHITE.

DEALER IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street, Next door to the Adams House, BOSTON.

Oct 26. ff

UPHOLSTERY, CABINET WORK, &c.

H. M. CURRIER,

Cutter of Washington and Summer Sts., BOSTON.

HAS constantly on hand a good selection of the most fashionable UPHOLSTERY GOODS obtainable. All kinds of PLUSHES and DAMASKS, for Car and Carriage Linings, Curtains and Trimmings, Lace and Muslin Curtains. Also, every description of Window Shading and Trimmings, for sale at prices, and all kinds of

PARLOR FURNITURE

made to order, of the best materials and in the most fashionable style.

Plans of houses taken in the city and country, and CARPETS MADE AND FITTED in the best manner. All kinds of CURTAINS & TRIMMINGS done in the best style.

Furniture of every description, repaired and restuffed MATTRESSES, of the best curled hair, always to be had also, HORN & PALM LEAF MATTRESSES.

CHURCHES furnished with CUSHIONS, of every de-

sired price and quality.

Every article purchased at my store will be war- ranted to be what it is represented.

Entrance on Summer Street.

Oct 18. ff

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,

AND FANCY GOODS.

OUR Gold Pens are so well known to New England that a single word in their favor seems needless. We would merely remind the public that we still continue to sell our Gold Pens and Case, and that our stock of Gold Pens and Pen Cases, both of Gold and Silver, is not equalled in New England.

We also keep constantly on hand a complete and fresh assortment of FINE JEWELRY, GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, and FANCY GOODS, of every description, all of which we warrant and offer at very reasonable terms.

WILMARSH & BROTHER,

9 Cornhill St., Boston.—doors from Washington street, P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or taken in exchange.

Oct 18. ff

MOREY & OBER,

(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF

BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,

AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPANWARE,

Nos. 2 & 3 Hawerill St., BOSTON.

Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or made to order at short notice. Also, Repair all kinds of the above wares.

D. B. MORTY,

Dealers are invited to call and examine.

Oct 18. ff

W. M. WESTON,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry; Gold and Silver Pencils, Tablets, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Cream Ladles, Butter Knives &c.

Silver Comb, Spectacles, Fans, Steel trimmings and Beads, Also, a variety of

Musical Instruments,

such as VIOLINS, MELODIANS, ACCORDIONS, and MUSICAL BOXES.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, repaired in the best pos-

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange.

ALSO,—MELODIANS TO LET.

april 3. ff

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE,

DAILY New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Times.

Herald, Commonwealth, Banner, Museum.

Commonwealth, WEEKLY Waverly Harper's Magazine.

Traveller's Magazine.

Times, Literary Gazette, Graham's Magazine.

Olive Branch, Saturday Evening Post.

Flag of Our Union, London Art Journal.

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age.

Agent for all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.

G. W. FOWLE.

Oct 18. ff

Morey & Ober,

(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF

BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,

AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPANWARE,

Nos. 2 & 3 Hawerill St., BOSTON.

Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or made to order at short notice. Also, Repair all kinds of the above wares.

D. B. MORTY,

Dealers are invited to call and examine.

Oct 18. ff

W. M. WESTON,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry; Gold and Silver Pencils, Tablets, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Cream Ladles, Butter Knives &c.

Silver Comb, Spectacles, Fans, Steel trimmings and Beads, Also, a variety of

Musical Instruments,

such as VIOLINS, MELODIANS, ACCORDIONS, and MUSICAL BOXES.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, repaired in the best pos-

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange.

ALSO,—MELODIANS TO LET.

april 3. ff

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE,

DAILY New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Times.

Herald, Commonwealth, Banner, Museum.

Commonwealth, WEEKLY Waverly Harper's Magazine.

Traveller's Magazine.

Times, Literary Gazette, Graham's Magazine.

Olive Branch, Saturday Evening Post.

Flag of Our Union, London Art Journal.

Drawing Room Companion, Living Age.

Agent for all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.

G. W. FOWLE.

Oct 18. ff

Morey & Ober,

(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF

BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,

AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPANWARE,

Nos. 2 & 3 Hawerill St., BOSTON.

Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or made to order at short notice. Also, Repair all kinds of the above wares.

D. B. MORTY,

Dealers are invited to call and examine.

Oct 18. ff

W. M. WESTON,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

DEALER IN